THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Ivory has speeded "doing" people from their morning tubs for 50 years. Most of these people met Ivory first as babies, when a pure, mild soap is tremendously important. Now that they know the value of bath-happiness in their daily adult life, they choose Ivory as the surest means to achieve it.

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THE MIDDLEMAN

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

WHEN a man sits down to write the story of his life he is naturally tempted to put his best foot forward. I shall do that, of course; but I shall try not to put it too far forward. I shall remember that it is not I, John Draper, president of the Empire Wholesale Company, in whom readers will be interested, but the significant incidents and people John Draper encountered along the way. My autobiography will concern itself principally with my business life, and in this I have what the literary critics would call a good basic situation. It happens that the years I have spent in the wholesale trade are those in which American business has undergone the most revolutionary changes, and it has been my good fortune to be in the midst of it. Most of the battles between the old and the new in this business revolution have been fought over one question—namely, whether the wholesale merchant—the middleman—should survive.

Strictly speaking, the revolution had commenced before my time. When, as a boy of seventeen, I went to work for the Empire Wholesale Company in 1897, there were already those who predicted the passing of the wholesaler from the American scene. I had an elderly relative, a retired flour miller, who rather liked to pose as an economist; and when this Uncle William heard of my employment in a wholesale hardware house he wrote me a long letter of advice and warning that I still keep.

"It is very unwise of you to start your business life in the wholesale jobbing trade," the letter ran, "because any time you spend upon it will be wasted. The wholesale merchant has no place in these progressive times. You may take my word for it that within ten years there will be no more wholesale establishments in the United States."

Uncle William has been gone these twenty years and his prophecy has not yet been fulfilled. Wholesale merchants still exist. I take it they will continue to exist until someone turns up who can do their work better than they do it. So far this has not occurred.

In business every man pretty much creates his own market. I often recall a remark made by Thaddeus Carpenter, who was president of the Empire Wholesale Company when I applied for my first position. Mr. Carpenter was a queer, lively little man, given to unexpected sayings; and after he had agreed to take me into his organization I inquired if the job would be a permanent one. He cocked his head on one side in a way I came to know well, and said:

"Young man, there is no such thing as a permanent job. A job doesn't support a man. A man supports a job, and a job is permanent only so long as the man who holds it makes it profitable to the firm that pays the salary."

At the time this cryptic remark meant nothing to me; but when I became an employer of men on a rather large scale I sensed Mr. Carpenter's point. At the present time, for example, the Empire Wholesale Company has upward of fifty traveling salesmen on its staff, and not one of them has what might be called a job. Each has a certain territory that will support a job if worked properly, but whether the job remains a job depends entirely on the man himself. The same principle applies to every position I know anything about, whether a man is in business for himself or working on salary.

Uncle William's gloomy prediction about wholesale merchants has come true to the extent that there are fewer of them now than there were back in the 90's. When I first came to Statesburg it was a small city compared with what it is at present, yet there

Old Israel Had a Perfect Right, I Realized, to Look for the Best Price, Even on a Couple of Dozen Hens' Eggs; But He Did It With an Ugliness, a Lack of Grace, That Somehow Revolted Me

"You Gentlemen May Not Know the Empire Wholesale Company, But at Least You Know Fine Merchandise When You See It. Will You Please Look at These Samples?"

were well-established jobbing houses in groceries, shoes, dry goods and woodenware. Now they are pretty well wiped out. So far as I know, hardly any of them failed through active mismanagement. Their disappearance merely reflected the changing trends of American business. Each year more manufacturers have decided that the wholesale house is a fifth wheel in commerce and have begun to sell their products to retail merchants.

Far be it from me to sermonize. The United States has prospered enormously during the years in which so many wholesale merchants have faded from the American scene, and that may be evidence that the wholesale merchant really is a fifth wheel. But it seems to me that in spite of his decline the wholesale merchant often performed a useful function for which he never received credit. Out of my own experience I could mention a score of manufacturing corporations, now prosperous and powerful, that could not have succeeded without the help of the wholesalers.

One particular concern comes to my mind. I'll call it the Hammersmith Tool Company, though that is not the real name. Charlie Hammersmith had a little plant in Pennsylvania. He knew how to make good tools, but as a merchandiser he was a babe in arms and as a financier he was somewhat less. I saw him the day in 1900 when he came into the office of the Empire Wholesale Company, hat in hand, and asked for an interview with Thaddeus Carpenter. He was practically bankrupt at the time. He had been selling his tools to retail dealers in his part of the country, but never in enough volume to get ahead any or to build up his credit at the banks. The retailers didn't pay their bills any too promptly, and he was constantly in hot water, even to the extent, at times, of lacking the cash for his Saturday pay roll. Someone had suggested he might pull out of his troubles if he could get the backing of a strong wholesale hardware house that would market his product for him, and that was his object in seeking an interview with Mr. Carpenter.

No two men ever presented a greater contrast. Charlie Hammersmith was a big-boned man, with enormous hands and bushy hair and the easy-going face of the typical artisan. Thaddeus Carpenter was small, wiry, intensely practical, one of the best merchandisers of his time. The interview lasted two days and its result is now known to everyone in the trade. The Empire Wholesale Company took over the sale of Hammersmith tools and, so long as the arrangement lasted, paid spot cash for each shipment as received, and often advanced money for the purchase of raw materials. Relieved of his selling and financial worries, Charlie Hammersmith had a chance to develop his real genius as a manufacturer, and the time came when capitalists were glad to invest in his project and form an organization that could stand alone. Today the Hammersmith Tool Company is an American institution that is known throughout the world wherever good tools are sold.

The point is that this could not have come about if there had been no wholesale merchant to whom Charlie Hammersmith could turn in a critical time. What happened in 1900 may be happening today in a thousand similar cases.

One more thought and I am through with my championship of the wholesale merchant. We hear a lot nowadays about this being an age of specialization, and that is often advanced as a reason why the wholesaler should be eliminated. But I claim the wholesaler is more of a specialist than anybody. He is organized for just one thing—namely, to sell the things that manufacturers make. A manufacturer is also a specialist so long as he sticks to manufacturing and hires the wholesaler to do his selling. But the moment the manufacturer starts to do his own selling, then he is doing two distinct things and he is no longer a specialist.

The last time I went to New York I met on the train a young man who told me he was making some investigations for an Eastern manufacturing corporation that was considering whether it should quit selling through wholesalers and go direct to the retail trade. From the way he talked I suspect he was sent out less for real investigation than to verify a decision already made in the home office. Things are sometimes done that way, even in the best business circles. Be that as it may, he said he had come to the conclusion that the wholesalers weren't doing a good selling job and he was sure his corporation could vastly increase its business by establishing its own branches throughout the country and going direct to retail dealers. I asked him if he had gone into the problem of organizing a selling force. His answer was:

"It's no job to sell. You can buy sales plans."

Maybe he was right. It is possible to buy almost anything these days. But I have observed that the plans you buy ready-made are never quite so good as those you sweat out of your own brain and experience.

The minute you depend on someone else to do your thinking for you, you lose a little of your effectiveness. You fail to develop resourcefulness. And in these days of quick changes in business, resourcefulness is a mighty important item. You never know when something will turn up to alter your whole problem.

A man named Emory Hawkes used to have the largest printing business in Statesburg, and among his other activities, he got out the city directory every year. This was a rather profitable side line, because all the business firms of any importance had to have a directory and a great many merchants took advertising space in it. But the time finally arrived when so many people had telephones that the telephone book largely supplanted the city directory. It had about as many names as the directory, and was besides more up to date because it came out three times a year.

Emory had a sort of one-track mind and couldn't reconcile himself to this. He seemed to think the public owed it to him to support his publication. Whenever one of his solicitors reported to him that a merchant had declined to renew an advertisement or to subscribe for his book, Emory himself would call on the offender and deliver an oration on the subject of civic loyalty and the duty of supporting local enterprise. He did this so often that he came to be considered something of a public nuisance, and many firms that formerly gave him their general printing refused to have anything more to do with him. In the end he not only had to give up his directory but lost his printing plant too.

All this was because Emory lacked resourcefulness. There were plenty of ways he could have got business to make up for the loss of his directory, but he just wouldn't use his brain to think of anything else.

I always think of Emory Hawkes when I hear wholesale merchants complain that they are being squeezed out of business because so many more manufacturers sell direct to storekeepers or direct to the public. This country is too big for all the business to be done in any one way, and if a wholesaler does a good job he will always find plenty of manufacturers who are anxious to have him take their selling problems off their hands. If you lose one thing there is always something else coming along to take its place. At the Empire Wholesale Company, for example, we do more than a third of our business today on automobile supplies, electrical goods and radios. Twenty years ago such goods weren't in our stock.

It takes resourcefulness to win any game—resourcefulness mixed with courage. I was something of an amateur boxer in my twenties and I still have enough liking for the sport to take in a bout occasionally. I went to one a short time ago in which the champion of his class defended his title. It was a real scrap, for both boys were willing mixers and for a while it looked as though the challenger was going to win the decision on sheer aggressiveness. The crowd in the stands began yelling that a title was about to change hands, for the challenger kept swinging a mean right-hander for the chin and several times landed heavily. Then those of us at the ringside saw the champion change his tactics. He had been drawing back to avoid these swings, but suddenly he started to duck forward instead. Whenever a right-hander started he made a quick jerk of his head toward his opponent and the latter's glove would land on empty air just back of the champion's neck. When the challenger tired himself out hitting nothing, the champion outpointed him to an easy decision.

It took a champion to fight that way, and I guess it pretty well describes what will be the outcome of this fight to see who will be the ultimate distributors of merchandise in America. Those wholesalers who use their natural resourcefulness, who duck forward instead of back, will always be on their feet at the finish.

II

IT WAS largely through accident that I became a business man. My people had always been farmers. The first John Draper came from England to Plymouth in 1632,

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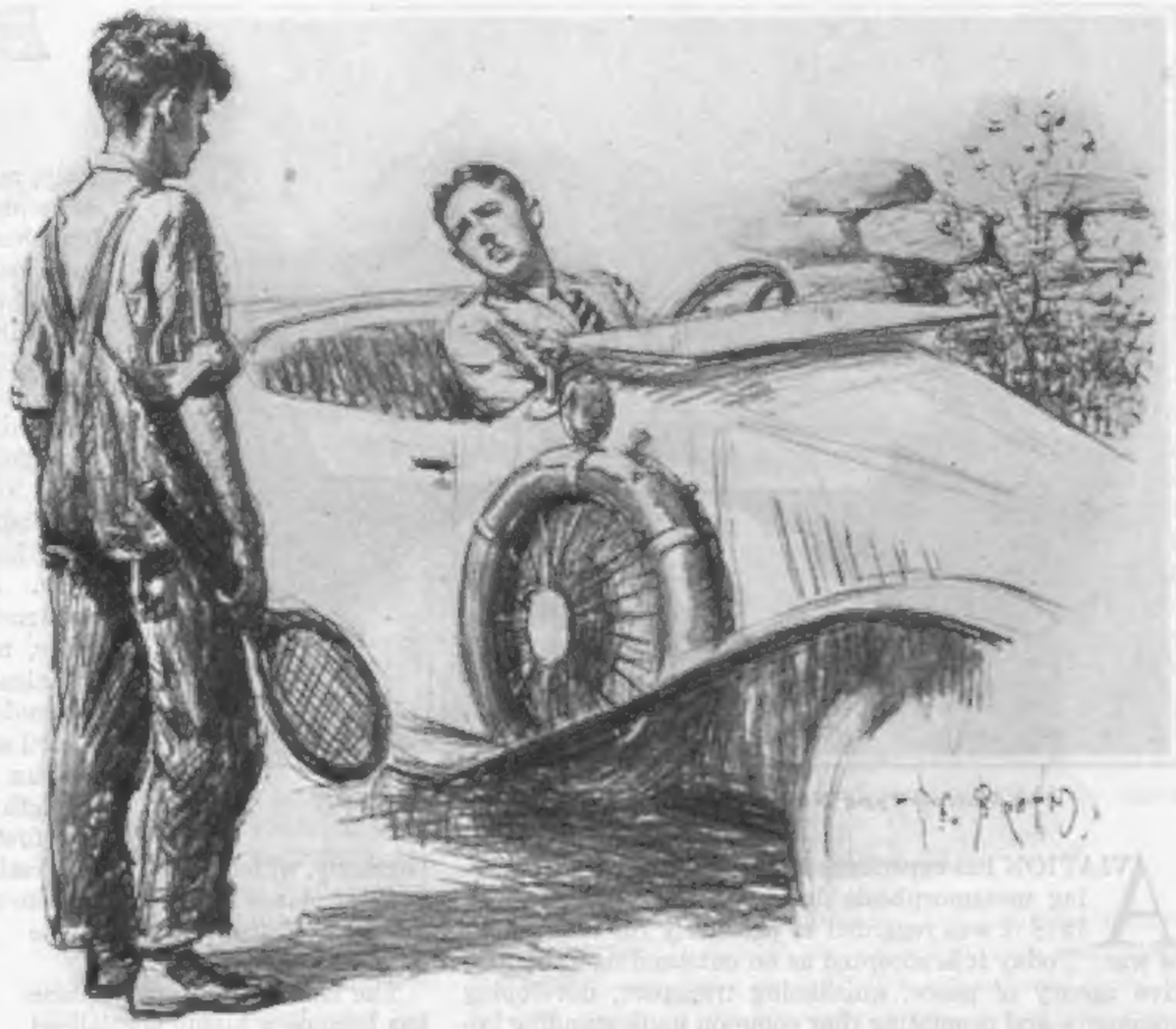
WHY BOYS LEAVE HOME

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE BREHM



"I'd Like to Get In a Few Sets This Afternoon, But All the Fellows I Know Have Gone to See the Polo"

THE other day I was reading a piece which gave a list of various men who have made big successes in New York in business, the professions and the arts. The point was that most of them were not natives of the metropolis but were born in such places as Wamego, Kansas; Muscatine, Iowa; Aspen, Colorado; Plattsburg, Missouri; Dales Mills, Georgia, and Lebanon, Indiana. I noted that the head of a billion-dollar corporation originated in Stillwater, Minnesota; that the publisher of a score of newspapers opened his eyes in Gano, Ohio, and the natal pool of one of the whales of the theatrical world was Machias, Maine. I wondered—though not for the first time—why boys leave home.

Take a certain boy, born and reared on an out-of-the-way farm in Kentucky. He has spent his youth following a plow, a calling healthy and worthy, but limited as to scenery and inspiration. To any eye he seems in no way different from the boy on the next farm. One day he says good-by to the horses, puts his spare collar in his two-dollar suitcase, betakes himself and freckles to New York and gets himself a job loading honeydew melons on a truck. The curtain is lowered for twenty-five years to denote the lapse of a quarter of a century. He still has freckles, but behold him, president of a company "with offices in all the principal cities," director of a list of other companies as long as a boa constrictor, with a town house on the right side of the park and a country house on Long Island which has more bathtubs than there were in the village of his nativity.

There must be an answer. He can tell you how he did it, probably. He'll say he worked hard, kept his eyes open, took advantage of the good breaks and didn't let the bad breaks bother him much. But why did he do it? That's harder to find out.

One evening I went to see William Reath. I didn't know him. Of course I knew something about him. Who doesn't? Nowadays you can hardly cross a street in any town in the land without being forcibly reminded of him by being bumped into by a Reath Four, Six or Eight. He has more millions than most of us have shirts. Made them himself, and in record time too.

Naturally you don't drop in on a man like that to ask him questions which are no business of yours. Bunny Sylvester fixed it up for me. Bunny and I were kids together in a small town upstate, and he was called Bunny because of his striking resemblance, in face and disposition, to that gentle little animal. Milking his father's cows made his fingers ache and he took himself and a certain quiet talent for figures to New York and was swallowed up. When I ran across him, years later, he looked more like a rabbit than ever and he was treasurer of Reath Motors, Inc. When I told him I'd like to have a talk with Mr. Reath, he arranged a meeting at Mr. Reath's roof bungalow on Central Park South. You've seen pictures of it? It makes the Petit Trianon look like a tool shed.

"My Only Exercise These Days," He Said, Pointing to the Lawn Mower. "That's Why I Had Them Make a Lawn Up Here"

The reason I wanted to talk to Mr. Reath was that in that list of successful men his birthplace was given as Appleseed, Vermont. I wanted to find out, if I could, what it was that turned young Bill Reath of Appleseed into Mr. William Reath, of Reath Motors, Inc., and of New York and Southampton.

Up I shot, thirty-four stories, to the top of the Reathmore Apartments, and I found Mr. Reath in ancient flannel trousers and an undershirt, mowing his lawn.

I had expected to meet a brawny giant who expelled terse talk between teeth which gripped a dollar cigar. What I saw was a medium-sized man, with a mild and medium face, who was smoking a corncob pipe which smelled very old. His greeting was cordial.

"My only exercise these days," he said, pointing to the lawn mower. "That's why I had them make a lawn up here." He said it in a shy, explanatory way, as if I had sternly demanded how he dared have such a thing.

We sat down on a bench. The sun had gone down, but the summer night was bright with the glow from Broadway. He loaded up his pipe.

"Sylvester told me about you," he said. "You want to ask me some questions. I'll try to answer them."

I thought of a schoolboy facing his teacher on examination day.

"Yes," I said, "and I'm grateful to him for giving me this opportunity. I'm glad Bunny has done so well."

"A good man," said Mr. Reath. "Well, I'm ready."

"I've just one question," I said. "I'd like to have you tell me why you are what you are. I don't mean 'how.' I mean 'why.'"

"I understand," he said. His eyes were looking out across the housetops. On a building, ten blocks away, a huge electric sign blazed on and off, printing on the night sky in glowing lights BUY a REATH. He seemed to be looking through it and beyond it.

Suddenly he took his pipe from his mouth and said, "The Barkleys."

I looked at him, puzzled.

"What?" I said.

"The Barkleys," he repeated.

"I'm afraid I don't follow you," I said.

"You will," he said, "when I've told you a history—and a theory."

It goes a long way back—he said—and just how far back I can't tell you; probably back to the beginning of men, to the time when some man discovered fire and another built the first house. I don't know all the steps. I can only tell you the story as far back as I know it.

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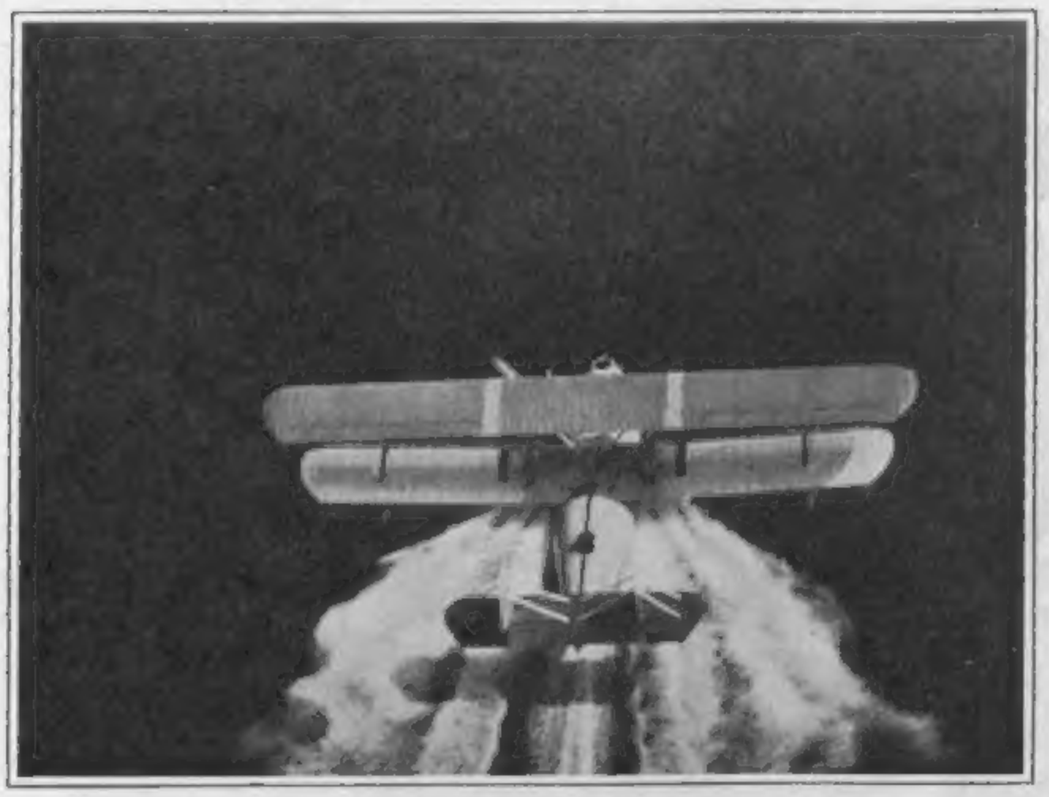
Military Aircraft—1928 Model



A Patrol-Type Navy Flying Boat Taxiing for Take-Off

By Ralph D. Weyerbacher

Commander, C. C., U. S. N.

AVIATION has experienced a strange and an encouraging metamorphosis during the past decade. In 1918 it was regarded as peculiarly the instrument of war. Today it is accepted as an outstanding and effective agency of peace, quickening transport, developing commerce and promoting that common understanding between nations which follows the establishment of swift methods in communication.

War undoubtedly gave aviation its greatest impetus. The huge appropriations allotted for production and the intensity of inventive thought devoted to design between 1914 and 1918 made possible a progress equaled by no other science in so limited a time. But peace has continued that development. Although few important changes in fundamental design have appeared since the Armistice, aircraft have grown faster, more reliable, economically more significant, year by year, until in 1928 they hold an assured place among modern agencies of commercial transportation. And yet ——

The airplane is still an instrument of war. In effectiveness, if not in numbers, each of the great powers—with the exception of Germany—is better armed in the air today than it was at the height of the world conflict. The United States has in actual operation approximately 900 military airplanes, yet it is only fourth on the list, being surpassed by France, Italy and Great Britain in the order named.

Types

IN ARMY and Navy air-service personnel it has, as this is written, 1660 officers and 14,392 men. Here it is surpassed by Great Britain, France and Italy. For the upkeep of the air arm during the fiscal year 1927–1928, the United States spent $46,981,294. In such appropriations it ranked second to Great Britain, with France, Italy and Japan lagging behind. It should be explained, however, that since Great Britain, like Italy, maintains an air force independent of other military branches, certain administrative costs help to swell her total of expenditures.

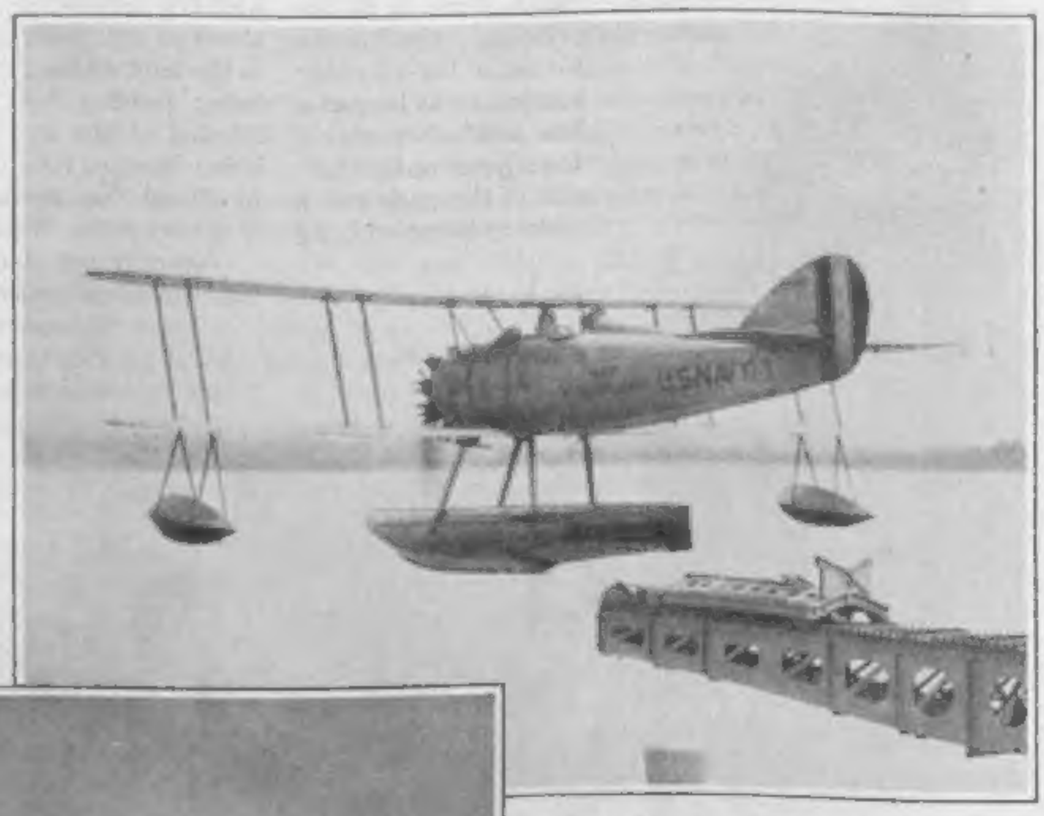
Behind every nation's acknowledged array of military aircraft exists an officially unrecognized, yet potentially powerful, reserve. This is composed of commercial airplanes and, indirectly, of the industrial organizations which produce them. Although designed and constructed for the activities of peace, many such aircraft and organizations, with their personnel, could serve effectively in war. If civil aeronautics were considered an element of military air strength the United States might rank first among the nations, and Germany, which, under the Versailles Treaty, has no military airplanes at all, might take second place. The significance of these facts will be discussed later.

The modern military airplane has become a highly specialized weapon. Both Navy and Army use definite types for definite purposes. These types are by no means constant. They merge and develop as aeronautical research and progress continue. Nor are such types as I shall describe used exclusively by the United States naval and military forces. Airplanes are roughly similar in design, mission and effectiveness in all armies and navies.

Naval planes may be roughly divided into four special types: Fighting planes, observation planes, patrol planes and three-purpose planes—aircraft capable of torpedo, bombing and scouting activities. The latter type is being superseded gradually by airplanes specially designed for one of those duties instead of being adapted to all three. Army airplanes may be classified as pursuit planes, observation planes, bombers and transports. Each service has also separate training planes. Marine Corps airplanes conform generally to the Navy types.

For Battleship and Carrier

IN THE Naval Air Service the fighting planes may be subdivided into two types—carrier fighters and battleship fighters. The only difference between them lies in the fact that the carrier fighter is fitted with wheels, so it can take off and land on the deck of an aircraft carrier, while the battleship plane carries pontoons, so arranged that it can be catapulted from the deck of a vessel and land on the surface of the sea. Each type is convertible. By the simple operation of changing landing gear, the carrier fighter can be converted into a battleship fighter or the battleship fighter into a carrier fighter. The two planes have similar missions. They are designed primarily for attacks on enemy aircraft and for protection of ships and of the more sluggish bombing and torpedo planes. They may also be used to bomb enemy vessels or to sweep decks with machine-gun fire. Modern fighters, here and abroad, attain a speed of 180 miles an hour or more, a service altitude of 25,000 feet, an endurance, at full throttle, of about two hours. This may be extended to six hours if economical speed is observed and a detachable fuel tank is added. They are armed with two fixed machine guns, synchronized to fire through the arc of the propeller and can carry bombs up to 500 pounds in weight, in addition to their guns. At the present time a two-seated plane of this type is being developed. This will, of course, be more heavily armed.



A Navy Observation and Spotting Plane Leaving the Catapult on a Warship

Because of limited hangar accommodations at sea in either battleship or carrier, both types of fighters are designed to permit quick assembling and economy of space in stowing away.

Of the two types of Navy fighters now in use, the carrier plane is the more efficient. Its lighter landing gear gives it a maneuverability beyond

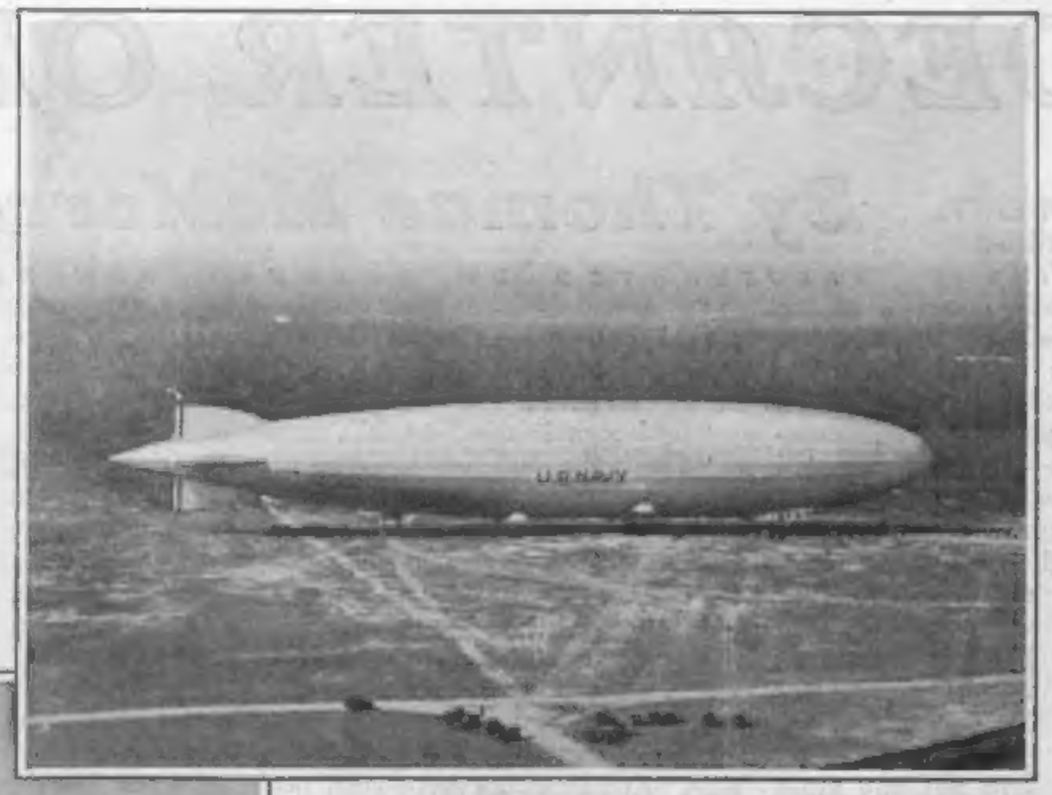
OFFICIAL PHOTOS, U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS

Formation Flying Above the Clouds

that of the pontoon-equipped plane. It has less inertia to overcome when turning or climbing swiftly. Oddly enough, however, it is no faster in straight flying than the battleship fighter. That is because improvements in design have now reduced the air resistance of pontoons to a point below that of wheeled landing gears.

Navy observation planes, like Navy fighters, may be subdivided into several classes. Probably the most interesting of these is the single-seat plane, designed for use with submarines. For the present it has been decided to delay the development of this type. The limited storage capacity of the submarine demands a plane so small as to be underpowered and otherwise comparatively ineffectual.

A more efficient type is the two-place observation plane used as a scout and a gunnery spotter for destroyers, battleships and cruisers. This is a dual-control, convertible type which can be launched from a catapult on the warship or from the deck of a carrier, according to its landing equipment. A recent type has been fitted with amphibian landing gear which permits the plane to operate from either ship or land without the necessity of shop adjustments. Because of the amphibian's retractible wheels, which draw into the hull, the pilot can convert it from a flying boat into a land plane within four or five seconds, while it is still in flight. The equipment means, however, extra weight and air resistance, and thus reduces both air speed and maneuverability.



The Los Angeles Moored to a Stub Mast

Three-Purpose Planes in Formation Flight

The observation plane is well armed. It carries two fixed-wing machine guns, fired by the pilot, and a flexible gun, fired by the observer from the rear cockpit. It can also carry heavy bombs. Its speed is approximately 150 miles an hour and its altitude 20,000 feet with full war load.

An Avalanche of Destruction

SPECIAL types now being developed here and abroad may be described as diving bombers, torpedo planes and scouts. Of these, the diving bomber is probably the most important. It is a fast biplane capable of about 160 miles an hour when holding a level course and of 225 miles when diving. It carries not only three machine guns but a weapon of far greater destructive power—a bomb weighing from 500 to 1000 pounds. The diving bomber has been designed for a comparatively new method of aerial attack. Instead of releasing the bomb from a high altitude, it plunges down toward its target at a terrific speed of 225 miles an hour and drops the explosive from a height of not more than 500 feet above the enemy vessel. To avoid anti-aircraft gunfire it zigzags as it attacks. The menace represented by one or more squadrons of such planes diving suddenly out of banked clouds to descend on a ship from every point of the compass can be imagined. Usually these planes fly in squadrons of eighteen. If a number of squadrons were concentrated on one vessel, each plane almost invulnerable because of its speed and erratic course, and each determined to drop a heavy bomb from an altitude of not more than 500 feet, the ship would be virtually defenseless. Not even its own fighting airplanes could hope to rise in time to offer combat, and if they did they would be rapidly overwhelmed by the great force opposing them and outmaneuvering them by reason of the speed attained in descent. Even if a few of the attackers were shot down, their loss could have little effect on the collective destructive power of one or more squadrons.

The torpedo plane has yet a different task. It is not so fast as the diving bomber, nor, in modern naval opinion, so dangerous. Instead of a bomb, it carries a torpedo similar to those discharged from destroyers, and weighing, with war head, approximately 1700 pounds. Its method of attack is to descend close to the water not more than 6000 yards from its target—yet distant enough to escape anti-aircraft fire—and there launch its weapon.

Once in the water, the torpedo propels itself to the enemy ship, where it explodes on impact. This type of airplane may also be operated as a bomber carrying either one 1000-pound bomb or two bombs weighing 500 pounds each. It is manned by a crew of two, armed with machine guns.

The contemplated design for scouting planes is an amphibian capable of operating from aircraft carrier or land, with an endurance of approximately twelve hours in the air at a ninety-mile speed. The type, when completed, will probably be multimotored and will carry a crew of four men armed with machine guns.

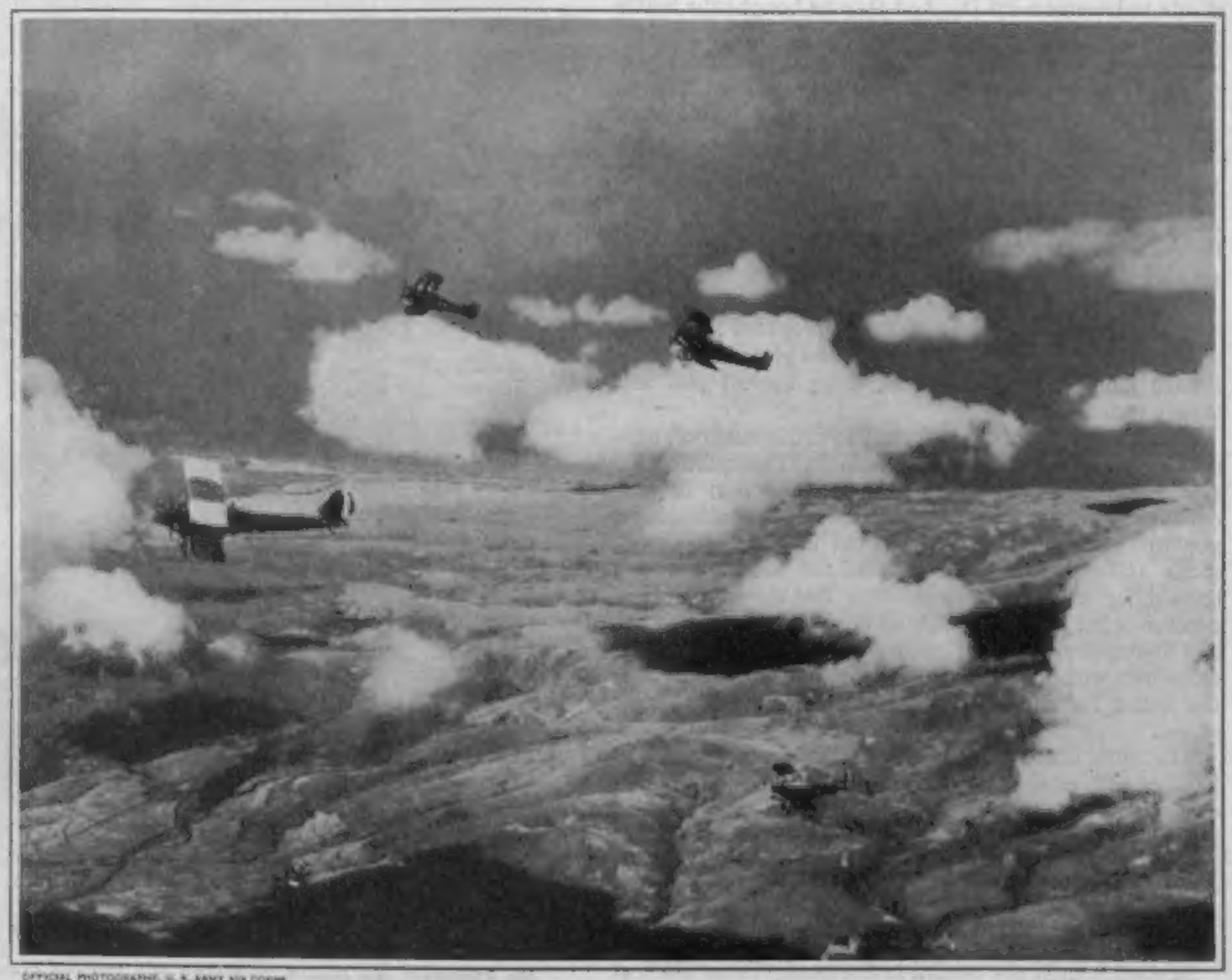
Probably the most effective of the air scouts operating from shore stations is the seaworthy flying-boat-type patrol plane. Unlike most seaplanes, this is designed with a boat-like hull instead of pontoons. It can carry a crew of at least five men equipped with a maximum of armament. Two machine guns forward, two aft and two on either side of the center compartment permit offensive or defensive fire in almost every direction. In addition to its guns, the patrol plane can carry two or more 500-pound bombs. Driven by two motors, this plane has an endurance, at economical speed, of 2000 miles. Because of its seaworthiness when down, it is capable of carrying out long-distance scouting operations away from a fixed or mobile base without support of surface craft. In recent tests patrol planes of this type have established endurance records of thirty-six hours' nonstop flight and have carried useful loads of two tons to a 15,000-foot altitude. Such planes are indispensable for patrolling and scouting along the coast.

A Ceiling Miles High

NAVAL training planes intended for use in instruction rather than in combat are utilized to teach elementary flight, free and fixed gunnery and aerial radio work to student pilots. They are dual-control, convertible types designed for ruggedness and reliability, yet capable of acrobatics, or stunt flying. Slow landing and take-off speeds are their outstanding characteristics. Although useless in warfare, such planes are of inestimable value in preparing men to operate fighting craft, and are constantly being improved with the safety factor in view.

Except for differences in landing gear, Army airplanes resemble in a general way the Navy types designed for similar duties. Army fighting planes are chiefly concentrated in pursuit squadrons. They are high-speed, high-altitude machines capable of flying about 180 miles an hour when pressed, and of attaining a 23,000-foot ceiling. Each pursuit plane carries two machine guns as well as small fragmentation bombs. When organized in squadrons the

(Continued on Page 149)



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS

A Battle in the Clouds—Pursuit Planes Versus a Bomber

THE DECANTER OF PERUSA

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

Little Amby Entered, Carrying the Cameo Decanter in a Cloth Bag

AS A MURDERER, Sanford Emeringe Watt was a disappointment to the New York newspapers that specialized in criminal news. He lacked sex appeal, for one complaint—the term was still uncoined, but the thing itself was known and highly regarded. He wasn't handsome, and neither was he fascinatingly hideous; he was merely plain. He was lanky and studious and timid-looking, and not the most neurotic reader could imagine herself with any satisfaction in the lethal clutches of such a duffer.

The newspapers did their best for him, though the business of inciting sympathy for criminals in base and stupid people was then not so well understood or so boldly practiced. The morning newspapers introduced him to his public with the formality that was due his new station in life, giving his full name. By ten A.M. they were calling him Sanford wistfully, and before darkness fell from the wing of night the more passionate organs of public opinion were calling him Sandy. There were New York newspapers, of course, let it be said hastily, that suspended judgment on him and did not exhort their readers to fraternize with him at once.

He was a student at Columbia University and was twenty-six years old. He had enough money, unearned, to get along on, and had no experience to speak of outside the scholastic walls. So, without a history, he was toiling happily at his studies inside his narrow competence, working like a prisoner of war who builds a harbor and a navy inside an old bottle; he was a B.A. and an M.A., and in March of 1916 he was reading himself purblind in his efforts to become a Ph.D. And then he bought the bottle of Perusa and gave it to Mr. Debrett as a birthday present. Debrett—even on March twenty-second the name was cold and unfeeling "Debrett." No paper sobbed for him, for he was dead. J. Harry Debrett sampled the Perusa and died suddenly at his residence.

There's not much Perusa sold in New York nowadays—probably none. It may be advisable to define it. For those who like the peerless flavor of hydrocyanic acid, Perusa is an unequaled cordial and after-dinner tot. The genuine article comes from Martinique, and is rare and expensive, and always was, even in the golden days; Sanford paid seven dollars for his. It's prepared from fruit pits infused in ethyl alcohol; cut apricot pits will do. The French make a good imitation, using apricot pits and orange water.

It tastes nice, but it's bad stuff to drink much of, supposing that any alcoholic beverage isn't. The hydrocyanic acid comes from the kernels of the fruit stones; in your childhood you may have eaten the kernels of peach stones; you will remember the fine almond flavor. That's the stuff. It's not the most deadly of the poisons that are brewed for us by our stepmother Nature—it's a temperance drink compared with what she puts in the showy and flowering monkshood and wolfsbane—but it has a way of its own with living tissue, and the less one drinks of it the better for all concerned, except the heirs and next of kin.

The liquor dealer warned Sanford that Perusa was to be handled with care. He says he did, and that's good enough; everyone knows how careful liquor dealers were to warn people not to drink anything that might be bad for them. But we don't have to rest on the liquor dealer's statement; we have Sanford's too. We have what he said to Mr. Debrett, and what Mr. Debrett said in reply. And that's important—very.

Sanford bought the cordial in the family liquor store at 110th Street and Broadway, tied to it with a gay ribbon a card wishing Mr. Debrett many happy returns, bore it to the Hotel Emeringe on Seventh Avenue in the lower fifties, and gave it to Mr. Debrett there in his apartment.

"Hydrocyanic acid," he said, among other things.

"That's the stuff they kill dogs with, isn't it?" replied Mr. Debrett, looking at the Perusa with added favor. Like any man, he liked to monkey with dangerous things, showing his address. He planned, no doubt, to drink the Perusa cleverly, basking in the cold smile of danger, just as men buy pistols intending to be very hard to please in whom they will shoot.

Mr. Debrett was a good fellow, as the expression is, meaning that he was always ready to share anybody's fun. He was deservedly popular, being jolly and companionable. Arrangements have been perfected since March, 1916, to get along without him, but to whom does that not happen at last? He was a big and fleshy man with an eye clouded by good living and contemplative with wondering when he would be handed the check. His voice was caressing and a smile lurked about his thick red lips. He was supposed to have money; he was a lawyer, but was dilletantish in his practice, and was more solicitous about what he ate and what he drank and how he was clad and housed.

"And after all," he had said, convinced that he had taken the world as he found it, "what more is there in it, my boy?"

He said he was pleased with the Perusa, and no doubt he was; it was something in his line. He let cigar smoke drift through his thick and pastel-colored nose and blinked approvingly at Sanford. It's not sporting to read dead people's minds, but we will take it that Debrett was reflecting that his ward was at last showing promise of learning how to live; Sanford had given him, the year before, a handsome copy of Locke's Human Understanding. Appreciating Sanford's intellectual growth, Mr. Debrett took him into fellowship by telling him, in a humorously wheezy voice, a story he had heard long ago in Paris about a girl and a bottle of Perusa, and Sanford laughed like a man. The story reflected credit on Mr. Debrett, suggesting that he had been a gay dog in his day, and was told with that melancholy roguishness that is proper to a man who can smile and smile, but can't be a villain. Its importance here lies not in its showing Mr. Debrett's knowledge of women, for that was morbid and is irrelevant, but in its further proof that he knew what Perusa was.

Sanford stood on one long leg and then on the other, took off his gold-rimmed spectacles and looked bashfully at Mr. Debrett out of weak blue eyes, coughed, passed a thin and scholarly hand over the thin brown hair on his small head, and said with elaborate casualness:

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Debrett."

Sanford wanted to ask why he had not received his ordained three hundred dollars that month. He needed the money if he was to continue killing time in study, and it was his. Not having earned it, he had no genuine conviction of ownership, the Decedent Estate Law of New York notwithstanding, and the hackles did not rise on his neck at the bare idea of anybody coming between it and him.

"About your money," said Mr. Debrett, divining Sanford's thought with admirable quickness. "My boy, I must have a real talk with you about that. Come in again in about a week's time, will you? I won't detain you from your studies now. Glad to have seen you and ever so much obliged. Shall we make it for the twenty-second?" He shook hands with Sanford in the doorway of the apartment, and his grateful gaze led Sanford's diffident glance to the bottle of Perusa, where it sat on the high

He Planned, No Doubt, to Drink the Perusa Cleverly, Basking in the Cold Smile of Danger, Just as Men Buy Pistols Intending to be Very Hard to Please in Whom They Will Shoot

"Being That You are So Frank With Me, I'm Tipping You Off. So if You Want to Make Any Preparations, Make Them Quick, Because an Officer Will be Here Directly"

mantel of the living room. There it stayed, like a pondering judge with sentence in his throat, all during the week. It was there when Mr. Bernard L. Sargent came and when he went. Alfred Bonney says it was, and he was in a position to know, being Mr. Debrett's man. Wilbur Debrett, who was Mr. Debrett's nephew and clerk, saw it there.

You will remember Wilbur from the newspaper accounts. It was he who, promptly on the scene, pointed to the Perusa as the stuff that had absolutely disagreed with his uncle. Wilbur had been a student in the College of Pharmacy on 68th Street before going to work as his uncle's clerk, and he had a little knowledge of toxicology. Reading the newspapers, you caught just an odd glimpse of Alfred Bonney; he whisked, as a good servant does, in and out, always there and always out of the spotlight.

But the newspaper accounts begin with March twenty-first. Conforming to the canons of fiction as closely as their ostensible office permits, they present the tragedy at once, and back of it is shadow. On March fourteenth, being Mr. Debrett's fifty-first and last birthday, Sanford went back to the magnificent university library and submerged again in book rust and dust. He stayed there, with only the top of his head showing occasionally over the books, for most of his waking hours during the week. He was not seen with his ear to the ground, listening for the death rattle; he did not even inquire for Mr. Debrett's health; he pursued the even tenor of his way. From where we are, twelve years removed in time and countless millions of miles in space, it is hard to see why the bemused student should have been laid hold of. Hasty and ill-considered action, of a piece with the other ways of people then; they seem to have had little of the judicial calm, wisdom and charity wherewith we view their concerns.

On March twenty-first, around eight o'clock, Sanford telephoned Mr. Debrett and told him that he would not be down to see him on the twenty-second as planned.

"Come any time you like, my boy," said Mr. Debrett, who seemed to be feeling pretty good. "Don't bother calling up; I'm at home to you all the time. Come right up and push the door in."

Sanford hung up and pondered, clasping his chin. It occurred to him that he was free right then; he had had a lecture date for the twenty-first and it had been put over until the twenty-second at the same evening hour. He had not told Mr. Debrett that, nor had it occurred to him that he could have seen Mr. Debrett after the lecture. Sanford's mind at this time was fogged with learning; he was what is called absent-minded, which is not the same as simple-minded, though causative of like phenomena.

Sanford could go to see Mr. Debrett right away. No sooner thought than done. He descended into the Broadway Subway and arrived at the Hotel Emeringe at twenty-five minutes past eight on the night of March 21, 1916. He ascended to Mr. Debrett's apartment, knocked and entered forthwith.

Mr. Debrett had been giving a dinner party of three. His guests were a Mr. Bernard L. Sargent and a Mr. Einar Ginsbert. The menu has been preserved to us—everything is important when it is not known what is important; anyway, it is interesting to see how people lived in those quaint times. The merry little group had salad of crawfish with old sherry, turbot with mushrooms, partridges and sauerkraut—Walporzheimer Domlay 1865 with the partridges—Strasburg goose-liver pastry, grapes and coffee. With a graceful touch of his own, Mr. Debrett had added the Perusa.

When Sanford entered, the Perusa was in the center of the table, not in the original bottle but in a handsome antique decanter of Venetian glass—a piece of what modern reproducers call cased glass. Three drinks had been taken of the Perusa; three small goblets still smelled of it. Mr. Debrett sat in his armchair, half reclining, his massive chin propped by his stiff collar, his eyes fixed on the doorway. He looked relieved and depressed, like a man who has been pretending to be amused by something that bores him utterly and who is glad it is all over.

"Good evening, Mr. Debrett," said Sanford, approaching to explain his visit.

He looked harder at Mr. Debrett, and then away from him with a sweeping glance. Mr. Einar Ginsbert was lying on a couch; his eyes, like Mr. Debrett's, were brilliant. Sanford knew the look of a man suffering from acute alcoholic poisoning, and his first thought was that the two men were stupefied by drink, but their eyes glistened so disquietingly.

Sanford was trembling. There was something here that his mind refused to accept—a nightmarish thing, a hideous hallucination come alive. He stepped toward the impassive host, who sat at the table whence all but him had fled, halted, bolted to the kitchenette and snatched up the telephone.

"Help," he said tonelessly, his voice failing. "Help, help."

His appeal was so little startling that the operator said to him a second time before she understood: "Number, please."

He had stumbled over Mr. Sargent. The kitchenette was a little room about five feet square, off the short hall that led to the front door; Mr. Sargent was lying across the threshold of the kitchenette. Sanford could not explain how he had failed, on first entering the apartment, to notice a bulky man like Sargent lying right there on the floor. It is possible that Sargent had moved, as he wasn't dead.

His eyes were closed and he was breathing strangely, but had not quite gone under. Sanford shouted to him as to one seen dimly across a gulf, and shook him, and the man opened his eyes, tried to answer, and then relapsed into dreaminess. He had certainly taken some of the Perusa; the physician who attended him later noticed the characteristic odor before giving him the hydrated oxide of iron that the local drug store fortunately had ready. The physician was there when he came to, and accepted congratulations for the cure with becoming modesty, but his ministrations probably didn't matter a cent's worth. He was too late; he didn't get to his patient until fifteen or twenty minutes after the swallowing of the poison, and the peculiar virtue of prussic acid is its speed. It kills or it doesn't, and the doubt is soon resolved. If the victim can break its paralyzing grip he may be as good as new.

Sanford got the physician by much clamoring; his first call had brought the house detective and assistant manager. The physician—a Doctor Voh, of West 54th Street—was capable enough, but toxicology wasn't his best hold. He didn't recognize the toxic agent at once, but thought he had to do with an intense narcotic, an alkaloid, and probably morphine. It was Wilbur Debrett who, arriving, sniffing, went unerringly to the Perusa.

Sanford wasn't there at the time; he had left, out of some delicacy or squeamishness. Wilbur didn't know

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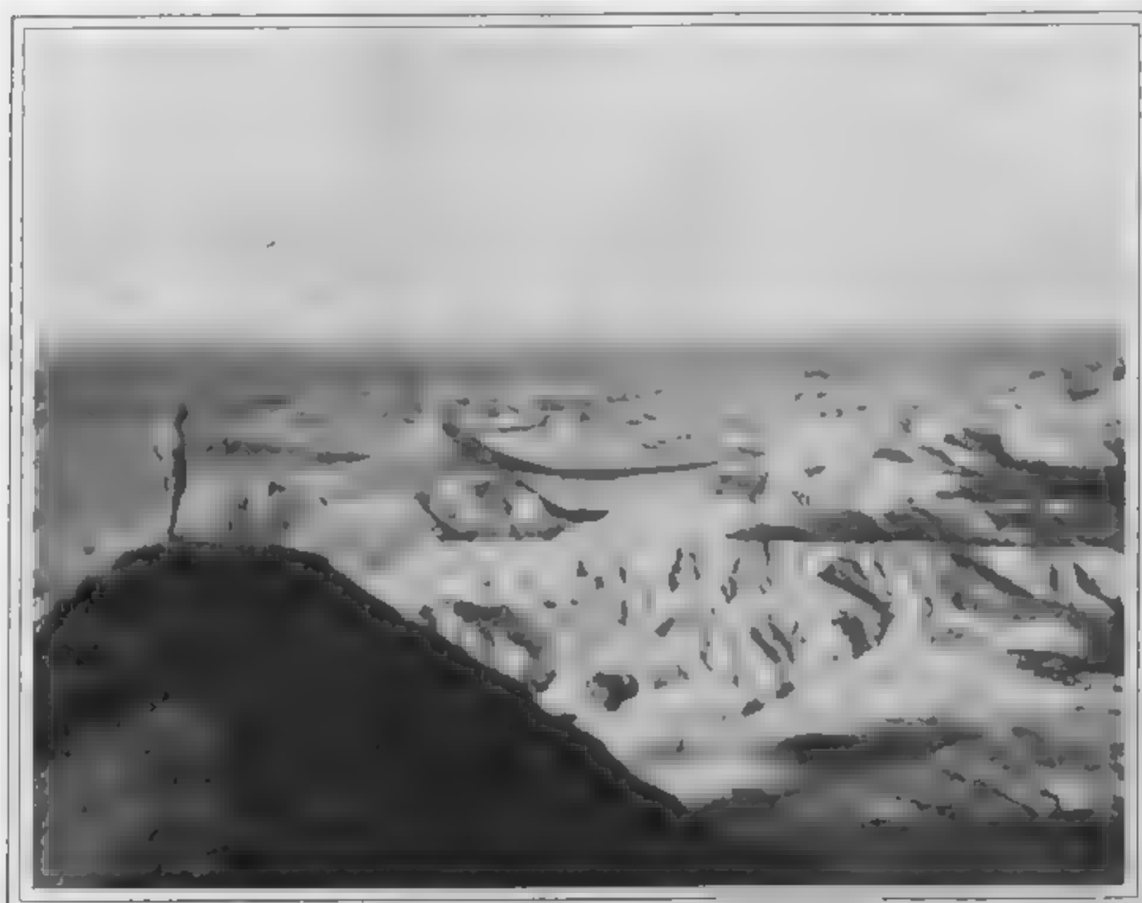
Desert Trails—By Roy Chapman Andrews



Looking Over the Lower White Bad Lands at Urtyn, Obo

Scanning the Desert for Trails That Lead to the East

Granger Taking Out a Wonderful Skull of the Loucki Titanothere. It is Lying on the Left Side, Showing a Good View of the Under Part of the Nasal Projection. Above—A Mongol Temple or Lamasery on the Southern Edge of the Gobi Desert

A BREATHLESS silence, suddenly dropping like a pall over the camp, brought me out from dinner in the mess tent. In the west a tawny cloud shot through with shafts of dull red boiled up out of the flaming pit into which the sun had disappeared. Already the purple line of distant mountains was blotted from the sky. A twisting, whirling skirmish line of tiny wind devils danced their way across the basin floor. Behind them the solid yellow mass advanced swiftly, ominously, engulfing the hills and canyons of the bad lands like a devouring monster. Slowly we became conscious of a pulsing throb which beat upon our eardrums in an unearthly, soundless noise.

"Stand by for a blow! Rope the tents! Drive in the pegs! Get the cars around in front!"

At my shout the camp leaped into action. Hammers rang on the steel tent pegs; motors coughed and roared as the cars were lined in front to form a windbreak; there was a babel of shouts in Mongol, Chinese and English. The steady beat of the advancing gale changed to a rising hum, but as yet there was no wind. Suddenly, with a hiss, gusts of cold air like blasts from a snow field swept the camp. A moment later the storm had swallowed up the tents, tearing madly at the blue cloth. Clinging to the poles, we tried to keep our frail shelters upright. Blasts of gravel, like exploding shrapnel, brought blood to our faces. We could breathe only air thick with sand.

Earth and Air Mix

GRANGER and I weathered the first furious attack in the mess tent, but a great, jagged window had opened in the back. During a sudden lull I looked out upon a scene of chaos. The cooks were homeless, their tent only a mass of ragged streamers. Three of the others were down; the rest sagged drunkenly.

Thus began a night which I shall long remember. Perhaps one might not call it a real honest-to-goodness hardship, but for sheer discomfort it was the worst I have ever spent. Everyone had his own troubles; so many of them, in fact, that there was little we could do to help one another. Most of the men elected to stay where they were under the flapping ruins of their tents, for those that remained standing were shelters in name only. The storm's first attack was the most vicious, but the others which followed in irregular salvos almost equaled it. Sleep was impossible. As for myself, I could hardly breathe. Seemingly a raging devil stood beside my head with buckets of sand, ready to dash them into my face the moment I came up for air out of the fur sleeping bag. There was something distinctly personal about the storm. It was not just a violent disturbance of the unthinking elements. It acted like a calculating evil beast. After each raging attack it would draw off for a few moments' rest. The air, hanging motionless, allowed the suspended sand to sift gently down into our smarting eyes. Then, with a sudden spring, the storm devil was on us again, clawing, striking, ripping, seeming to roar in fury that any of the tents still stood.

Thus it continued throughout a night of thrice the number of hours any respectable night should have. Now and then one of us would call to his companions in suffering, to be answered by smothered curses in three languages. The curses kept me cheerful. As long as a man can swear he is all right and in reasonably good spirits.

After an indeterminable time we knew that morning had come by a change in the color of the enveloping cloud from black to yellow. That the wind would drop with the sun, we devoutly prayed. It did, and there were three hours of comparative quiet, allowing us to patch the least damaged tents. Then the particular devil that had been assigned to the day shift took up his duties with energy and vigor.

A Regrettable Promise

WE SPENT a miserable twelve hours huddled in fur coats, for it had become bitterly cold. One could neither read nor write because of the falling sand; conversation was possible only through half-closed lips. Nothing to do but sit and think. Personally, I just sat.

At sunset there came a dead calm which lasted throughout the night, but the wind began again the following morning. For a month we had just one gale after another. During ten years in Mongolia I have never known such a continuous period of utterly poisonous weather. It was rather a severe introduction for the five new members of the Central Asiatic Expedition, since the worst of it was spent at our first working camp on the southern edge of the Gobi Desert three hundred miles northwest of Kalgan.

We had met our supply caravan of one hundred and twenty-five camels at the rendezvous near Baron Sog lamasery. Instructing them to follow our wheel tracks, the motor fleet had made its way up the wide dry valley of the Shara Murun River to a flat-topped mesa forty miles away. We had good cause to remember our stay there in 1925. Viper Camp, we called it, and the name was well deserved. A plague of deadly reptiles had ascended to us out of the red ravines and canyons which formed the mesa's flanks. It was the last camp of the season, in mid-September. Already more than a touch of winter bit into the night air, although the days sparkled with golden sunshine. To the Mongols the mesa was a sacred spot and the temple priests had asked me not to take the life of any creature while we were there. I assented gladly. But little did I know how impossible it would be to fulfill my pledge

The first cold night brought a swarm of snakes to the warmth of our tents—pit vipers about the size and shape of large copperheads in America. So far as I am aware—and for which I am devoutly thankful—they are the only poisonous reptiles in the desert. I have collected snakes all the way from Borneo to Siberia in my time, but I loathe them just the same. Every year I seem to detest them more.

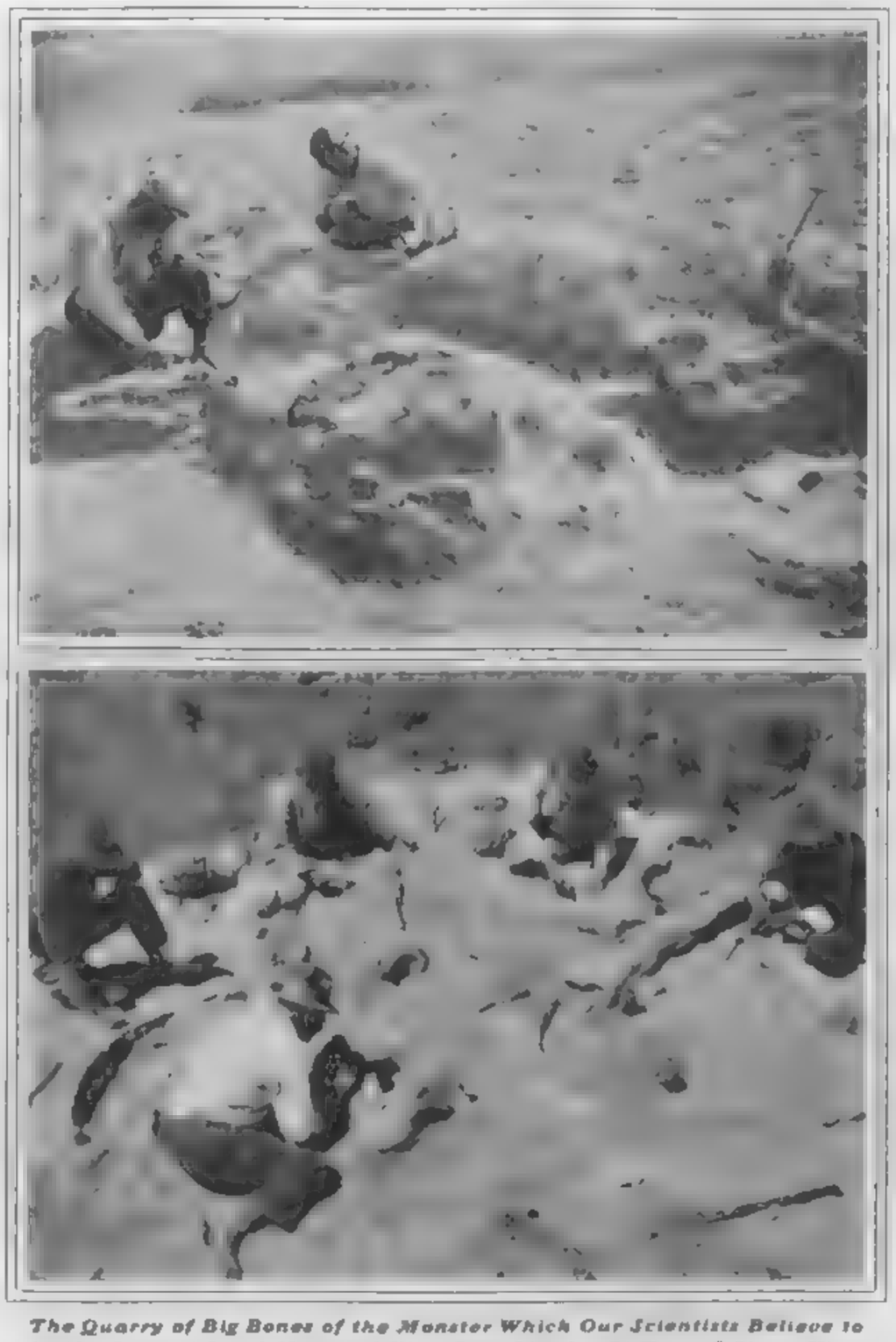
How the reptiles at Viper Camp knew we were there I cannot imagine, but almost immediately they wriggled their fat brown bodies up the steep slopes straight to the warmth of our tents. We found them in our hats and shoes, in clothing rolls, sleeping bags and collecting material, and curled about the legs of cot beds. Forty-seven were killed and probably as many more escaped. They came at night and, fortunately, were cold enough to be very slow at striking, even when actually touched. Only my police dog Wolf was bitten, and that by such a small one that the surgeon saved his life. Finally they got on our nerves to such an extent that we had to leave, even though there were more fossil bones to be removed.

This summer we paused at Viper Camp just long enough to impress our new members with what they had missed, and then ran on to the north side of the mesa. A gigantic relief map of bad lands, red and white buttes, ravines and canyons lay spread out below the rim where we pitched our tents. It was ideal country for fossil hunting and we expected the best. Our only possible camping spot was on the top of the mesa, which is as level as a floor. I knew it was unwise to be without wind protection in the spring, but we had no choice; moreover, there was no precedent for the weather which was served out to us during the next month.

Jackstraws of the Dawn Age

THE first gale I have described; the others varied only in intensity. Day after day the men sat in the tents unable to work. When they could get into the bad lands the results were gratifying. The first discovery was the course of an ancient stream which had run upon the surface six million years ago. The stream's bed could easily be traced where it was exposed in cross section—at the bottom the heaviest gravel; above it a finer layer, and still higher the lightest sand. Thousands of animals had died and fallen into the river during the Eocene, or Dawn, Period of the Age of Mammals. Parts of their skeletons had been buried and preserved in the fine sand and silt. In some spots they formed a breccia of bones, almost like a heap of jackstraws. Birds, fish, turtles, rodents, carnivores and other mammals lay in an indescribable tangle.

It required the highest skill to separate one from the other. It is not spectacular work, for they can mean little to any but the specialist. Nevertheless, a collection of such varied types gives us a picture of the life of the world in those distant days. Each one is like a tiny flame illuminating an infinitesimal patch in the darkness of six million years. It is in just such deposits that we hope to find a skull or teeth of those dawn men who were our earliest ancestors. But this particular stratum is much too ancient, for it seems hardly probable that our family tree is rooted quite as deeply in the past.



The Quarry of Big Bones of the Monster Which Our Scientists Believe to be the Largest Land Mammal That Ever Lived. At Top—A Closer View

As soon as the work was well under way I left the camp in charge of Walter Granger, second in command, and started for an exploration of the country to the southwest. With me were Capt. W. P. T. Hill, U. S. M. C., topographer, MacKenzie Young, chief of motor transport, J. B. Shackelford, photographer, and Lieut. J. A. Perez, U. S. N., surgeon. Our object was to discover a trail which would take us into the far-western desert to Chinese Turkestan. This was the country we had intended to explore in 1926. Since that time Dr. Sven Hedin, the famous Tibetan explorer, had gone through it with a caravan of two hundred and eighty camels. No direct word from Doctor Hedin had been received since his departure two years earlier, but vague reports indicated that they had had a very hard time in a frightful desert; moreover, political difficulties had detained them for three months at the Turkestan frontier.

Headed Skyward

ALTHOUGH Hedin's work was largely meteorological and quite different from ours, still I did not want to follow in his footsteps. We were considerably handicapped in finding a new route by the fact that we had no permits for Outer Mongolia and could not risk a fight with the border guards if we crossed the frontier even for a short distance.

Our reconnaissance party left on April twenty-sixth in two cars, with food and gasoline for ten days. Tserin, the caravan leader, was with us in order that he might know where to take the camels if we found a practicable route.

Running south and west we investigated every trail which appeared to lead in the right direction. All of them proved to be valueless, and we struck across the plains, traveling by compass. It was exactly like navigating a ship at sea. Captain Hill took our directions at every twist or turn and later plotted them upon his map. At night he determined our position by the stars.

The going was not bad as a whole until we entered a wide range of low, granite ridges washed with sand.

These ridges gave us some hard work, but the worst was the time when we stopped for water at a well near a small pond. Apparently the gravel was bone dry. As Mac Young was driving away, his car suddenly sank by the stern and came to rest with the engine pointing at the clouds. Under the six-inch crust was a mass of jellylike mud. Experience has taught us that there is one thing to do in such cases, and only one. No use asking for a short cut to freedom. Collect stones, brush, bones, wood—anything solid—and sink a foundation beside each rear wheel.

(Continued on Page 165

Granger and Thomson Packing and Cataloguing Fossils at Dar Ser Hai, or Hospital Camp

We Give the Mongol Ladies of Hat-in-Sumu a Concert on Our Portable Phonograph

AMERICANUS SUM

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"I Did Put Some—Some Jocose Nonsense Into One of the Letters. But They're My Letters!"

BUT you haven't told me what you're doing in Holland?"

Freddie shrugged. A mannerly little Dutch wind was ruffling Smid's Water and mussing his colorless hair around on his head. He sulked with his arms folded on the rail of the dusty bridge and frequently spat into the canal. A long deck filled with pots of crisp geranium came under us and two men squatting among the blooms rose placidly to steer the barge against the stone embankment. One of them had hair as pale as Freddie's own.

"Probably a remote relative, Freddie."

"What made you think of that?"

"But your mother's people," I said, "were Dutch, weren't they?"

"Sure. Her father was born in Haarlem—Frederick Van Tienhoven. But how'd you remember that?"

"I don't see why you should expect people to forget your mother."

He shrugged again. His big shoulders stretched a faded tweed coat. He said, "She died in 1910. People don't remember so damn long." Then he was disagreeably silent some more and stared down into the canal. A flight of sober Dutch schoolboys on bicycles spun behind us and a small person named Johanna began a conversation with a friend named Franz across the water. A young cavalryman walked up one edge of the liquid street carrying a box covered with pink ribbons and looked through the fine trees toward a house opposite in a reconnoitering fashion, rather nervously.

"You haven't told me what you're doing in The Hague."

"I've taken up sardine fishing on a big scale," he said.

"Sorry'"

"Oh," he grunted, "I'm sorry. Well, call it nerves."

"Nerves? You?"

"I'd call it nerves. I got damn sick of bein' at home and came abroad. Lutherville isn't the most excitin' place in the world. You know that."

"I saw you in a moving picture of your governor laying the corner stone of your new high school back in April. You didn't look so bored then."

He spat in the canal once more. The funny part of it was, that day, a tremor spreading out of Freddie Gross. He was nervous as the slim cavalryman watching the house from under a tree. And yet his gigantic hard body did not stir against the rail. He sprawled with his big feet apart and scowled down at the water.

"What gave you the idea of building a high school?"

"Somethin' to do. . . . Naw," the giant said, "they needed a girls' high school. Dad was talking it up back in 1908. But the town hated to spend the money. Municipal repairs run in waves in the Middle West. It's never a steady movement. Every now and then there's a craze for doin' the town over."

"That's true of any part of the United States, Fred. And what did this cost you?"

"'Bout six hundred thousand."

I shuddered. My comprehension of money ends somewhere around a hundred thousand dollars. The air filled with a gale of dollar bills, falling steadily, and then I saw a building rise out of them. Freddie had done this by wiggling a pen on some paper for a second.

"You're your father's son."

"Naw! Dad had brains!"

"Of course. He also had a sense of pronunciation and enunciation. Nobody would ever think of you as a graduate of Harvard. You sound like a brakeman."

Freddie did not bother to look at me. But he said, "All right! I don't care. . . . Six o'clock. Wonder what time the servants give 'emselves lunch when I'm not home."

"Who keeps house for you at Lutherville?"

"Old Roper an' his wife. He was dad's valet."

"I'd forgotten that your father kept a valet."

"Sure. . . . Figured in the indictment. Mr. Owen Kenton had a lot of fun with that. It's in the book, Chapter III. The Tiberius of Lutherville kept four servants. One of them was his wife's trained nurse. See Page 123, Crime of Lutherville."

"Where on earth did you ever read that rot, Freddie?"

"It sold," he said, "one hundred an' fifty thousand copies in 1909. Think they all got burned up? It's in most of the public libraries in the States. Other day, on the boat, a man asked me if I was any relation to old Tiberius Gross from Lutherville. Ha-ha! Funny"—here he spat in the defenseless canal as if it were a man's face—"isn't it?"

"Fred, you're thirty-one years old. Are you jackass enough to be sore still, because a sensational reporter wrote a muckraker about your dad in 1909 and a few people still remember it?"

"A few?"

"Well," I said, "how many?"

"I don't give a damn," his father's son told me, "if there were only twenty idiots who still remember it! It was a dirty trick and—if you don't mind this touch of sentiment—it happened to kill my mother."

If I was going on with some sort of softening argument I forget what it was, because a man in gray flannels strolled past the shop nearest our end of the bridge and stopped to admire Smid's Water. Then he came wandering closer and I looked away from his neat beard and his eyeglasses with their everlasting black ribbon. He passed. For a time I did not speak.

"Notice that fellow, Freddie?"

"Naw."

"Oh, do speak English! That," I said, "was ——"

"Yeh?"

"It was Owen Kenton, Fred. Ever seen him before?"

"I didn't see him then," said Frederick Gross politely. "So you say that I oughtn't to be annoyed with Mr. Owen Kenton for lyin' his head off about dad, because it was in the year 1909 an' this is the year ——"

"I didn't say that, Fred. You have the peculiarly American and peculiarly childish trick of making up the other person's argument for him."

"That's right, jump on America! You'll tell the first reporter when you get off the boat that everybody in Europe hates the sight of us an' that all the Yankees you saw abroad were hog-drunk, an' ——"

"More of the same, Fred! *Americanus es!* As far as I can see, one-third of the Americans over here this year are so afraid of being criticized that they don't dare bawl out a waiter for charging them double, and the other third have a chip on their shoulder waiting for someone to start something."

"What about the third third?"

"They," I said, "are trying to explain America to the Europeans, who, as from time immemorial, don't really want to know anything about America that'll disturb their settled convictions, largely based on what a globe-trotting aunt told them in 1902. About the year 2000, Americans will stop trying to explain America to the Europeans and settle down to enjoying what there is to enjoy over here. Mr. Kenton has probably been in Poland trying to explain the Italian immigrants to a body of Finnish progressives, in bad German. It's about the feckless kind of thing he would be doing over here. . . . Go and get your dinner clothes on. It's quarter-past six. I've got Kurt Delray—the publicity man, you know—coming to eat with me. He'll be half an hour late and ——"

"Sorry," said Freddie.

"What is the matter with you, Fred?"

"Not a damn thing," he said, and spat again. Then he asked, "What does your friend Kenton do for a living now?"

"And why do you blame this venerable dunce on me, please? I've met Kenton three or four times at dull parties. I wonder why the American inevitably thinks that all writers know one another and sympathize with one another. I suppose it's on the theory of madmen and criminals being congenial. Kenton edits a thing named The Progressive Banner. It specializes in discovering that workmen who drink lose their jobs and that the poor are poorer than the rich. News from the pyramids. Platitudes and fake economics. . . . Please come to dinner with me. Delray'll be late. He's going to take me to call on what he says is a wicked person. He insists it's the only wicked person he's ever met. I've never met a wicked person and I'm all excited about this."

"Thought you said you'd met Kenton three or four times—or don't hypocrites an' thieves count?"

He turned full at me, saying this, and flushed under his green freckles. The flush persisted, a strange foaming of color among the sun's stains on his long face, and his lower lip moved in and out.

"Thieves?"

"He published that telegram of dad's to Polly Lovejoy, an' he knew it was stolen! An' all the time he was puttin' his damn articles out in the Pioneer Hotel he was writin' love letters to—to one of the hardest women alive."

"Who told you?"

"I know it!"

"Nonsense!" I said after a while. "Rot! I'd like to believe it, Freddie. *Americanus sum!* I'm an American and as credulous as the rest of you, but you can't make me believe Owen Kenton ever wrote an indiscreet letter in his damn life."

"Suppose I've seen copies of the letters?"

"Get me the originals, sonny. . . . No, Fred. People console themselves with that sort of rubbish. Kenton isn't a hypocrite. He's a legitimate third-rate reformer—a credulous man who believes the theatrical side of any social situation. His book on your father was rot. . . . I'd forgotten the telegram to Mrs. Lovejoy. He got it from a chambermaid, didn't he? The book was rot and his whole performance was in bad taste. But don't let some sympathetic autograph dealer tell you that he has some letters of Kenton's to an adventuress. I've heard it all before. You know, the trouble with people like Kenton is that they aren't hypocrites. He probably really believed that your father was a grafter, a murderer and a hog. . . . Won't you come to dinner and stop being mysterious?"

"I'd rather not. . . . Phone you in the morning."

Freddie sprawled on the rail again. Two Dutch mothers, coming out of opposite houses, called Johanna and Franz in to supper. The flowery barge was rocking delicately, tied to the bank, and nobody guarded it. I left Freddie to watch this peace of light and trees and water as I tramped away. After three hours of him he had upset me a lot, because he could not keep some kind of misery inside himself. He had been pitching a knife at a bit of paper near his bench in a park when I came on him at three o'clock. Usually he was stolid as his dead father when he wasn't playing golf on dry grass of the Lakeside Country Club or tennis on the courts behind his square house. But he had jumped when he saw me harmlessly standing close to him. And he was homesick! The Hague meant nothing to him. He ought to be in Lutherville, where he belonged as distinctly as the five bronze Indians belonged to his grandfather's monument near the railroad station. He was inappropriate in Europe as a polar bear in Brazil or a giraffe in Alaska. I fashioned comparisons and images of this misplacement while I dressed. One might expect to meet Owen Kenton over here; he runs around to vague social congresses and meetings of international reform committees. But Freddie Gross had no business anywhere save in his own town.

"There's a kind of American," I told Kurt Delray, over our iced melons, "who simply doesn't seem right in Europe."

"Right! Saw two of 'em on the beach at Scheveningen this mornin'. They were shocked at a girl's bath suit.

(Continued on Page 127)

The Letters Made Gentle Flaps on the Water and Did Not Run Away, But Drifted So Slowly That I Could Almost Count Them

BRICKS

By COLONEL GIVENS

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

WE WERE sitting in the bleachers watching a ball game between two prison teams.

"Prayers won't put a guy on the bricks," the lifer was saying. "The Old Man closes his books on a guy with a sugar-bowl haircut."

He pointed a scornful finger at a group of men huddled together at the far end of the bleachers. Hideout Mallory, a pete man, had formed a Bible class. Every Saturday his gang got together and prayed and sang religious hymns.

"Hideout'll hit the bricks about the time I do," the lifer went on. "And me—I'm taking a back-gate parole, and I know it." The lifer was one of the few convicts I ever met who expected to die in prison. All lifers and long-timers expect to get a break and spring from prison. They hope so strong they'll get a break that they get to believing they will. Next year is always his year, every lifer thinks. He thinks he will hit the bricks next year sure. It's what keeps them alive, I guess. One guy I know sits up all night with his clothes on the night the pardon board meets, which is every three months. Expects every time they'll call him out and tell him he's got a time cut. He's doing double life and ninety-nine years on top of that. The warden told him one day—kidding him, of course—if he pulled ten years clear he'd ask the board to take off one life and the ninety-nine years. He couldn't kid this guy, though. He has pulled eight of his ten years clear now. See what I mean? They all expect to spring some day. All but Sam Logan, the guy who was talking.

"Hideout's prayers will never go beyond the Big Wall," Sam continued, laughing, "and if they did they'd be censored."

"But Hideout ain't religious. He just figures if he prays right hard and regular the Bankers' Association won't squawk so hard when he goes up for a time cut. Which is hum figuring. They never let up on a guy these days. Used to be a guy could pull a little reform stuff and have a chance of getting away with it. Not any more."

He turned to me. "Break out your weed, kid." I handed him my tobacco and he rolled a cigarette.

"Hey, Hideout!" he cupped his hands and hollered. "While you're asking, beg the Old Man to persuade the warden to give us another sack of weed on Saturday nights. And another pork chop on holidays."

Personally I didn't put much stock in Hideout's performance, either. He's too good a pete man ever to quit the racket if he did spring. I used to cell with him and he taught me a lot about blowing safes—all about corn shots and jam shots and cyclone shots, and just how long to cook dynamite in order to get the most powerful nitroglycerin, or Dinah, as the crooks call it.

But when the lifer kept poking fun at Hideout I got up and left. I'm not a religious guy, but I didn't like to hear the lifer talking that way, razzing a bunch of guys praying and singing religious songs. Somebody might get struck by lightning, see what I mean?

Anyway, I wasn't so sure the lifer was right. I know a guy who prayed for the bricks—and got them. He had a lot of help, and maybe everything wasn't just on the up and up. But at that, prayers sprung him over the Big Wall.

We called this guy Baby Face under the Big Top. He was a good little guy but sometimes he was an awful nuisance.

I'll have to explain about Baby Face, so you'll understand him and how he cheated the Big House. In the first place, he was a nut on religion. That's not so strange, because there are a lot of nuts in the Big House. Most every guy who has been locked up as long as five years is a nut on something. A guy gets his mind on something he's interested in, and it stays on that one thing. Nothing else to think about, see what I mean?

A Guy Shedding Tears Is a Strange Sight in Stir. That's One of the First Things You Learn—to Hide Your Grief

On top of being a nut on religion, Baby Face Steele was a cry-baby. And that's strange, considering he wasn't a goof. Sane guys don't do much crying under the Big Top. Yes, I know most writers of prison fiction think the guys inside do a lot of crying and wailing. But most writers of fiction have never seen inside of a stir. I remember two lines of a prison poem which will explain how the guys feel:

If you smiled when you committed your crime,
Keep on smiling while you do your time.

Something like that. A lot of tripe, of course. But it sort of gives you an idea of how things are in stir. Most of the guys try to live up to those two lines. They'd be ashamed to be caught whimpering. Anyway, a guy with a sad tale to tell doesn't have any friends, inside or outside of prison. Nobody in the Big House has got any sympathy to spare. Everybody's got troubles of their own. And yet I know of no place where a guy can enjoy little pleasures so much as he can in stir. Anything gets a laugh, see what I mean?

Now, if this Baby Face had been the kind of a bird who cried over his own troubles he wouldn't have got a ride, and his prayers sure wouldn't have done him any good. But he wasn't that kind. He was good for two cries a week, sure. That was when his mother's letters came. And such letters! I'll tell about them later. And then Baby Face sometimes would throw in an extra cry when somebody he knew died, or when somebody's wife or mother or sister or sweetheart died.

I said a minute ago that a guy in stir couldn't spare any sympathy. Well, he can't. But he sure can use a lot. And in a hard-boiled place like the Big House a guy that goes around trying to share other people's troubles gets a big hand even if he is a sort of nut. Everything's so cold-blooded, see what I mean?

And so Baby Face made a lot of friends. Herders and convicts alike sort of liked him. And when guards like a guy in prison you can figure he's either a dirty rat or one hell of a fine guy. And Baby Face wasn't a rat. He was pat. I know, because I've seen Captain Jim take him over the hurdles more than once. And when Captain Jim sends a guy through a storm and he comes out pat, you may know he's right, see what I mean? Because Captain Jim is one bloodthirsty screw.

Before I go into detail about how Baby Face cheated the Big House, I'd better introduce myself.

I'm Jimmy Harrell. I've had a number so long it's a wonder I can remember my name. I'm a two-time loser. I done time in the Far West and now I'm doing time in the East. This last time I brought in three years—just down for a haircut and shave, the lifer would say. They say a guy's name don't get dry on the Big House books until he's laid in state at least five years.

I'm a soft-song man. And as confidence workers go these days, I was pretty good. I got a bad break when I took this rap. You're supposed to laugh at that. All the guys in here claim they got bad breaks, so I might as well say it too. But just between you and me and the warden—who knows everything anyway, else I wouldn't include him—if a guy stays on the make long enough he always gets a bad break. It's just in the cards that a chiseler pays for his easy years by operating a Dusendorf in the shirt shop, jute mill or foundry of some stir.

So you see I'm not a real crook, even though I'm a two-time loser. A real crook never reforms, never admits that he can't beat the law, and this last hitch has showed me the way. I never was strong for the rough stuff. I never did admire these guys who go out with a brace of heat to back them up and stick up innocent people. A brace of pistols gives a guy the best go. And I'm gambler enough to want to give the folks an even break. Now if some yokel lends an ear to my soft song and pays me cash for the tune, then I've outsmarted him. But most of the guys under the Big Top admire heat toters. Most of them are slot-machine bandits who talk like Gerald Chapmans. They always talk in thousands of dollars. But nine out of ten guys in here are petty chiselers—two-bit pool-cave hustlers.

Maybe that was one reason I liked Baby Face. He wasn't always blowing about how tough he was, and about the money he had spent on wild women, and how, when he got

out, he knew where he could make the big touch, lay his hands on fifty grand or more, and how he had taken a bum beef or he would never have been jammed, and so forth and so on. It really was a relief to get in a cell with a guy who wasn't always telling you lies about how good he was.

Baby Face was sort of fat. He was about twenty-five years old, I guess. He looked younger. He had blond hair and blue eyes that were always serious, and a nice pink complexion. He wasn't tall and he weighed about a hundred and eighty, I guess. Sort of round—kind of like a kewpie with his big blue eyes. He looked exactly like a kewpie when he cried.

The cell-house clerk—a guy named Harden—thought he was dropping the shuck on me when he threw Baby Face in the cell with me. I was a politician—and Harden didn't like politicians. In prison a guy who can scheme his way around until he's got a pretty good go, better eats and a few extra privileges is called a politician. In the Far Western stir I was a politician because the chaplain liked me. In here I'm a politician because I've got enough stuff on a couple of prison officials to take them out of civvies and cram them in gray.

Baby Face was in the cell when I came in. He was sitting on his bunk, his head buried in his arms, sobbing softly. As I said, a guy shedding tears is a strange sight in stir. That's one of the first things you learn—to hide your grief.

"Bad news, kid?" I asked him, figuring somebody had croaked. He shook his head.

"Toothache, maybe?" I suggested. He didn't look like a goof, so I figured something must be wrong.

Baby Face raised up and positively glared at me with tear-soaked eyes.

"I'm jes' unhappy," he explained simply. He got up, put his head against the steel wall and started yowling out loud.

In about a minute the night range walker came loping up, just as I knew he would when he heard Baby Face.

"What's the matter with this ape?" he wanted to know of me. "Put the slug on him and make him pipe down."

I told him shortly it wasn't my business to be putting the slug on anybody for anything they did. I hate all screws, and this night range walker was bloodthirsty, a blackjack artist.

"Lissen, you!" he bawled at Baby Face. "Dry up, or I'll come in and give you a blackjack bath!"

Baby Face quieted down some. Before the lights went out that night he showed me a letter. It had caused all the tears. And of all the crazy things I ever hope to see that letter was the craziest.

Captain Jim

It came in a large envelope, much-soiled by dirty fingers. It looked like some Bertillon guy had smoked it for prints. In a small, hen-scratched hand Baby Face's name had been written. On the left edge of the front of the envelope somebody had drawn a picture of a whisky bottle. The bottle was labeled "Booze—Poison."

And below this and running clean across the envelope this warning was printed in heavy letters:

THIS LETTER IS GOING TO MY DEAR BOY IN A PRISON DUNGEON. BOOZE CAUSED HIM TO BE THERE.

So help me!

And printed on the back of the envelope were two lines of verse:

A mother will be praying for her boy when
This letter reaches him in the pen.

All that junk on the outside of the envelope for everybody to see.

"It's from mamma," Baby Face explained simply, "she's goin' nuts. 'Ats what makes me cry. My meanness drove her crazy. I sure do love mamma."

He handed me the letter. I read it:

Dearest Loving Son: Trust in the good Lord, son, and he will see us through.

I may come down and get the warden to turn you loose some day soon. I mean to come down there and ask him to give me a crust of bread. Do you reckon he would give me a crust of bread? If he won't give me a crust of bread he will have to send you home to me. I'm starving, son.

Good-by, son. Did you pray last night? YOUR MOTHER.

He had been getting them like that for about six months, I learned the next day. At first his mother wrote him pretty sensible letters. Then gradually they got worse and worse. Then she got so she'd draw pictures on the outside of the envelope and advertise to the world that the letter was going to her son in the penitentiary. She would probably have been better off if the state had sent her to a fit house, everybody figured.

She evidently made herself a sort of nuisance around the city and county offices in Brightsville, where she lived and from where Baby Face had been sent up. One time she went in to see the rider about Baby Face. Well, this prosecutor, to get rid of her, told her that Baby Face could come home any time he wanted to—that he was just staying away for spite. Or at least, her letters said the rider had told her that. At first she was mad as blazes and bawled Baby Face out something awful because he wouldn't come home. Then she got so she'd write him and plead with him to come home. Her letters sounded like she thought he was just staying away from her for spite. And that he didn't love her.

And all the time the poor kid laying in the pen with thirty years flat hanging onto him, and eating his heart out because he couldn't make his mother understand. She couldn't come down and see him. Didn't have the money.

"She ain't eatin' half the time," Baby Face sobbed. "She's sick all the time and too old to work. I wish to God she could die."

Every night before he went to sleep Baby Face would pray. He'd ask God to take care of his mamma, or to put

(Continued on Page 137)

She Looked at Me and Asked a Question With Her Eyes. "My Cell Buddy," Explained Baby Face. "He's a Right Guy"

THE DYNAMITERS

By Elizabeth Frazer

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

FASHIONS in fraud change like the seasons. Law and the corrosive acid of pitiless publicity have killed many forms of financial fraud as dead as Julius Cæsar. But unfortunately the men who patented these ideas were not exterminated at the same time; and these adroit crooks, con men, wire tappers and promoters of fraudulent enterprises who are always to be found prowling on the outskirts of legitimate business like a pack of timber wolves ready to spring on the unwary, when they found themselves foiled in one field of activity, simply transferred themselves to another, sat down on their haunches in war council and figured out brand-new schemes of attack.

One idea they evolved—or, rather, that the wily, battle-scarred old leaders of the pack evolved and the rest followed—was, it must be conceded, a rather brilliant conception. Not altogether new, it is true, but great conceptions, whether they be good or evil in nature, are rarely startlingly original; the success of an idea depends, not on its newness but, on the contrary, on how deeply rooted it is in the traditions and habits of the people. An old shop-worn idea with a new twist on it will score a bull's-eye with the public, whereas a totally original fabrication, shorn of the familiar atmosphere, will be greeted with stony indifference or even actual hostility. This is a well-established fact of average human psychology, and these financial wolves have the psychology of their victims down cold; they are past masters in devising effective lures that are guaranteed to attract the average rank and file of humanity. They are forced by necessity to know psychology and the big key motives which move the ordinary mortal to action, for these form the solid groundwork on which their whole artful edifice of fraud is reared.

An Old Idea in a New Dress

SO ONE of the new schemes was not an entirely original invention. It was a cunning patchwork of sundry sure-fire, cagy, bewhiskered old dodges which have successfully hoodwinked mankind ever since Noah was a lad; and upon these ancient, tried and true devices they steel-riveted a triple-plated imitation of the methods of modern, legitimate big business with all the latest scientific improvements. The result was a stupendous fake, camouflaged with such a fine perfection of atmosphere and faithfulness of detail that it would make a great, spotted jungle cat, crouching on a limb in dappled light and shade, shed feline tears of rage at the raw crudity of its own protective color scheme.

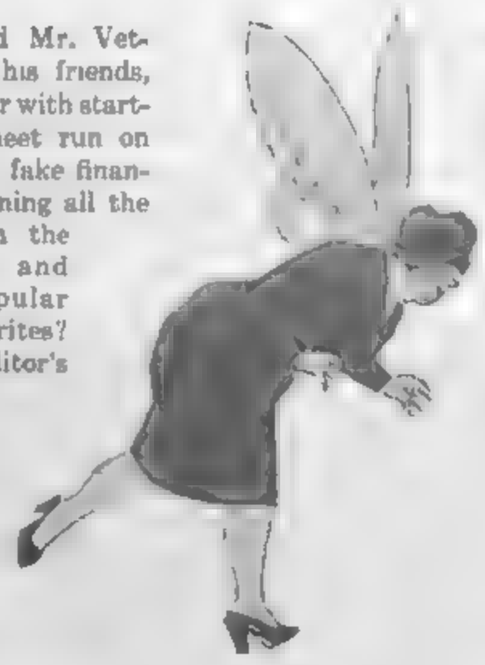
They are not pikers, these modern dynamiters of legitimate business. Their motto is: Clip the mooch—sell the sucker—and hang expense. They play the game with a carefully marked deck which contains not four but thirteen aces, with a few extra ones up their sleeves. They are wholesalers in fraud, which they have reduced to a science, many of the biggest and most prosperous ones are still at large, and they are getting away with murder every day in the week.

In the old days the stock swindler sometimes disguised himself in the mantle of religion; he pretended to be a deacon of the church or a minister of the gospel. Later, as industry developed, he impersonated a shrewd business man in close touch with the giants of Wall Street.

These, however, were small-time artists, bush-leaguers in fraud. Then appeared on the scene a master mind, a prince of crooks, well-educated, expert to his finger tips in all the hoary old devices, suave, velvet voiced, sometimes prison scarred, with a mind as cold and hard as a diamond. He looked over the situation, saw the old plant needed reorganization along modern lines, and so he went into conference with some of his colleagues and engendered a whale of a stock-selling idea.

You know the racing forms? A dope sheet containing the pedigrees and records of equine favorites of the turf with all the latest information and betting odds?

"Well," queried Mr. Veteran Swindler of his friends, "what is the matter with starting a financial sheet run on the same lines—a fake financial review containing all the red-hot tips from the rumor factories and news of the popular speculative favorites? At the top the editor's name—fictitious, of course; no use in getting tagged by those Federal post-office birds."



At this point the prince of crooks fell into a brown study.

"Right here, gentlemen," he said, "we strike a snag. The problem is how to get the paper through the mails." He pondered a space and threw out a suggestion: "Why not send it as first-class matter in a sealed envelope with a two-cent stamp? Expensive? Not for us, gentlemen. In business it is the ultimate consumer who foots the bill. Moreover, we are not responsible for the law forbidding fraudulent matter to go through the mails, so let them enforce it, if they can! For further protection we might mark the envelope Personal or Private. That personal stuff goes big with the small-time fry. Ostensibly the paper will be on the level; it will purport to be a bona fide, high-class financial review containing reliable information on the stock market and giving disinterested advice to its subscribers. In tone it should be conservative, dignified, sober. We must stress that note, gentlemen, in order to inspire public confidence. But the real purpose of the paper will be to push certain stocks in which we are interested. It will be a vehicle for exploiting our securities.

"And, oh, my friends, what a grand vehicle it will be! Can you visualize the opportunities, gentlemen? If not, I will explain. You are aware that a newspaper editor occupies a conspicuous position in public esteem; his editorials are widely read; he creates public opinion; what he stamps with his approval goes. People still have a vast respect for the printed word. If they see it reiterated often enough it carves a sure path to the brain. Very well; we will adopt this method. The front page will be given over to scenery, window dressing, come-on stuff. It should be informative, high class, pedantic, dull, yet with a high crusading note.

"We are a nation of crusaders, gentlemen, and that stuff goes a long way. My idea would be to run a paragraph on the editorial page something like this: 'This publication is honest, fearless and well informed. It is of the people, by the people and for the people. Its motto in financial matters is: Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may.' You gather the general idea? The high bugle note of grand old hokum ringing clear. That would be the come-on stuff to lull the suspicions of the reader and induce him to turn to the inside pages, where the real dynamite is concealed. I should add that we will have real financial news on the front page—clippings from newspapers and Wall Street anecdotes.

"And now about the stock, gentlemen. No difficulties should be apprehended there with experienced practitioners like ourselves. It will be easy to obtain control of a big block of what is commonly described as phony stock, or even legitimate stock, for that matter, listed on some distant or obscure exchange, but personally I favor the over-the-counter market, gentlemen, because there is no strict supervision, and yet the prices of these unlisted securities are quoted in all the big daily papers, so that clippings may be mailed to our subscribers proving that we are not crooks. Altogether, a sweet little situation, gentlemen, playing right into our hands. It will be an easy matter to balloon the stock by judicious manipulation among a few associates and stress in our bulletins the rising price until suckers all over the country begin to rise to the bait, and then, when we have marketed our holdings at the peak, we will fold up our tents like the Arab and silently steal away, leaving the suckers holding the bag.

"But stay, gentlemen. What is to prevent the public from selling at the peak also, and thus destroying our well-laid plans? What can be done to induce the sucker to hang on until he is ready to be gaffed? Well, how about a line like those that appear in the financial-service sheets which investment bankers send out to their customers? We too will advise them to buy only substantial securities and hold them for appreciation.

"That ought to keep them firmly hooked until the final blow-off occurs. And that reminds me, gentlemen. We must read up on the service sheets of the big investment bankers and steal their thunder—steal everything which is not clamped down."

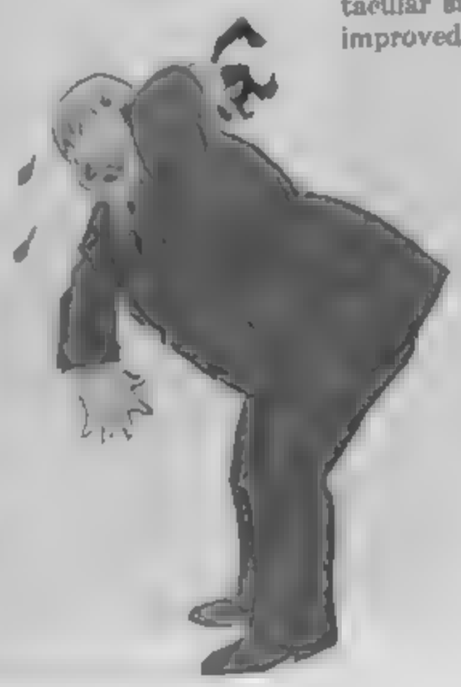
Releasing the Flood

"AND here is another thought: Why not send out daily stock-market bulletins in addition to the paper, which will give us more opportunity to plug our stock?

"It is decided, then, that we will issue special daily bulletins boosting our stock, showing forth that it is riding high, wide and handsome and advising every sensible investor to get aboard while the prices are low."

Such, roughly sketched, was the original conception of the scheme, put across to the public by means of fake financial papers purporting to be reliable publications and employed as vehicles for touting the owner's stocks. In police parlance these papers are called tipster sheets and the entire operation is known as the tipster-sheet racket.

The first tipster sheet met with such immediate and spectacular success that others took over the idea, and some improved upon it. Setting themselves up as experts in



stock-market operations, they began sending out their fake reviews to hundreds of thousands of investors, and soon the country was flooded with this literature sent out every day in sealed envelopes with first-class postage through the United States mails.

It is estimated by the deputy attorney-general of New York State that approximately a billion dollars has been filched from the public during this last year of a bull market. More than forty major operators of tipster sheets are known to have their headquarters in New York City alone. About 100 tipster sheets are operating throughout the country, sending out hundreds of thousands of bulletins daily.

Sixty of these publications were closed in New York during the present year, but most of them have bobbed up again at a new address or crossed the boundary line into an adjoining state. When a campaign is on, these tipster sheets maintain large staffs of from twenty to thirty high-pressure stock salesmen—the "dynamiters," as they are called—who operate over the telephone, and each of these men makes in the neighborhood of 200 calls a day to new prospects. The usual commission is 5 per cent on the total purchase price of stocks sold. One telephone man testified that he had cleaned up more than $75,000 in a period of three months, working two to three hours a day "or whenever I felt like it. It was easy money," he commented, "and I was not the big cheese either—nothing but a telephone man."

Big Business

ONE of these major operators sends through the mails over half a million pieces of literature every week. Another promoter, whose headquarters were situated outside of New York State, boasted that he had an actual paid-up subscription list of more than five hundred thousand names. United States senators, Wall Street magnates and hard-headed business men figured on that list. His postage bill alone—first-class, of course—amounted to $36,000 a week. That is a single item of overhead and does not include cost of printing, of sumptuously furnished offices, salaries of several hundred girls in the mailing department, his staff of high-pressure salesmen, or the cost of thousands of prepaid telegrams sent out.

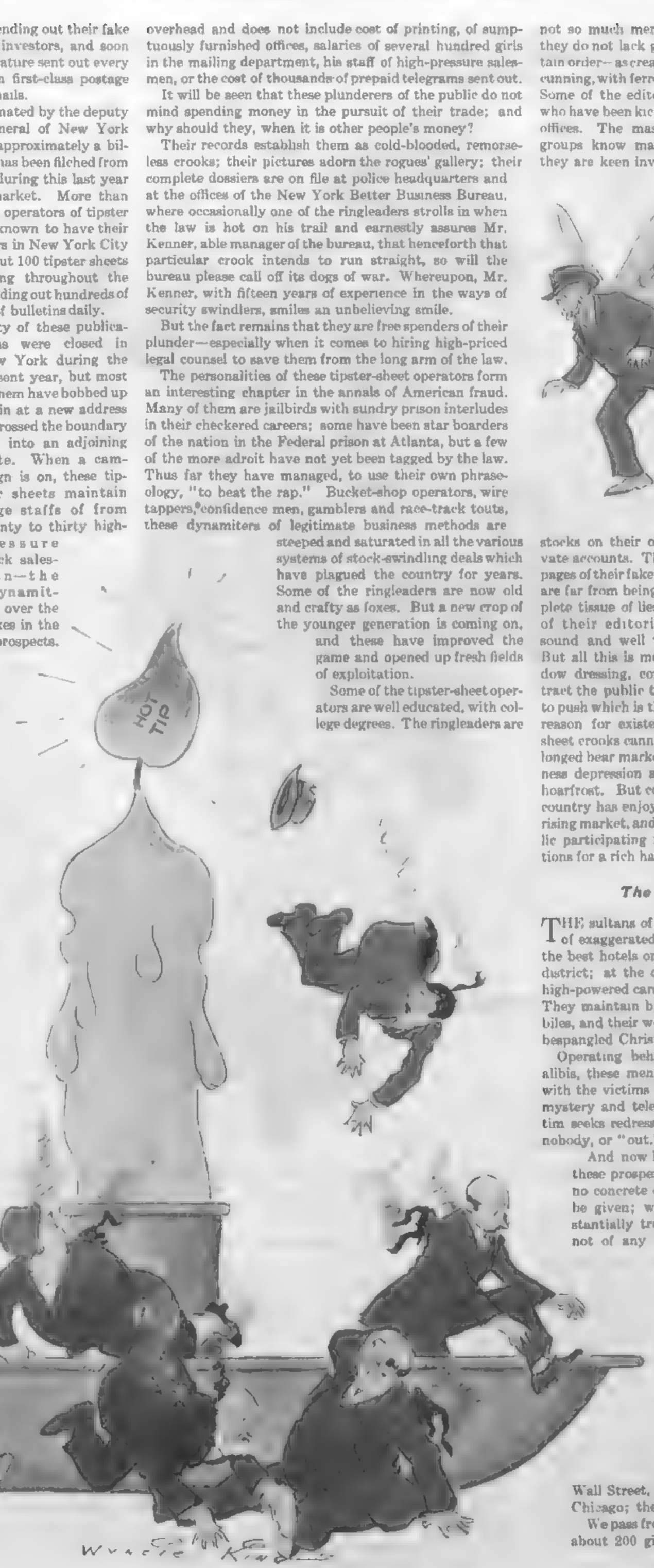
It will be seen that these plunderers of the public do not mind spending money in the pursuit of their trade; and why should they, when it is other people's money?

Their records establish them as cold-blooded, remorseless crooks; their pictures adorn the rogues' gallery; their complete dossiers are on file at police headquarters and at the offices of the New York Better Business Bureau, where occasionally one of the ringleaders strolls in when the law is hot on his trail and earnestly assures Mr. Kenner, able manager of the bureau, that henceforth that particular crook intends to run straight, so will the bureau please call off its dogs of war. Whereupon, Mr. Kenner, with fifteen years of experience in the ways of security swindlers, smiles an unbelieving smile.

But the fact remains that they are free spenders of their plunder—especially when it comes to hiring high-priced legal counsel to save them from the long arm of the law.

The personalities of these tipster-sheet operators form an interesting chapter in the annals of American fraud. Many of them are jailbirds with sundry prison interludes in their checkered careers; some have been star boarders of the nation in the Federal prison at Atlanta, but a few of the more adroit have not yet been tagged by the law. Thus far they have managed, to use their own phraseology, "to beat the rap." Bucket-shop operators, wire tappers, confidence men, gamblers and race-track touts, these dynamiters of legitimate business methods are steeped and saturated in all the various systems of stock-swindling deals which have plagued the country for years. Some of the ringleaders are now old and crafty as foxes. But a new crop of the younger generation is coming on, and these have improved the game and opened up fresh fields of exploitation.

Some of the tipster-sheet operators are well educated, with college degrees. The ringleaders are not so much men of brains—though they do not lack gray matter of a certain order—as creatures of craft and low cunning, with ferretlike habits of mind. Some of the editors are hack writers who have been kicked out of newspaper offices. The master minds in these groups know market conditions and they are keen investors in substantial stocks on their own private accounts. The front pages of their fake reviews are far from being a complete tissue of lies; some of their editorials are sound and well written. But all this is mere window dressing, come-on stuff to attract the public to the phony stock, to push which is the newspaper's sole reason for existence. The tipster-sheet crooks cannot operate in a prolonged bear market; periods of business depression and falling prices kill their activities like hoarfrost. But continued seasons of prosperity such as the country has enjoyed for the past two years, with a steadily rising market, and especially with a speculation-crazed public participating freely in that market, offer ideal conditions for a rich harvest in fraud.



The Set-Up for the Shearing

THE sultans of this group lead lives of luxury and even of exaggerated splendor. They occupy whole suites at the best hotels or lease expensive houses in a fashionable district; at the curb before their doors are often parked high-powered cars of foreign make with liveried chauffeurs. They maintain big retinues of servants, fleets of automobiles, and their womenfolk, hung over with gems, resemble bespangled Christmas trees.

Operating behind a smoke screen of anonymity and alibis, these men never come into actual human contact with the victims they fleece; they are ringed around with mystery and telephone girls, and when a defrauded victim seeks redress at their offices the editor is anybody or nobody, or "out."

And now let us take a look at the layout of one of these prosperous tipster sheets. For obvious reasons no concrete description of an actual tipster sheet can be given; what follows is a composite picture, substantially true, revealing the salient characteristics, not of any one specific tipster sheet but rather of many. We will call this sheet the XYZ Financial Indicator. The owner of the sheet, designated as "Editor Doe," operates a chain of such papers and is never on view save to his henchmen, when they report in person at his uptown residence. And now conceive yourself in the handsomely furnished offices of the newspaper, which occupies the entire floor of a building in the financial district. The address is impressive; likewise the stationery with engraved letterheads. Few tipster sheets can operate with success far from Wall Street, New York, or Decatur or La Salle Street, Chicago; the latter is good, but the former is better.

We pass from the outer offices into a large room where about 200 girls are mailing the papers in envelopes,

(Continued on Page 52)

DOUBLE-HEADER

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

THE Eagle Mutual Liability Insurance Company had a branch office in Chicago. This office consisted of a big boss, a salesmen's boss, a boss engineer, and a district claim manager—that is to say, a claim adjuster's boss. Each had under him the requisite number of subordinates, supposedly livewires and full of pep, responsible first to their direct chief, and through him to the big boss, except, however, the claim adjusters. They and their chief, though always working on terms of amity and in close liaison with the big boss, were not responsible to him, and even could, if things came to the worst, defy him to his teeth. They had another chief, a man of mystery, like the operator of a Punch and Judy show.

This man was the chief adjuster. He had his habitat in Boston and his name was MacClusky. The adjusters in Chicago spoke, but it was with MacClusky's voice. They moved, but it was MacClusky's hand that pulled the wires.

When an irate salesman burst into the claim department, waving a red-hot letter with a cry of: "Hey, whatchuh stallin' around with the Gardner Iron Works for? Whyncha pay that claim? You're losin' me a risk I just took away from the Interstate by the skin of my teeth!" he was referred blandly to MacClusky, who had ruled that the claim should not be paid.

Many a time the salesman had cried, "By golly, if I had that old son here, boy, wouldn't I tell him where to head in at!"

The opportunity to do this had at last arrived. MacClusky was in Chicago, in the building; in fact, in the district claim manager's office at that moment.

"What's been done on this?" began MacClusky, taking a case folder from the pile in front of him. "Stolen tire! Nothin' in the folder but a proof o' loss!"

"Er-r, h'm," said the district claim manager. "I handled that case myself. The man came in the office here—he's president of one of our biggest risks—and the loss was only ten dollars anyway. It was off a little car he uses to drive to the plant in. You know Chicago. They take a spare tire as easily as anyone would pick up a nickel he found on the sidewalk. There's no use investigating. It's gone, that's all."

"Well, why don't you dictate all this?" barked MacClusky. "How am I to know? All you say is probable, but how's a man to know it? My job's hard enough without expectin' me to be a mind reader too! Dictate on everything! What's all the girls sittin' around powderin' their noses for? To type! Well, give 'em some work to do! . . . Now what's this?"

He picked up another folder—a thick one. He read it carefully, grunting scornfully from time to time.

The district claim manager sat patiently, with the air of a man with a full set of boils, or one whose corn warns him of a change of weather.

MacClusky was looking for trouble. His visit of inspection had been unannounced, but a friend in the home office had tipped off the district claim manager by wire when MacClusky left Boston. MacClusky's favorite trick was to arrive like a bolt from the blue and be sitting, watch in hand, in the office of the man he was to inspect, when said man arrived in the morning.

The district claim manager had come down to the office an hour early, and having seen MacClusky get out of the taxicab had been hard at work when the latter arrived, half an hour before the office opened. The district claim manager reflected that it would have been better, perhaps, if he had let MacClusky catch him coming in five minutes late.

"When you're sendin' a telegram," said MacClusky suddenly, "be sure to say all you want to say. Don't leave room for misinterpretations. Don't try to economize on telegrams."

"I never do," said the manager.

Hayes Turned With a Smile, But the Smile Left His Face Instantly. "Grrrr!" Snarled the Neighbor as He Stared Into His Face

"You don't?" shouted MacClusky. "Well, why the hell don't yuh?"

The manager making no reply, MacClusky bent to his perusal of the case once more.

Outside in the main office sat a young man at a desk. He was an adjuster, and his face seemed, for the moment, shadowed with care. He shook his head, glanced uneasily about, then finally, as if he summoned his courage, he drew the telephone to him and gave a number.

"Hello," he said. "This the Consolidated? Give me Mr. Traub. . . . Traub? Good morning. This is Hayes, you know, of the Eagle. Say, listen. Peter Sorski versus Harvey Lawn Mower. Mean anything to you? You know, the guy we paid compensation to for three weeks that was injured while you covered the risk. Going to eimburse us a little, huh?"

"I'll look it up," said the voice at the other end, "and write you a letter."

"Nix!" objected Mr. Hayes. "You've said that too many times. Come on, kick through with three weeks and the medical. It's only about sixty dollars. I've got a letter from you right here in front of me saying you'd give a decision within ten days, and the letter was dated three weeks ago."

"Well, I'll give you a decision," said the other. "No, no sugar! You're outta luck! You should have investigated the case."

"Investigated?" cried Hayes. "It was an incorrect accident report. You think I've got nothing to do but to chase down to Harvey to investigate a cut finger? It's a mistake that happens all the time."

"Can't do anything. You birds copped the risk away from us; go on and pay the losses. We've closed our books on it. Go on. You can stand sixty dollars out of that premium."

"No, that's not the point!" cried Hayes desperately. "I'm the boy that O. K.'d the payments. I've got to hold the bag on this thing! Listen ——"

Click!

"Ah, the dish-dashed son!" exclaimed Hayes. He said other words expressive of his chagrin, that would lead a hearer to believe Mr. Hayes had been in the Army and most probably in a mounted organization, where the language has a picturesqueness not common to the other branches.

"What's the matter?" asked another man, coming up. "Won't he take what you offer?"

Hayes made no answer.

The other man drew up a chair, and laying a folder on Hayes' desk, bent over it as though he consulted a weighty matter.

"Say," he said in a whisper, "doubleheader today. White Sox an' Saint Looey. Boy, what a day for a game. Whadyuh say, we on together? I'll get a couple o' seats in the center-field bleachers."

"No," said Hayes. "I can't go. What do you think, me a married man and that old son sitting there watching us punch the clock? No, no chances on getting asked out. He's laying to fire someone and I don't want it to be me."

"Ah, it's a spring day and I ain't seen a game since last fall. They got a new pitcher they claim is a marvel. Got him off the sand lots down in Texas somewhere. I'm goin' to do a coupla cases this morning an' then I'm off."

"Listen," advised Hayes, "you'd better not let old Hard Luck in there see us talking."

"Aw, we're discussing a case, aren't we? No, but you don't want to miss that game."

"Hayes!"

The young man jumped. It was the district claim manager's voice.

Mr. Hayes went into the manager's office. Behind the desk, side by side like a special court-martial, sat MacClusky and the manager.

"Look, Hayes," said the manager mildly, for he was a kind-hearted man; "about this case, Peter Spaten, minor, versus Concrete Construction. What's the story on it? It's getting on toward trial."

"My gosh!" barked MacClusky. "Is that the way you talk to 'em? It's a wonder the adjusters ain't in here an' you outside! D'yuh have to beg 'em on bended knees to do a half o' what they're gettin' paid for? . . . You! Whadyuh mean by this? Here's a minor, a kid, hops on a truck, falls off, and has a trailer run over his leg. That's a case to be settled that night—that night!—for twenty-five dollars and doctor's bill. Where was yuh? No matter; yuh wasn't where yuh should have been—an' that was settlin' this case! So it goes to an attorney, huh? Suit filed, huh? Even so, why ain't we out of it yet? Ever try to settle a case on the eve o' trial? It's the best time—for the plaintiff's lawyer. He'll settle cheap—yes, he will."

"I had a conference with our attorney and he said there was no further investigation to be done," faltered Hayes. "I've got statements from a lot of witnesses ——"

"Bah! Attorney! I learned more law ringin' up transfers than they'll ever know! Witnesses! D'yuh suppose the other side won't have witnesses too—and better'n ours, because they hope to get a slice outta the verdict? This

is terrible! And you bitin' your thumbs out there at 9:15 in the mornin' callin' up your girl on the telephone!"

"I wasn't calling up my girl!" protested Hayes

"Who was you calling then?"

Hayes gasped and stood mute. If he explained what his call had been about

MacClusky made an indescribable sound, a sort of growl of satisfaction or of disgust that rumbled out of his chest through his tight-set jaws. He stretched out his hand and pounced upon a sheet of blue paper like an eagle. It was an accident report that had just come in.

"What's this?" he grunted. "Hah! Fell getting out of elevator. When? Yesterday afternoon! Sadie Kusko, eh? Boy, take this report and beat it to Cicero! Hike! Call me up in an hour and tell me you've settled it for five dollars! It's a mystery to me, so it is, why the company ain't bankrupt! When a report comes in that Sadie Kusko or Minnie Applewitz or Annie Koffsneezer has fell out of an elevator or downstairs or on the ice, you fly! Don't never even wait to get your hat! Git! Well, it's lucky I come out here to this neck of the woods. I've saved my railroad fare an' a year's salary already."

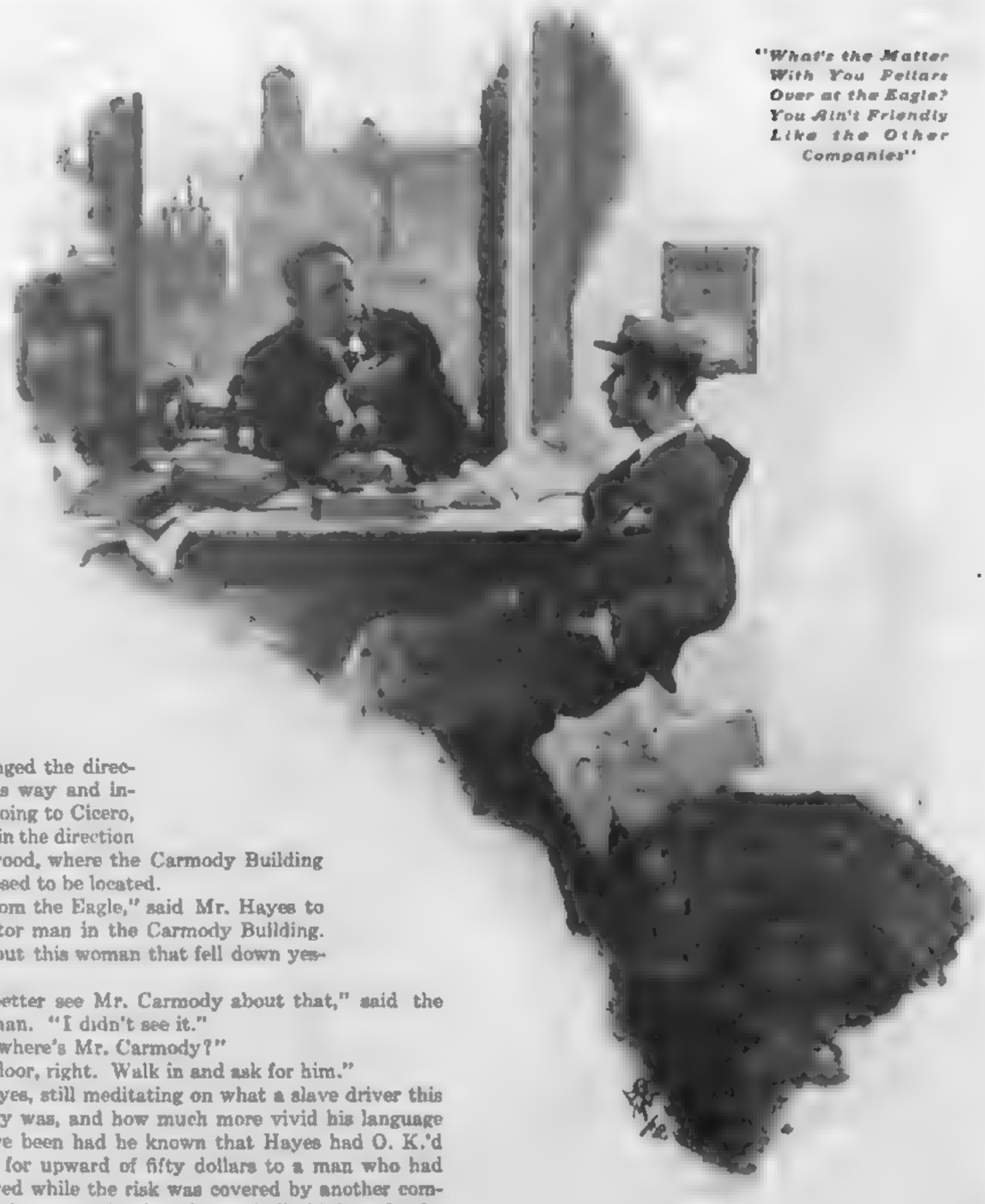
Meanwhile Mr. Hayes went his way. Though it was spring, a bitter wind swept from the lake. It was not so cold, though, thought Mr. Hayes, as man's ingratitude. He had been, during the war, a captain of cavalry and had commanded one of the few troops of American horse that had been in action in France. Now he, who had been accustomed to clank his spurs, to slap his boots with his riding crop, to tell this one to come and that one to go, was himself ordered about. He was fairly used to it now. It was many a day since he had bidden farewell to the plumed troop and the great wars, but there were times, there were times!

Ah, what would he have given to have been able to tell Mr. MacClusky to go to the place of perpetual fire, and that by the most direct route, and having so said, to have stalked out of the office, slamming the door behind him! This, however, he could not do. He had a chain that bound him to his job, and that was his wife, and in the fastening of the chain was an extra rivet, which was a young child. A man with this handicap does not change jobs as one does a suit of clothes. Mr. Hayes, however, had one consolation.

He had, upon a day, charged, at the head of his troop, a battery of German field artillery in front of Billy-sous-les-Côtes and had captured the lot of them, and MacClusky or the big boss or whosoever it might be, could not efface the memory of that one occasion. Hayes would think of it when anything was especially trying. Meanwhile the day's work must be done.

"Now, what's this all about?" muttered Mr. Hayes, dragging the accident report from his pocket. "Um-m. Sadie Kusko lives in Cicero, but where did this thing happen? Carmody Building. I'd better go there first. There's no use of me rushing out to Cicero without having a few facts as talking points."

"If You are Mr. Hayes," She Said, "You're Wanted on the Phone"



"What's the Matter With You Fellars Over at the Eagle? You Ain't Friendly Like the Other Companies"

He changed the direction of his way and instead of going to Cicero, went first in the direction of Englewood, where the Carmody Building was supposed to be located.

"I'm from the Eagle," said Mr. Hayes to the elevator man in the Carmody Building. "How about this woman that fell down yesterday?"

"You better see Mr. Carmody about that," said the elevator man. "I didn't see it."

"Well, where's Mr. Carmody?"

"First floor, right. Walk in and ask for him."

Mr. Hayes, still meditating on what a slave driver this MacClusky was, and how much more vivid his language might have been had he known that Hayes had O. K.'d payments for upward of fifty dollars to a man who had been injured while the risk was covered by another company, was borne to the first floor. Still thinking in the same strain, he pushed open the door to his right.

There was peal of music, soft, low, funereal. Hayes started. The room before him was vast, and in semi-darkness. At the far end Chicago's winter sun shone through a huge Gothic stained-glass window. He stopped, transfixed and trying to gather his scattered wits. What had happened, what was he doing here? Distant music swelled, faint yet perfectly audible. It was a great organ, its bass pipes throbbing, while the high tremolo seemed to sing a hymn, like a soprano choir.

What was this place? A church—but no, for there were no pews, and the body of the room was filled with something that Hayes could not distinguish. He removed his hat. Whatever this was that he had broken into, it was no place to stand with one's hat on. The organ became fainter, fainter; then almost imperceptibly ceased. A hush fell.

"May I assist you, my friend?"

"Wow!" cried Hayes.

It was a shout, half scream, half startled cry.

This voice had spoken suddenly in his ear. It was a deep voice that seemed to come from the speaker's toes. The question had been spoken in low, gentle tones, and slowly, as though the man had been reluctant to part with each word. Hayes turned in horror. A man had appeared beside him. He must have risen from the ground or taken form from the shadows, for there had been neither sound of door closing nor of footsteps.

"Come with me," said the mysterious man with his basso-profundo voice and, taking Hayes by the arm, he gently led him forward a few steps. "I will show you what I may, and you have but to indicate your choice in whatsoever manner pleases you."

They paused before a dark mass. Hayes, helpless with astonishment and powerless to find words, could see that a dark curtain was being drawn back. A light flashed on, soft, low, shaded. There was a coffin before him, its laced emptiness mocking him. He gazed at it open-mouthed. The light dimmed, glowed, went out. The curtain fell noiselessly into place.

"And now," said the deep voice, "we have another form."

He turned Hayes about, the curtain rose and the light flashed again, but now Hayes had found his voice.

"Wait now!" he gasped. "Who are you? What kind of a place is this?"

"I?" boomed the other. "I am the senior mortician."

"The senior mort—the what?"

"The senior mortician."

"Well, let that go," said Hayes, "but just what kind of a place is this?"

"This is the retail showroom. What did you expect to find?"

"Showroom?" gasped Hayes. "You've got me wrong. I was looking for Mr. Carmody!"

"Mr. Carmody is out of town," said the other, his voice rolling like distant surf, "but be that as it may, I am he who directs here. Mr. Carmody never comes into the showroom."

The distant organ began to play again.

"For the love of Mike, shut that thing off!" pleaded Hayes. "Is Mr. Carmody the man that owns this building?"

"Indeed yes. Our activities take in the entire building. We supply the world with our products."

"What products?" demanded Hayes.

"Furnishings for those who have passed beyond. Now observe the next. A triumph of the maker's art ——"

"Lay off!" cried Hayes. "I came here to see about an elevator accident!"

"Shut off the organ, Joe!" said the sepulchral man. "Why didn't you say so before?"

(Continued on Page 59)

THE SHRIMP

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

"But —— Oh, Billy, I'm So Proud of You!"

AND so they were married." Worlds lie in that simple sentence—old as humanity, but never trite. To one who never has undergone the experience of marriage, it is difficult to realize the plenitude of emotion, the upward surge of awe and wonder and stupendous realization that it ushers into one's life.

And how much more than ordinary was the cataclysm that shook my own world, the world of an instructor of Greek in our great Western university, where my entire life had been a life of books and research; a continuous cultivating of the thought and speech of sages and heroes dead these many centuries! Yes, I married Azalea; and her father, my dear friend and colleague, himself professor of Greek and hence my superior, has come to make his home with us. A circumstance which adds the final measure to our happiness, for now the professor and I spend our spare hours working upon a monograph. But let me not digress.

Often in past years I have found myself wondering vaguely what it was that made even the gods to feel the urge of the mating season, vying with mortals in the matter of marriage and upsetting the peace of Olympus with exciting affairs of the heart. At that time it seemed to me incomprehensible, even ridiculous. I know better now. I realize at last that in marriage lies the consummation of all happiness, for I am married to Azalea. Ah, they were wise old gods!

For a long time I hesitated in my amorous ambition, feeling that I was too small a man to presume to so much loveliness. I may explain that in my street clothes I weigh around a hundred and nineteen and seven-eighths. However, after considering that many of the old Greek heroes were men of meager build, I at last allowed myself to entertain thoughts of marriage to this young woman, more especially after she, discerning my perplexity, had suggested it herself.

And so we were married and our lives flowed peacefully together, and my lack of size made no difference—or so it appeared to me. Alas, I was to know better later on. In the meantime we sat among the roses—our roses—reading Homer. How doubly it enhances the dearness of dear things to share them with another that one loves! And whenever I play upon my piano, wandering dreamily through the bright filigrees of Grieg, the music seems to me twice as sweet as it used to be, and more and more the tinkling melodies seem to me like golden butterflies playing among guttering raindrops falling from the sun.

It seemed to me that this peace was too beautiful a thing to go on unbroken, and in this I felt the touch of premonition. Life is a river, with a fresh mystery waiting just around every bend, and peace and love and tranquillity are frail silver boats playing upon the surface. The smoothest river leads one to the rocks at last. And it was so that I came suddenly to an ugly rock one day. It broke my silver boat of tranquillity and filled months of my life with misery and apprehension. Indeed, I doubted if my soul should find again the smooth waters, with the blossoms of peace and happiness nodding from its banks.

II

AZALEA and I were walking to the university one morning, thinking of no evil, when, as we were passing a cigar store, a man suddenly accosted me rudely and demanded of me my reasons for wearing a silk hat in broad daylight and without his permission. I gathered at once that the creature was inebriated; so I endeavored to push by and escape. In this, however, I was disappointed; for he obtruded his bulk between me and my destination and called me a shrimp.

Now the shrimp is a shellfish and I saw no grounds for the appellation; nevertheless, having no time to argue the matter, I once more made to pass by, when the vulgarian, with a sudden movement of his brawny arm, swept my hat from my head into the gutter. I retrieved it, though it was sadly battered and soiled, and Azalea and I proceeded on our way, followed by the derisive laughter of the uncouth plebeian and his satellites.

Neither of us spoke for a long time. By and by I glanced furtively at my wife and noted that her face was very red and that she was breathing hard. Her hands were clenched and her chin high in the air as she strode forward like a second Minerva. Under the stress of my shame and humiliation—both entirely new to me—I continued to walk on, speechless. My life had been a quiet one and never before had I experienced an insult. Azalea ignored the recent affair also, and presently we began, quite calmly, to converse of things ulterior to the subject that each knew obsessed the mind of the other, speaking with a calm that was as hard as granite with its suppression of the emotions that struggled beneath. So we entered the university and took up the day's work.

The same feeling of constraint was with us all through the dinner hour, and, try as hard as we might, it would not be banished. It followed us when we went into the rose garden to read Homer in the twilight, as had been our invariable custom. We could not seem to appreciate the noble lines of the master, and so at length we put the book down and were silent, thinking. After a time I began to speak tentatively of the matter.

"I—I was taken by surprise," I explained. "Had I anticipated the insult, I might—— But I am not sure. In all my life I never have been confronted by gross things—gratuitous insult."

"I know," my wife assured me. "Poor boy, I quite understand." She patted my hand, but I was not comforted.

For now it was borne in upon me that at last I understood the thing that urges the male animal to battle with another in the presence of the female of his choice. I knew the shame filling the heart of the meanest male of the lower kingdom when he suffers defeat under the eyes of his mate. To know oneself superior in intellectuality is good; but far outweighing this pride is the desire to feel equal, if not superior, to any male that lays upon you the challenge of physical prowess in the presence of your wife. It is elemental. In all my life I had not felt this shame, nor the possibility of it. I did not know it existed. And now it had come to me!

There are times when to the sincerest lover of peace must come the knowledge that Nature has placed within him the pride of sex—a pride that has harked down from the caves of his primordial ancestors and may not be denied. Beside this pride, culture, refinement, even religion, dwarf to nothing under the stress of insult. We place our poets in our halls of fame, but it is the hero of bone and muscle that sets our leaping blood aflame.

For days this unhappy thing pursued me. Azalea and I had walked down the same street the day following the encounter—taking, however, the side opposite from that on which I had suffered the assault and feeling keenly the humiliation of our choice. But even so, we were not to escape; for the plebeian espied us and shouted his ribaldry across the thoroughfare.

"Hey, shrimp!" he bawled raucously. "Why don't you walk over here? Afraid the sun will fade your plug hat?"

There were other remarks, but my pride, even at this late date, will not permit me to repeat them. Suffice it that thereafter Azalea and I sought a side street—a course which saved me from further insult but added mountains to my load of humiliation. I knew that, though she was fervent in her expressions of consolation, my wife wished that her man might be one able to walk anywhere in the world without fear and with none to dare lift hand or voice against him.

One evening I sat moodily in my study, my mind suffering over and over the smart of that still-recent insult. Mechanically I picked up a book from beside my elbow, determined to read and forget my unhappiness. I opened the book and found it to be With Fire and Sword, by Sienkiewicz, and as I read I became interested, finding that it compared very favorably with the works of some of the lesser Greek writers. But what struck me most forcibly was the fact that the hero of the history was a small man, scarcely larger than myself, yet he overthrew warriors twice his weight and made himself a terror of those days. A small man, but a most puissant.

The story made a profound impression upon me, and for

"I Used to be a Prize Fighter, You Know. I May Let One Go and Knock Your Block Clear Across the Street"

two days this little knight abode with my thoughts, and in some subtle way I found him most comforting to my bruised spirit. However, I no longer played my piano, for music seemed to mock me. Homer, too, had grown remote; for Homer sang of heroes—and what was I?

A shrimp!

III

PASSING along that obscure street on my way home one evening, I noticed a sign which read:

PROF. KID MELONEY
PHYSICAL TRAINING

All the way home that rude sign haunted the back part of my mind, along with the story of the Sienkiewicz hero, and in some mysterious way they seemed to be related to each other. It was not until a week later, however, that an idea arose from the ashes of With Fire and Sword, filling me with a new hope. The more I contemplated this idea, the brighter became its aspect; and one evening I excused myself from going into the garden, explaining that I had some work to do.

To my surprise, Azalea made no comment to this, beyond assuring me that of course my work must come first, always. I was conscious of a vague disappointment that she could so easily accept my absence; nevertheless, I went determinedly up to my room and put on an old suit of clothes that I sometimes wore when working in my rose garden, adding an old traveling cap and a tie of violent hue. These seemed to answer well the purpose that I had in mind; for, viewing the effect in my mirror, I found that I now looked as much as possible the opposite of my usually well-groomed self. Indeed, I might have been a stableman or a grocer's assistant—certainly not an instructor of Greek in our great university. Leaving the house quietly, I went directly to the place where hung the sign of Professor Kid Meloney.

When the professor came in I was disappointed, for he was most unlike what had been my preconception of him. His face was scarred and his ears red and swollen. Later I learned that in the vernacular they are known as cauliflower ears. His eyes, however, were good, and after looking into them I felt drawn to the man.

"Professor Kid," I said, coming directly to the point, "I am in trouble and have come to you, hoping that out of your experience you will be able to advise me. I may mention that I am anxious to remunerate you for the advice."

The professor regarded me keenly for a moment and his Irish eyes twinkled.

"It's easy to give advice," he said, "but it's generally hell to get anybody to take it."

It was an epigram, but I was too unhappy to admire epigrams. "This is my case," I said: "Suppose that you, a quiet, inoffensive citizen, with no malice toward anyone in all the world, were walking along the street with your er—a lady, and a man half again as large as you should knock your hat into the gutter and call you a—a shrimp. What would you do?"

"Who—me?" said the professor. "A shrimp? I'd bust him!"

"But," I persisted, "suppose that you had spent all your life in sedentary pursuits and had never learned how to—er—bust people. What would you do?"

The professor rubbed his prognathous chin and looked at me with shrewd understanding. "I see," he said finally. "You want to learn how it is done?"

"Just so," I said. "Please examine me and see if, in your judgment, I may be able to qualfy as a—a buster."

Some violent emotion seemed about to rend the professor asunder, but he subdued it with an effort. "Come into the dressing room," he invited. I followed. Quite unceremoniously, and with as much nonchalance as though I had been a Thanksgiving fowl, he stripped me, placed me upon the scales, examined my muscles, listened to the action of my heart, thumped me upon the chest and stomach—a most disagreeable thing to me—and then his face took on a look of respect.

"I—I Was Taken by Surprise," I Explained. "Had I Anticipated the Insult, I Might——"

"I'll have to confess that you put one over on me," he grinned. "In your clothes, you looked like a humming bird; but stripped, you sure show class. . . . Want to begin now?"

I did. A few minutes later I was dressed in an abbreviated gymnasium suit, with a pair of stuffed gloves on my hands, and the professor was talking about shifts and uppercuts with the same enthusiasm I would feel in expounding the beauties of Greek verse. In the middle of the lesson the professor stepped back to allow me to rest a moment.

"You've got a flock of muscles I never saw on a little man in all me life!" he assured me. "But have you got the heart?"

"I think so," I said. "I never have had trouble with the organ."

"I don't mean that," said he. "I can tell that the old pump works fine. I mean the nerve—the comeback—can you take the gaff, see?"

"I think I understand," I said. "You are wondering if I have the necessary moral stamina to endure corporeal punishment. In other words, if I possess muscular and mental resilience coördinately."

The professor looked blank. "Let's box some more," he suggested.

The next half hour I shall remember to the end of my life. The professor flailed me most wantonly. He struck me in the stomach and he boxed my head until my ears rang with ten thousand bells. We grappled and he bore his weight upon me until it seemed I surely would die. He struck me a fierce blow upon my nose and that member bled profusely. Many times I yearned to call for a respite, but something within me always doggedly forbade. At last a shrewd buffet upon my inferior maxillary sent me sprawling upon the floor and the lesson was over.

"That's a sample of what you'll get every day," said Professor Kid. "Only it'll get worse and worse as you go along." He was watching me narrowly. "Sometimes I get absent-minded and forget. I used to be a prize fighter, you know. I may let one go and knock your block clear across the street. I'll be sorry, of course, but accidents happen."

"I'll take a chance," I mumbled through thick lips.

"But you might get killed," insisted the professor. "You're a little man and I'm an ex-heavyweight—you better think it over."

"I'll take a chance!" I insisted, and with apparent reluctance the professor turned me over to an assistant. Battered and reeling, I went to a table and the attendant labored over my quivering muscles. Hardly had he started work when someone came in and began chatting with the professor. I felt my hair prickle and a cold fury filled me as I listened, for it was the voice of my insulter of a few days back.

"Who is the visitor?" I muttered to the attendant.

"Him?" said the fellow. "Oh, that's Bull Garbey. He used to be the middleweight champion. Gee, but that bird is a tough guy! He's got the whole town buffaloed. You want to steer wide of that baby."

I dropped the matter and presently the man Garbey went out.

The bells were still ringing in my ears, and my eyes were reeling when I went home. I was an unbeautiful object when I joined my wife and Professor Dodds in the breakfast room next morning, but neither seemed to notice anything unusual. Professor Dodds, it is true, opened his mouth as though to utter an amazed ejaculation, but closed it again and presently complimented the weather. My wife chatted serenely and I was perplexed. Surreptitiously I felt of my nose to ascertain if it was as large as it seemed to be. It was, but my wife did not notice it. Most extraordinary!

When I appeared for my next lesson Professor Kid seemed surprised and pleased. "Honest, Bill," he said—I had told him that my name was Bill—"honest, I never expected to glam an eye on you again after the way I roughed you the other evening! I did it a-purpose, see? I nearly killed you, didn't I, buddy? I wanted to find out was you game—get me?"

I was surprised. "But I told you I desired to learn how to—to bust," I reminded him.

"Sure you did!" agreed the professor. "A lot of them feel the same way about it until the old haymaker lands

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STABILIZED FRANCE

By Isaac F. Marcosson

EUROPE may not be altogether safe for democracy, as various dictatorships attest, but she has become safe for finance. The cycle of stabilization which began in Germany and later included England, Belgium and Italy—I enumerate only the major countries—has now been completed in France. After ten years of inflation, repudiation, extravagance and all the other ills that follow in the wake of depreciated currency, the gold standard has again come into its own. A new era in international fiscal affairs begins.

Although France, chronologically, was the last of the great powers to return to financial normalcy, she reached security, so far as all practical purposes is concerned, eighteen months before the decree was promulgated. *De facto* stabilization was in effect late in 1926 and could have been made actual at any time since that date. It is tribute to the genius of Poincaré's leadership that he waited until all the factors for safety had been consolidated before he took the final legal step that put the French franc beyond the pale of hazard and handicap.

The Paris Bourse

Stabilization crowns the achievement of Poincaré as the miracle worker of present-day France. For twenty years he has intermittently dominated the scene, a bulwark in war and an anchor in peace. Disraeli, Gladstone and, later, Lloyd George were crisis makers, but Poincaré has been the crisis breaker. Every national emergency for the past two decades has projected him to the fore to act as a sort of human oil douche on troubled financial and political waters. Yet no performance so completely took the measure of the man as the rôle of savior of the franc.

Other nations, notably Germany, well-nigh foundered in a sea of inflation, but none came so near the brink of the precipice as France in that fateful July of 1926. Political chaos was linked with fiscal confusion. The treasury had a bare million francs to its credit at the Bank of France. Governments had risen and fallen in the course of a single day. Domestic and external obligations that threatened bankruptcy were maturing. The people were in the throes of panic. The franc slumped to fifty to the dollar, the lowest point ever reached.

Climbing Back on Their Feet

DISASTER impended when Poincaré became premier and finance minister. Almost overnight he wrought order and confidence out of the debacle. Before the end of the year he put the franc up to twenty-five to the dollar and there it remained. The historic mandate of June twenty-fifth last, which formally stabilized the money at this price, was the capstone on twenty-three months of supereffort without precedent perhaps in all the troubled history of this postwar era.

There is no more striking evidence of the completeness of French recovery than the fact that stabilization was achieved without outside help. France is the only one of the European nations that did not resort to loans to put the currency on its feet. It was possible because, among other assets, she has accumulated the second largest gold reserve in the world.

Stabilization of the franc provides only one reason why France is a timely subject for analysis. Another is her arbitership of the reparations problem. Because of her 52 per cent stake she will cast the deciding vote when the question of fixing Germany's ultimate obligations is put. Joined with this is the proposal for a reshuffling of the Allied debts. The Mellon-Bérenger agreement remains unconfirmed. France further faces the maturity of a $406,000,000 commercial debt to us next year. She will be obliged to sign the former in order to postpone payment of the latter. Thus, Franco-American relations are on the verge of a fresh scrutiny.

This new deal must also include an adjustment of the film situation. In May, France sought to impose restrictions, through enforced exports, that would have put the American picture off the French screen. A truce, effective until the end of 1928, was patched up, but a show-down is inevitable. The Franco-American tariff is also up in the air. Incredible as it may seem, we have no commercial treaty with the French. The Germans have had a favored-nation arrangement that is speeding intercourse between the two one-time bitter foes.

General Pershing Inaugurating the Telephone Service Between Paris and New York. Leaning Over Him is the Late Maurice Bokanowski, Minister of Commerce

Politics

WHETHER with debts, films or the tariff, a new France, again rich and prosperous, will sit at the conference table. The old irritation at the creditor—it was once taken out on the tourist as well—has passed with the depreciated paper franc. Prosperity has inspired a fresh point of view. Poincaré is steadily paying the service on the debt to the United States without waiting to sign on the dotted line. His favorable attitude toward reparations fixation indicates a growing open-mindedness that may extend to the other transactions with us.

You cannot comprehend the stabilization of the franc and all that it means without first understanding the French political situation in the light of the last election. If you know anything about France, you know that for years politics lay at the root of most of her troubles. Almost invariably partisanship was placed above the national welfare. It applied to foreign as well as domestic problems. Economic rehabilitation, for example, halted because reparations were perverted into a campaign issue.

Curiously enough, the man who waved the bloody shirt the hardest was the same person who eventually undid the mischief. Poincaré's uncompromising attitude between 1920 and 1924 did more to frustrate the settlement of the indemnity on a business basis than any other agency. It was inspired almost solely by fear of Teutonic reprisal. He put physical security ahead of financial restitution.

The same kind of procedure crucified the currency in those dark days of 1926. In the 1924 election the so-called Cartel Gauche—that is, the Left Bloc—was victorious and put Herriot in power. Although politically strong, this group was economically weak. It sought to balance the battered budget with a capital levy. The result was the succession of calamities which started the flight from the franc, destroyed confidence and brought the republic to the verge of ruin.

At this critical juncture Poincaré stepped into the breach. To his everlasting credit it must be said that he became the patriot and not the politician. He smashed party lines and established a National Union ministry. It was an all-star cast, because it included six former premiers.

Poincaré had no sooner balanced the budget and brought the franc back to the equivalent of four cents than he was beset with importunities to stabilize. He resolutely resisted every advance. He knew the temperament and technic of his country far better than most of his fellows. He realized that there was still the likelihood of political interference with his well-laid plans. The hazard lay in the general elections of 1928. He wanted the verdict of the people on his immense task of financial reconstruction before he applied the finishing touch. This is the main reason why stabilization

was deferred until after the judgment at the polls had been rendered.

There was another reason why Poincaré hesitated. A considerable section of France clamored for revalorization of the franc—in other words, restoration to its former parity of roughly twenty cents, or five to the dollar. The principal proponents were the *rentiers*, the holders of the government securities called *rentes*, which yield a fixed income. Billions of francs, including the savings of most of the peasants, were invested in these *rentes* before the war. With the franc at twenty-five to the dollar, they represented a depreciation of four-fifths of their purchase value.

Poincaré was torn between a desire to conserve the hard-earned wealth and restore the larger fiscal structure of the country. Revalorization would have dislocated all financial standards and everybody, the *rentiers* included, would have suffered, as you will presently see. Stabilization was the only practical alternative.

The Gratitude of a Republic

THE final step leading to stabilization was registered on April twenty-second and April twenty-ninth. France holds two elections, technically called the first and second ballots. The former is a sort of elimination process. The polling this year was under a new electoral law. It marked the return to direct representation for arrondissements, one man for each of these divisions. Every deputy has a section for representation corresponding to the district of the American congressman. Heretofore, voting in France was by departments, the voter casting his ballot for a list of candidates standing for that area.

France has almost as many political parties as Germany. From Right to Left you have Conservatives, Republican Democratic Unionists, Left Republicans, Radical Republicans, Socialist Radicals, Socialist Republicans, Socialists, Communist Socialists and Communists.

Most of these variations, save the extreme Left, went by the board. Poincaré and all he stood for was the vital issue, and the combinations swept the field. As one seasoned political observer put it:

"This or that party can claim this or that success, but the true success was that of Poincaré. A plebiscite was in fact, though not in form, taken on his name. Before a man was a Left Republican or a Radical Socialist he was a Poincaréist."

Out of 611 deputies elected, 460 are Poincaréists. It means that the moderates have a big working majority. All the radical parties suffered a serious setback, the Communists being left with a lone fourteen members. This is the reverse of what obtained in the German elections in May, when the Socialists polled the largest vote. The results were significant in each case. In Germany the republican institution was fortified. In France method and reason were vindicated.

Two hundred deputies sit in the chamber for the first time. They are all young, which is a distinct innovation for France. For many years France has been ruled by the graybeards. In connection with one of these political novices is an amusing story which shows the depths of their ignorance.

When the legalization of the franc first came up for discussion a raw member from the Pyrenees asked in all seriousness:

"What is all this sterilization of the franc about?"

French custom dictates that a premier resign after the elections,

Strasburg Welcoming Premier Poincaré on the First Official Visit He Has Made to the Redeemed Provinces as Prime Minister. He Was the Guest of All the Mayors of Alsace and Lorraine

which means the formation of a new cabinet. Poincaré did neither of these things. Obviously he regarded the vote as a vindication of himself and his colleagues. The all-star cast remained in authority with one exception, Fallières, who had been Minister of Labor—every minister must be a deputy—was defeated at the polls and succeeded by Louis Loucheur, who adds strength to the administration. He is one of the great business figures of France and has successively held the portfolios of War, Liberated Regions and Finance.

Thus France records that phenomenon of phenomenons embodied in the gratitude of a republic. Poincaré, so far as the precariousness of French politics permits, is securely entrenched. I make this qualification because his most distinguished predecessor as nation savior passed into the discard almost the moment his great work was accomplished.

Clemenceau's dearest aspiration, after the heroic ordeal of war service, was to round out his long life as president of France. This was denied him. Whether Poincaré will suffer a similar eclipse remains to be seen. The next six months will tell the tale. Unhappily, the most trivial question in the Chamber of Deputies may bring about a vote of censure, which means the fall of a government. The fact that France has had eighty governments in the fifty-four years of the Third Republic shows how thin the bubble of power is.

Whatever his political fate, Poincaré completed his work of financial rehabilitation with the stabilization of the franc. We can now examine the performance in detail.

Since this action ends the era of currency depreciation in the important European countries, it may be well to linger on the decade of hectic money agony now happily closed. Whether in France, Germany, England, Belgium or Italy, the fundamental reason was the same. War and postwar expenditures exceeded revenue, and budget deficits resulted. Every one of these nations had to resort to big borrowing on the one hand and inflation on the other. The avalanche of paper had little value, because there was no gold cover—that is, metal reserve—behind it. When emergency obligations came due the speed of the printing presses was increased. The line of least resistance was followed.

New Money for Old

INFLATION did more than drench the life out of currencies. It impaired legitimate production and led to an orgy of extravagance. Nobody wanted to save when the mark, the franc or the lira was worthless. The principal job was to get rid of it as soon as possible. The thrift instinct in all Europe received a tremendous jolt from which it is just beginning to recover.

There is another and more tragic aspect which does not end with stabilization. I refer to the loss of money invested in prewar government securities, especially German and French. With the sole exception of the pound, all currencies have been stabilized at a fraction of their former values. Though income continues in some cases, the principal is reduced. The greatest hardship has been in Germany, where hundreds of thousands of retired officers, pensioners and widows were brought to actual poverty between 1920 and 1925. A movement is now under way to revalorize some of the prewar bonds. The French *rentiers*, as I have already pointed out, have seen their holdings decrease four-fifths in value.

The period of stabilization began with the most desperate case, which was the mark. It went to so many trillions to the dollar that it practically lost its purchasing power. Foreign money became the principal medium of exchange. Stability was established with the operation of the Dawes Plan, which balanced the budget and restored the currency, first through the *rentenmark* and later the *reichsmark*. The pound sterling held its own better than any other European symbol and only needed a return to the gold basis to function as of old. This was accomplished in 1926.

Stabilization spread to Belgium, Austria, Italy, Poland, Hungary and Greece. New units superseded the old. Belgium adopted the belga, Austria the schilling, Hungary the pengo, Finland the Fin mark, Poland the zloty, and Russia the chervonetz. Like all other by-products of sovietism,

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André Tardieu (Right), Who May Succeed Poincaré as Premier

HOT DOGS

By William Slavens McNutt

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

PEP MANX was all of a lather. "Listen, kid," he panted, "I got a great idea."

"Yeah?" said Eddie O'Leary. He did not shift from his comfortable position in a chair on the front porch.

"It's a wow," Pep insisted. "It'll make us a lot o' money."

"Us?" said Eddie.

"Sure," said Pep. "You got five hundred dollars, ain't you?"

"In the bank!" Eddie said emphatically.

"Well, then," Pep said, simulating relief. "That's all we need."

"We?" said Eddie. "We? Where do you get that we stuff?"

"It's my idea," Pep argued.

"All right," Eddie agreed, "keep it."

"It ain't any good to me 'less I got five hundred dollars to go with it."

"Different here," Eddie said comfortably. "My five hundred's good whether I got your idea to go with it or not."

"You'll sing a different tune when you hear what I got to tell you," Pep prophesied. "Old Man Fraser wants to sell out his hot-dog stand an' go on back East where he come from."

Eddie sat up. "No!" he exclaimed.

"No kiddin'," Pep said. "He wants to sell out an' he'll take five hundred down for the shebang just as she stands. 'Cause he knows us like he does, he'll give us two years to pay off the rest of it."

"I'm Goin' to Take a Trip One o' These Days," He Declared

Pep and Eddie were graduate employes of Fraser's hot-dog stand, a neat little frame structure built by the roadside some twenty miles from the center of Los Angeles out Ventura way. There was a filling station as a side line. The work was pleasant and profitable, with desirable social features in the opportunity offered for gossip and interchange of wise cracks with the transient customers. Picture people often stopped for a dog or a quart of oil, a glass of orange juice or five of gas. Eddie had once served Gloria Swanson, and Pep had Jack Gilbert to his credit. The two boys had often dwelt upon the desirability of mutually owning and operating the stand and gloomed about their inability to buy it. Such a nice arrangement! One could run it while the other had fun—one at night and the other daytimes. Switch the hours each week, split the profits—a perfect life!

And now Eddie had five hundred dollars—in the bank. An aunt had died and left him the amount. And Fraser was willing to sell for that much down. It was suddenly become possible to transform the castle in Spain to a hot-dog stand in California.

Eddie O'Leary's eyes grew bright. Pep Manx watched him anxiously. A small roadster whirled around the corner and stopped in front of the O'Leary home. The slim blonde driving waved at Eddie.

"Go for a ride?" she called.

Eddie's eyes grew dull. He sighed and shook his head.

"No," he called back. "Much obliged, Nina, but I—I got to see a man." The girl drove on. "Darn women!" Eddie said bitterly.

"What's the matter?" Pep asked.

"Aw, she wants to get married!" Eddie complained, gesturing in the direction of the departing car. "Ever since I got that five hundred bucks she's been hintin' about it."

"If we get that hot-dog stand," Pep said, "why, you could afford to ——"

"That's just why I ain't goin' to get it," Eddie said. "If I had it I could afford to get married—an' I don't want to!"

"Well, you don't have to if you don't want to, do you?"

"No," Eddie admitted. "I don't have to, but if I stick around here I will. I know how them things happen. I'm goin' to duck while I got the chance."

"Aw, Eddie!"

"I don't care! I been livin' around here all my life, an' if I buy that hot-dog place an' then get married on top of it I'll be here till I die. I know! I want to get out an' see somethin'."

"What do you want to see?"

"How do I know till I find out what there is to see?" Eddie said irritably. "I want to travel—go places—do somethin'!"

"This is your chance, Eddie," Pep urged. "We'll get Fraser's place an' you can save your money. I'll save, too, an' then when we get around to it I could buy you out an' you could go an' travel in style."

"If I stayed here, Nina Wiggins'd marry me," Eddie insisted gloomily. "I know!"

"Aw, she would not!"

"She would so," said Eddie. "Darn her!"

"She can't marry you if you don't let her, can she?" Pep asked.

"She'd get around me somehow," Eddie insisted.

"Ain't you got any will power?" Pep asked.

"Will power ain't any good with women," Eddie said gloomily. "They don't pay no attention to it."

"Losin' the best chance you'll ever have just 'cause you're scared of a woman!" Pep jeered. "How far do you think you're goin' to travel on just five hundred dollars?"

"I'm goin' to New York first," Eddie said.

"Yeh?" said Pep. "What you'll have left when you get there won't last you long, after you pay your fare an' all."

"I ain't going to pay any fare," Eddie said.

"No fare?" said Pep. "How you goin' to get there? Bum?"

"No," said Eddie—"run"

"Run!" said Pep.

Eddie took a folded newspaper clipping from his pocket and handed it to Pep. It was a sport-page news story of the preparations then under way for the start of a foot race from Los Angeles to New York.

"You never did no long-distance runnin'," Pep protested.

"I know it," Eddie admitted. "I may be good at it. I can't tell till I try, can I?"

"You're cuckoo!"

"Yeh? Am I cuckoo to try an' win myself twenty-five thousan' dollars? That's what the winner gets. The guy that comes in second gets ten thousan'. Sposin' I didn't win. Am I cuckoo to come in second an' get ten thousan' dollars? Am I?"

"How do you know you're goin' to come in second?"

"Sposin' I don't. The next ten guys that come in after the fellow that's second, they get prizes—from a thousan' on down."

"All right, spose you ain't good enough to win any o' them. Then what?"

"I got that all figured," Eddie said. "If I go in that race an' run to New York, they pay all my expenses. It says about that there in the piece in the paper you got. If I run an' don't win anything, I get to New York without payin' any train fare, don't I?"

"I guess so," Pep admitted grudgingly.

"I want to travel," Eddie went on. "I'll be that far on my way for nothin', an' all the time I got the chance to win maybe twenty-five thousan' dollars. Am I cuckoo?"

"Sure you are!" Pep declared. "You could stay here an' we could get Fraser's place—that's sure."

"Yeh," said Eddie. "I could stay here an' Nina'd get me. That's sure too."

"Well, what if she did?" Pep said. "She ain't a bad kid."

"I don't care whether she's good or bad," Eddie cried peevishly. "I don't want to get married to anybody an' I ain't goin' to. That's all there is to it."

Three months later Pep Manx got a letter from Eddie O'Leary postmarked New York. It read in part:

We got here last week. It's a great town. I come in around thirty-fifth, so I didn't get any prizes; but I would have only for my feet. I didn't get tired, but my feet hurt. I went up in the Woolworth Tower yesterday where you can see all over everything. Some town! Has old Fraser got any sucker to buy his place yet?

Well, old kid, here I am in little old New York, and even if I did not win a prize, it did not cost me a cent to get here. They paid all my expenses and I still got my five hundred dollars. That's better than giving it to the railroads

We run one night in Madison Square Garden, where they have all the big fights. I could have won a prize easy if my feet had not of hurt. Anyhow, here I am and it did not cost me anything, so what do I care? I do not know where I will go from here. Maybe I will stay here a while. Anyhow, here I am and I still

got most of my money, so what do I care? Why don't you get out and see something too? No use staying stuck in one place all your life. You only live once, so what's the use?

So long for now. Your pal,

EDDIE

P. S. Do you still think I am cuckoo? Here I am and it did not cost me a cent.

Pep Manx read the letter to Nina Wiggins. "Poor Eddie!" Nina sighed. "He ought to get married and settle down."

"I guess he's havin' a good time," Pep said enviously.

"But he isn't getting anywhere," Nina reminded him.

"He got to New York," Pep said gloomily. "I got a notion to go up to San Francisco. I got a cousin lives there. He could prob'ly get me a job."

"I guess maybe I'll go away too," Nina said.

"Yeh?" said Pep, interested. "Where to?"

"Chicago, I guess," Nina said. "I got an aunt there's been wanting me to come on and stay with her. I guess maybe I'll go."

"You might not like it," Pep warned her.

"It's a nice town."

"The winters is tough," Pep said.

"Oh, well," said Nina, "people dress for it. I guess it isn't so bad."

"Be hard on you," Pep insisted. "You ain't ever been where there's any cold weather. You might get pneumonia or somethin'."

Nina shrugged and made a grimace. "What if I did?" she said bitterly. "Nobody'd care."

"What do you mean nobody'd care?" Pep asked indignantly.

"Well," said Nina, "who would?"

"Why—everybody," said Pep. Nina shrugged again and laughed harshly. "Don't you think I'd care?" Pep asked.

Nina shook her head. "I don't know," she said drearily.

"Well, I would!" Pep said. "You ought to know that!"

"What does your cousin up in San Francisco do?" Nina asked.

"Street-car conductor," Pep said shortly. "I don't think I'll go up there. I don't like him very well. We don't get along."

"Want to go for a ride?" Nina asked.

"Sure!" said Pep. "Let's stop by Fraser's an' get somethin' to drink."

"He still tryin' to sell his place?" Nina asked.

Pep nodded. "I been savin' up to try an' buy it myself," he said. "Only trouble is it takes so darn much time. I been at it ever since Eddie left an' I only got two hundred laid by."

"Never you mind!" Nina said spiritedly. "It may seem slow, but you'll have a business of your own and be doing good when that no-'count Eddie O'Leary's wondering where his next meal's coming from."

"I thought you kind o' liked Eddie," Pep said.

"Who? Me?" Nina exclaimed. "Well, of all things! Whatever gave you that idea?"

Squint Scallan looked at Eddie O'Leary and shook his head. "You here again?" he exclaimed. "You might as well get yourself a job an' work here, kid. You're around all the time."

"Could I?" Eddie asked eagerly.

"What?" said Squint.

"Get a job here," said Eddie.

Squint shook his head. "No chance. Everything's filled an' there's a waitin' list as long as your arm."

Squint was a hot-dog salesman at Madison Square Garden. He had made Eddie's acquaintance when the latter arrived there as one of the continental runners.

"I'd like to get to doin' somethin'," Eddie said wistfully.

"Ain't you havin' fun?" Squint asked.

"It's kind o' lonesome," Eddie admitted. "I don't know anybody in town except you."

"I thought you was goin' to take in the town," Squint said.

"I been around," said Eddie.

"Yeh? Where?"

"I been to some shows," said Eddie. "I been to the Battery an' up in the Woolworth Tower an' to Grant's Tomb an' Coney Island an' Chinatown. Where else can I go to?"

Squint considered. "The Yanks are playin' home now," he said.

Eddie nodded. "I forgot," he said. "I seen them."

Squint shrugged. "That's about all then, I guess. Whyn't you get a job?"

"I been tryin' to," said Eddie. "I got to get somethin' to put in my time at. It gets lonesome just hangin' around."

Squint considered. "I got it!" he said triumphantly. "You got good feet, ain't you?"

Eddie shook his head. "My legs is all right," he said. "My feet, though, they hurt me if I use 'em too much."

"They was good enough to bring you all the way from Los Angeles."

"Oh, yeh," said Eddie. "They brought me, but they hurt."

"If you could run that far on 'em, you ought to be able to use 'em for dancin' for a while."

"Dancin'?" said Eddie.

"Sure! Why don't you go in this dance Marathon that's comin' off here? It'd be somethin' to do. They give you a tent an' a cot to sleep on for nothin', an' the winnin' couple gets five thousan' bucks. Think o' that! Five thousan' bucks—just for dancin'!"

"I would o' got twenty-five thousan' for winnin' the cross-country run," Eddie reminded him.

"Yeh, but dancin'! That's easier than runnin', ain't it?"

"How do you win this dancin' prize?"

"It's simple," said Scallan. "They start 'em off dancin' all at the same time. They dance for an hour an' then they get fifteen minutes to sleep or eat or anything they want to do. Then they dance another hour an' get fifteen minutes more all to themselves. They keep that up till everybody

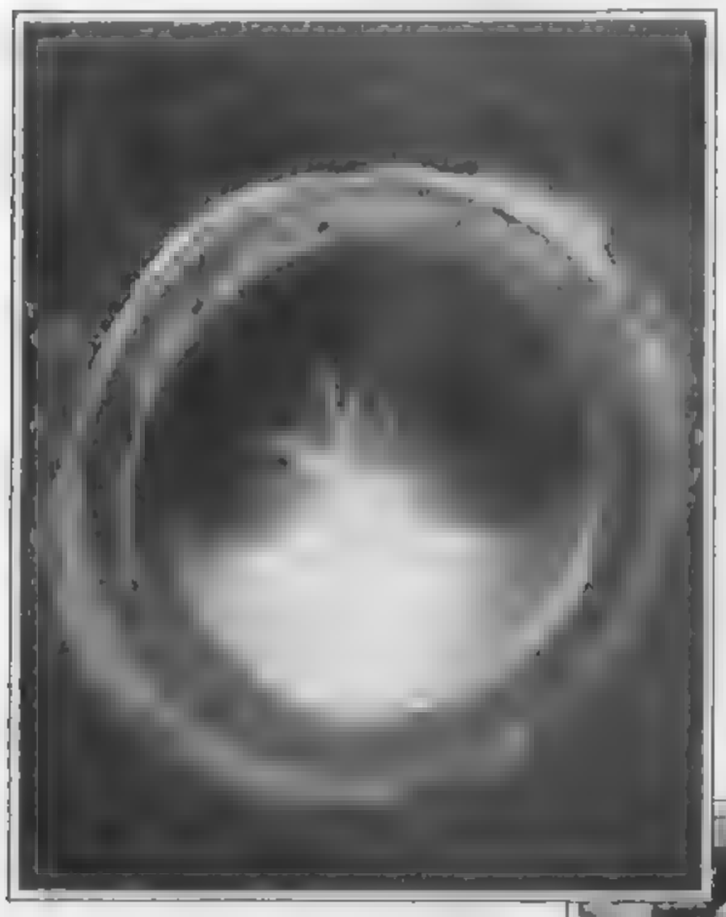
(Continued on Page 142)

"You!" Mabel Cried Angrily. "Just for That I'll Quit and You'll See What You'll Get for Your Trouble!"

ON THE BOTTOM

By Lieut. Commander EDWARD ELLSBERG

NEARLY three weeks had gone by since we started work. The divers had toiled steadily down below, we had accomplished a little, but it was plain that the job could not possibly be quickly terminated. October was gone, November was well started. The weather was getting worse, the water colder. The Falcon was crowded



The Ellsberg Underwater Torch in Action, Cutting Through Steel an Inch Thick, Seen Through a Port in the Diving Tank. At Right—The Recompression Tank

badly during the day by tenders, telephone men, dressers, and an extra working party from the Vestal to handle mooring lines. She was nearly as badly crowded at night to accommodate her own crew and furnish bunks for the divers, whom we dared not send off the ship away from the recompression tank, our iron doctor.

The divers worked below on the S-51 under depressing and morbid surroundings; they came up on the Falcon and found no place outside their bunks where they could rest or even sit down.

What irritated the crew was the fact that Newport was only twenty-five miles away. Practically every diver had learned the art at the torpedo school in Newport; many of the men still had their homes there; they all had friends—and some sweethearts—in Newport. There was consequently a strong wish to get ashore there, to get a change of scene, to get their minds off the gruesome job below. While the weather was good enough to dive there were no complaints, but the men could not see why we stayed round when we could do nothing more than pitch and roll at the end of our anchor cable.

A Brief Vacation at Newport

I SUGGESTED to the squadron commander that we send the divers ashore during bad weather to allow them to recuperate; he hesitated, as he feared we might lose a diving day. Finally, after a number of conferences, with the divers evidently getting stale, I secured permission during the next storm, bundled all the divers aboard the Sagamore and started them for Newport early in the afternoon.

Toward evening the wind slackened and the waves started to go down. The Falcon steadied a little, so that it was possible to lie in a bunk without bracing unconsciously to avoid being pitched out on the deck at every roll.

Before midnight the wind had died out altogether, leaving only a long swell rolling in from the eastward to bother us. By 1 A.M., when the lights of the Sagamore, returning from Newport, loomed up alongside, the weather was clearing rapidly.

The little party of divers came aboard, transferred in the Vestal's motor launch. They clambered over the rail in the darkness and disappeared down the hatch. In the divers' compartment, crowded with bunks ranged two high against the bulkheads, they pulled off their clothes, wet from the flying spray on their brief boat ride, and climbed into their berths.

When morning came the wind was gone and the sea had died to a long swell which rolled ceaselessly by. We could dive again.

The dressers brought out two diving rigs, the telephone men tested out their circuits, the diving air compressors started up. Seven o'clock. We were ready for the first divers. Chief Gunner Loughman looked into the little wardroom where we were having breakfast.

"Who goes down first?" he asked.

I told him. He turned to the dresser behind him.

"Tell Tug Wilson and Joe Eiben to get ready."

I finished my eggs and coffee, left the wardroom, and went aft on the lee side. Wilson and Eiben were just ahead of me. In blue woolen union suits, they paraded down the port side. Underneath they each had on two more suits of the same heavy underwear, all tucked into three pairs of heavy woolen socks. They reached the dressing stand on the quarter-deck, sat down on the benches facing me. Wilson was a little pale, Eiben about as usual.

"How do you feel, Tug?" I queried.

"Fine, Mr. Ellsberg—fine! Never felt better in my life!"

Wilson went over the side, stepped off the stage, vanished. A stream of bubbles, slowly working away from our side for perhaps a minute, then: "On the bottom," came over the phone.

We dropped one of the new lights over the side, turned it on. Eiben was hoisted overboard and went down, taking the light with him. Eadie was ready, and he, too, went over the side. Wilson had been down about five minutes when Eadie, dropping through the water, landed on the S-51.

Silently Wilson left the others, slipped through the open hatch into the engine room. Eiben followed with the light. Only Eadie remained outside, standing on the deck paying out air hoses, life lines, and lamp cord, almost inch by inch.

Wilson came to the after door. He had minutely scanned the one on the S-50; both he and Eiben had a new plan. Wilson squeezed through the door, slid forward a step, felt his helmet hit where Ingram had been caught. He ducked, gave his helmet a sharp twist, cleared the obstruction, was inside the room. Looking back, he could barely make out the glow of the lamp in Eiben's hand.

"On deck. Tell Eiben to come ahead."

I took Eiben's phone:

"Go ahead, Joe. Tug says he's through."

In the Control Room

ONCE more Eadie started to pay out line, feeding it carefully to see he did not allow any slack which might get foul of anything.

A few steps and Eiben was alongside Wilson. A narrow passage, between the galley to port and the radio room to starboard, led forward. Wilson, leading, took the light from Eiben and started carefully ahead. Two steps and he was abreast the door to the little radio room. Wilson shined the light through the narrow door. Inside he could dimly see the radio operator, ear phones on his head, still at his key.

Again they went ahead, cleared the galley, entered the main control space. The sloping deck tended to slide them into the port bilges. Cautiously they moved along, dodging the steering wheels, dodging the periscopes, avoiding the myriad valve handles sticking out from all directions to foul the life lines trailing behind them and tangle them there forever. Charts, blue prints, floor boards, floated round their heads. They passed the compressed-air manifolds, passed the ladder leading to the conning tower, entered the narrow passage where the rungs on the bulkhead led up to the gun-access trunk. Wilson swung the light up. Over his head was the little oval hatch where Lieutenant Haselton and his companion had struggled and died, where Kelley had stuck trying to crawl through.

Pontoon, With Lifting Chains Rising Through Hawse Pipes. Toggles are in Place Through the Chains

Another step forward and Wilson was at last facing the door that had balked all previous attempts to reach it. He moved close, trained his light on the door. As we had imagined, the door was open, swung only halfway back, which was as far as it could go, due to a diagonal stateroom bulkhead behind it.

Reaching through the water, Wilson grasped the handle and pulled on the door. It failed to move. Wilson carefully played his light all around to find out why. Jammed under the door, one edge projecting toward him into the control room, was a flat brass tread. Evidently the rushing water had washed it through from the battery room.

A Token of Appreciation

WILSON passed the light to Eiben behind him, bent low and pushed on the tread. It was tightly wedged in and refused to budge. Wilson stepped aside, motioned Eiben forward and pointed to the obstruction. Eiben took the hammer and tried to drive the plate out, but he had no more success than his companion. On the surface, I could hear Wilson and Eiben, their helmets touching, talking to each other. Then they reported:

"On deck."

"Hello, Tug."

"There's a brass plate jammed under the door. We can't clear it."

"Hello, Tug. Never mind the door. You and Joe come on out."

Wilson mumbled something. I could not make it out. I took Eadie's phone:

"Hello, Tom. Mind the lines. Joe and Tug are coming out."

The minutes went by. The tenders on the Falcon's rail fished carefully, but no slack came up on the air lines for them to take in.

I listened on both Wilson's and Eiben's telephones, one receiver over each ear. Occasionally I heard the metallic ring of the sledge hammer, some very fluent profanity over Tug's line. The timekeeper called out:

"Sixty minutes for Tug."

No signal from the men below, but I dared not confuse them with useless orders. I waited anxiously till I heard Wilson call at last:

"On deck. We're coming out."

Ten anxious minutes and the three divers stood once more on the deck of the submarine. First Wilson, then Eiben, then Eadie—we hauled them up to ninety feet, onto the stage, and started decompression. They had been down nearly an hour and a half. We spent two hours and a half more in decompressing them.

At last the stage broke through the surface, swung inboard. The bears rushed at the three divers, unscrewed their helmets, pulled off their suits. Eiben was silent as usual. Wilson reported briefly, "We got the door closed." He went below.

Later Eiben told me what had happened. Neither of them had been able to clear the wreckage under the door. The more they pushed on it the tighter it got. Eiben had heard the order to come up. Both men had started to leave when Tug stopped again, said he had an idea. From the other side of the door he could probably pull the plate free. The door, however, was the worst in the ship. In addition to being narrow, it would only swing part way open because of the bulkhead behind it. Wilson tried to squeeze through, but failed. Then he lay down on his side in the door, and Eiben, pushing on his feet, finally managed to shove him through. On the battery-room side was a little space, and there, Wilson, on his knees on one side of the bulkhead, pulled the plate off the deck, while Eiben, blow by blow from the other side, hammered it free. With the plate gone, Wilson lay down once more, his feet in the doorway, and Eiben finally managed to drag him back into the control room.

"Yes," Eiben admitted, "it was pretty hard pulling."

Back in the control room, they had swung the door closed, turned down the dogs, sledged them down tightly. Then they came out.

I gasped. Wilson had taken a desperate chance. Seventy feet inside the submarine, with one door already behind him that no one before had been able to get through, to have himself hammered through even a worse trap—where were his senses? Closing the door was important, but none of us would have dreamed of asking a man practically to throw his life away to close it.

I found Wilson, asked him why he had taken such a hair-raising risk. In his deep voice, far different from the flat tone while under pressure on the submarine, he answered:

"Well, Mr. Ellsberg, I know how hard you tried all last month to get us boys a liberty in Newport. And then when we finally hit the beach, oh, boy! So when we couldn't close that door and you told me to come up, I took another look at the door and decided to close it anyway, to try to show my appreciation. And Joe helped me, so we did it."

About the end of October the first pontoons were delivered at Newport, twenty-five miles away. The Iuka towed two of them out to the wreck, where we tied them to a couple of mooring buoys.

No one had ever had any experience in lowering pontoons in deep water; it had never been tried before. In shallow water, about forty feet deep, it had once proved difficult. The officer who had managed that job had pronounced the pontoons unmanageable in lowering; he had found that all he could do was to fill them and let them sink.

Commander Ellsberg Preparing to Dive in the Tank at the Navy Yard. At Left—The "Falcon" With a Pontoon Alongside Before Flooding Down

In the S-51 problem conditions were vastly different. To lift the submarine with the pontoons built and building, we were required to make the after half of the submarine water-tight. We could not afford to let a pontoon weighing forty tons fall 135 feet on our submarine; that would smash it like an eggshell and ruin our chance of lifting the boat.

The S-51, at her depth, was of course wholly out of our sight, yet we had to land our pontoons close alongside her, not more than eight feet away. In addition, to allow us to get the six forward pontoons in position where we needed them for lifting, we were required to plant them one ahead of another, with only a six-foot interval between the end of one pontoon and the front of the next pontoon astern.

Parking a Pontoon

A SOMEWHAT analogous problem would be to lower a heavy Pullman car from the top of a fifteen-story building which was swaying violently, due to an earthquake, to the street, in the middle of a black night when you couldn't see the street, or the car either, after you started lowering; and then land the Pullman car in a vacant space in the middle of a train standing on a track in the dark street below, without dropping the car on the diner ahead or the car just behind the vacant space. Frankly, I always had a sinking feeling in the stomach whenever it came time to lower a pontoon.

But it had to be done, so we started out to do it. The stern and the bow of the S-51 were several feet clear of the ocean floor, since the ship was built somewhat like a rocker—deep amidships, with a gradual rise of keel toward each end.

Michels was dressed to go down and pass the first guide line under her stern, just forward of the rudders. We gave him a small manila line with a cork-ring life buoy tied to one end. This Michels was to push under the stern from

(Continued on Page 43)

Rigging the Lines on a Pontoon Alongside the "Falcon," Preparatory to Lowering the Pontoon to the S-51

DYNASTY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"So," Said Hiram, Regarding Her With Level Eyes, "You Have Married My Son"

XVIII

HIRAM BOND stood—he did not sit—in the parlor of his son's fraternity house, and before him, flushed and apprehensive, was the boy who had been Jason's closest friend in college. Never, perhaps, had Hiram seemed so huge as in that smallish room; never had his aspect been more portentous, his brows more frowning, his manner more implacable.

"Young man," he said, "you may pull the wool over the eyes of the authorities of this college, but I want to know—where is Jason?"

"I don't know, sir," said the boy loyally.

"Where is Jason?"

"I told you, sir "

"Where," asked Hiram for the third time, "is Jason?"

It was his will—nothing but the stark, resistless will of the man—that tore the admission from the reluctant boy.

"In New York."

"Why?"

"He didn't tell me."

"I want the whole story—so much as you know of it. I have no time to shilly-shally. Tell me what you know."

"I'm no tattletale, sir," said the boy, struggling to preserve what he considered to be his honor.

Hiram advanced a step and the lad gave back as though expecting violence from this mass of a man, but there was no violence. "You are his friend," Hiram said; "I am his father. Here is no question of honor or of talebearing.. He is my son. If he is in trouble, I would tear the city apart to get him out of it. Do you understand that?"

"He is not in trouble—not that way, sir."

"Then in what way?"

The boy swallowed, wet his lips, fumbled with his hands, but saw no escape from the inevitable.

"He is married, sir," he said.

Hiram did not speak. The shock of the words as they tore through his consciousness was numbing. Married! Jason married! The thing was true—of that he had no doubt. The boy watched his granite face, but was able to see no alteration of its set expression; was able to read nothing of what passed in the mind behind that mask. He did not know that he was invisible to Jason's father, that in his place stood a young woman in a ribboned straw hat and a gay little dress of twenty years ago. She was speaking with pretty seriousness, and her words sounded in his ears as they had sounded that day in 1881: "It's a temperance society. And, Hiram, I don't want to say anything mean or to hurt your feelings or anything"—even those accented words came down to him through the years—"but as soon as I saw you I knew you were one of the ones who ought to join. Because you do drink, don't you?" Libby Bell! He lived again through the first incredulous knowledge that Libby was to marry another man—to marry another man! It had seemed preposterous, because he had selected her for his own. He had desired greatly a thing, had made his plans to acquire it and had been thwarted in this impossible way! He lived again through those days and nights when his chief bitterness was in the realization of futility.

Then Lucille had been born, and Jason, in whom he had reconstructed his romance. About them he had built his dreams, patiently, grimly. For twenty years he had lived with that dream, with that vicarious romance, until it had become a part of him. Their marriage was something which was to happen—an inevitable something which was to bring him some sort of satisfaction. He never had paused to define just what satisfaction. But it was a plan, his plan, upon which his heart was set. It was his way of defeating fate, of proving his superiority over circumstances. It was, after a fashion, a saving of his face, a vindication of himself, a proof to himself that he was invincible. Something, some malign power, had deprived him of Libby. The marriage of his son and Lucille was to have been his answer to and his triumph over that power. Now this enemy, this imponderable foe, had won again, unexpectedly, by a sudden onslaught. His sensation was one almost of despair, almost of terror. There was something, it seemed, which could always defeat him and against which he was powerless. It undermined his vast confidence in himself, left him doubting and apprehensive. He was appalled.

"Who is she?" he asked almost gently. Who was this weapon which fate had forged for his undoing?

"Her name," said the boy, "is Lillian Dove."

"Where did he meet her?"

"In New York. We go there when we can—for the theater and parties."

Hiram nodded. "Some chorus girl," he said with a tone of finality, almost of resignation.

It would be some chorus girl, some snip with sightly knees and blue eyes and no brains—some cunning little thing out of the gutter.

"An actress," said the boy. "But she's an awfully fine girl, and—and Jason's lucky. All the fellows were crazy about her, and, Mr. Bond, I know you'll like her. Honest, sir, she's—she's a peach."

"Doubtless," said Hiram with a sardonic smile. "And where shall I find my son and this—peach?"

The youth told him the name of their hotel, and then, daring greatly, interceded for his friend. "I—I hope, sir, you won't be hard on Jason. A fellow's got to marry sometime and I tell you she's a nice girl. I hope you'll take it easy, Mr. Bond, and—you know what I mean."

Hiram regarded his companion at some length without seeing him. "Hard on Jason?" he said. "Why should I be? It isn't Jason who did this to me."

"Nor on her either," pleaded the boy. "She didn't rope him in. She didn't. It isn't her fault."

"No," said Hiram, "it isn't her fault. You don't blame the knife that stabs you, but the hand that holds the knife."

With that he turned abruptly and strode from the room. Jason's friend stared after him, puzzled, relieved, impressed.

"Now," he asked himself, "what did he mean by that?"

In the morning Hiram rapped on his son's door and Jason admitted him

"Good morning, my son," said Hiram.

"Good morning, father." The boy waited for the detonation of his father's rage, but it did not come

"You are married?"

"Yes."

"May I see your wife?"

"What do you want to say to her?"

"Nothing that will hurt her, Jason."

The young man went to the adjoining door and called The young woman who entered was not blond, and somehow Hiram was glad of that. She was very dark, not tiny, but of good figure—and somehow Hiram was glad of that as well. She was lovely to the eye.

"So," said Hiram, regarding her with level eyes, "you have married my son."

"Yes," she said

"Jason, I wish to speak to your wife alone."

"Why? What do you want to say to her? You can say it with me here."

The girl turned to her husband. "Go into the other room, Jason," she said. "He won't eat me. Whatever it is, we may as well get it over."

"You are sensible," said Hiram. "No, my son, I won't eat her."

The boy withdrew with manifest reluctance and Hiram closed the door. Neither of them sought a chair, but faced each other in the middle of the room.

"I had other plans for Jason," said Hiram at length.

"He told me."

"Yet you married him? Knowing of my plans, you married him?"

"Why shouldn't I? What had your plans to do with me?"

Hiram pondered that and nodded. "True—what had my plans to do with you?"

"Is that what you wanted to say?" she asked.

"No. I am a wealthy man, as men go. Doubtless you took that into consideration?"

"I did," she said.

"If it is money you want," he said, "I will listen to your proposition. If you will leave my son, divorce him, I will settle a sum on you which will be satisfactory."

She was not angry, nor was she without dignity. "It is not money alone I want," she said. Then, rather unexpectedly—"Jason and I have been married four months."

"I did not know. What of it?"

"Even if I had married Jason for that purpose, I could not accept your offer. I am going to have a baby."

Hiram's lip bent in a smile of bitter irony. "Of course," he said. "It would have to be complete and final." After that he remained silent so long that her self-control commenced to desert her.

"I suppose you hate me," she said.

"No, I do not hate you. I resent you, but I do not hate you. I do not even blame you. I do not blame Jason." He paused again and once more studied her with that level, frowning gaze. "I hope you will be a good wife to him. I hope he will be a good husband to you."

"You mean that you ——"

" recognize defeat," said Hiram grimly. "Why should I try to smash a couple of children for being the instruments of it? . . . Jason's mother will want to see you. She will come down. . . . Good-by." He could even hold out his hand.

She placed her fingers in that massive palm. "Shall I call Jason?"

"No. . . . Good-by"

When the door closed behind him, Lillian went to her impatient husband. "He is gone," she said.

"What did he say? What is he going to do?"

"Do you love your father?" she asked, and it was out of a genuine desire to know.

"Of course," said Jason.

"You ought to," she said.

Hiram returned to Carthage, but before he went home to Bessie he walked up Main Street to the corner upon which for the past three months, had been going on the operation of erecting a house for Jason and Lucille. It was nearing completion. He stood upon the sidewalk and looked at it with the same set, impassive expression his face had worn for days—since the moment of the arrival of the telegram

This house had been a symbol. He had watched it daily from the turning of the first sod. As it grew, he had experienced a sort of elation—the elation of victory. Here, in this structure, was growing under his eyes a material token of that victory. It was solid, could be touched with the fingers. It meant that his twenty years of waiting were ended. It meant that here were walls which actually would house his romance. Morning and night he had paused there, and sometimes at noon.

Now he entered the building and sought the contractor who was erecting it.

"Good morning, Mr. Bond," said the man. "We're coming along fine. Be ready to move in the furniture in another thirty days."

"Tear it down," said Hiram.

"What? Tear what down?"

"This house—tear it down. Fill in the cellar. Plant grass so that no evidences remain."

"But, Mr. Bond ——"

"Start now. Put on extra men. Get this thing out of my sight as quickly as it can be done."

He left the astounded builder standing open-mouthed and walked home to his wife—to his wife, who suddenly had become a refuge whose presence he must have. Suddenly he knew he must be with her, alone with her, shut in with her away from all the rest of the world. He, Hiram Bond, craved his wife's shoulder to lean upon in this hour of his defeat by the inevitable.

XIX

FOR three days, crucial days, Hiram Bond had withdrawn himself from touch with the Worthington interests and his eyes from those who were striving to oust him from the place of power which he had built for himself while building a great fortune for others. For those three days the approaching crisis was absent from his mind, crowded out by another crisis of greater psychological importance to him. It was a deliberate choice. He could have remained to do battle while he sent some agent in pursuit of his son, but with open eyes he hazarded the material while he followed the romantic. It would not be amiss to say that he was hunger-driven -that this harsh, grim, imperious, ruthless man was compelled to neglect the great objective of his career while his hungry soul sent him scurrying about the world with a net to capture the butterfly of sentimentality.

Then, returning wounded, it had been necessary for him to strike out at something to quiet his pain and grief. It is fortunate his blow should have fallen upon nothing more sentient than an unfinished dwelling. But for that gesture tinged with melodrama, that bursting through the vent of the safety valve, the swollen torrent of his emotions might have swept down upon J. Steele Worthington or upon his father—upon those upon whom he looked with some justice as puppets of his own creating turned traitor by their vanity

But he did not turn his thoughts to them until he had completed and turned the page of the story which marked the end of Libby Bell. He went to her house, filled her small parlor with his hugeness and frightened Libby as she had never been frightened before. She could not have explained to you why he frightened her, but as he stood there, his great head with its thinning hair almost touching the chandelier, she commenced to tremble. It was his silence, and something which hid behind it, some tremendous repression whose power she sensed and which terrified her

(Continued on Page 119)

"You"—the Huge Man Leveled His Finger at J. Steele—"Would be Rid of Me. You Plot With Women, and a Mess You Have Made of It"

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 17, 1928

Oblique Government

NOW that the election is over and the issues in dispute may be viewed somewhat more calmly, it would be well for the new Administration and the incoming Congress to consider with care a constructive suggestion in regard to that troublesome question, the enforcement of prohibition. It may be taken for granted that circuitous, tortuous and roundabout methods of enforcing laws are not the most effective. Nor should the work be delegated to an organization which is not suited to the task, or which, by undertaking it, in however sincere a spirit, creates obvious inconsistencies and eccentricities.

Prohibition of intoxicating beverages is provided by an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and there is an enabling act of Congress known as the Volstead law. The Constitution also originally provided that certain duties shall be performed by Congress and by the President, and from this beginning there has grown up a scheme of government which from the earliest days has included a Department of Justice, coordinate in rank with the other executive departments, like the State, War, Navy, Treasury, and so on. Everyone knows what the duties of the Department of Justice are supposed to be; they all center around the one simple idea of enforcing Federal laws without fear or favor and without reference to other activities of government.

But the primary or initial responsibility of enforcing prohibition rests at present with the Treasury Department, where it does not belong, rather than with the Department of Justice. It is one of those anomalies that develop in a large and rather unwieldy organization like the Federal Government. It is one of those arrangements which had in the beginning a sort of traditional, red-tape and legalistic excuse for being, but which in fact and in effectiveness are irritating and by no means excusable abnormities. The existing prohibition unit is at present in the Bureau of Internal Revenue, whose duty it is to collect taxes and other revenues. Before prohibition there were excise taxes on alcoholic beverages, and so prohibition enforcement found its way there.

It would seem that not only the rules of logic and consistency but ordinary common sense in practical affairs require that prohibition be enforced by the department whose duty it is to enforce laws, not by the department whose duty it is to raise taxes and otherwise maintain the financial affairs of the Government. It is true that after prohibition cases get into the courts they are prosecuted by agents of the Department of Justice acting under an assistant attorney-general. But the primary work is done by the Treasury Department; it is this department which maintains a great force of agents upon whose vigilance rests initially the prevention of traffic in intoxicating beverages.

Thus there are two sets of bosses in enforcing prohibition, with at least the possibility of difference of policy and with an almost certain lack of complete continuity. Formerly the Treasury Department obtained a large part of its revenue from alcoholic beverages; now it is forced to stamp out these beverages. There is even such a preposterous absurdity as one unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue seeking to force bootleggers to pay income taxes and another unit seeking to put bootleggers in jail and destroying millions of gallons of the commodity whose sale alone permits bootleggers to earn incomes large enough to pay income taxes.

We are talking simply about the consistency and common sense of government organizations, not about the intentions or effectiveness of those who operate these organizations. Both party platforms and both candidates promised to enforce the law. If the law is to be enforced it should be in the hands of those whose primary duty, according to the very scheme of our Government, it is to enforce law. The financial policies of the Government, the questions of revenue and bond issues are one thing; prohibition is another.

If there is any good reason why the department especially designed and fitted to enforce law is less able to do so than a department especially designed and fitted to sell short-term notes and collect taxes, the people ought to know all about it. Surely our lawmakers should seriously consider the present anomaly. Government will become a mere laughingstock if its functions continue to be so hopelessly jumbled. It is high time that a serious effort, worthy the dignity of a great nation, were made to put functions where they belong. It is one of the important questions before the country, and in the field of government nothing else is so practical and direct. It is one thing upon which all honest men, whatever their opinions, can agree.

Builders All

AN ENCOURAGING feature of the international situation is the intelligent fashion in which several of the poorer countries are developing their natural resources. War has been ascribed at times to the struggle for economic advancement, but it is rather far-fetched to suppose that Italy and France will spring to arms because each is seeking to develop its own water power. In Italy and Spain especially, and also in France, hydroelectric power is becoming a factor to be reckoned with, and in two of these countries economic recovery is partly due to its rapid development.

It is, indeed, a cause of war, but of the right kind—that upon the old, persistent forces of poverty. If Italy and Spain can push these evils back the whole world will rejoice with them.

We all feel pride in the constructive works which almost certainly will be built in this country in the next five or ten years. There will be many new and improved highways, modernized railroad terminals and vast waterways improvements.

Italy and Spain also are making notable history along somewhat similar lines. No opinion is ventured as to the permanent or long-run wisdom of their dictatorial form of government. But Rome built great works under its Cæsars. Perhaps there are periods in a country's history when dictators are needed. Possibly a Mussolini or a Rivera is required to give the push that starts a nation on the road to increased well-being. But that is a subject which arouses too much partisanship to dispose of briefly.

Leaving politics aside, there is no doubt that in view of Italy's lack of coal and oil the rapid development of its water power is a first aid in rehabilitation. The country is a long narrow peninsula, traversed by the high Apennines, which must be crossed by the railroads in steep grades. Thus electrification is singularly adapted to prevailing conditions. One estimate places the saving already effected at a hundred million dollars a year. If coal or other fuel were to be found within the country and near at hand, the wisdom of costly installations might be questioned, but hardly under the circumstances.

Spain's program of development is exceedingly ambitious. It includes new railroads, highways, water power, ports, irrigation, reforestation, city water systems and modern sewerage plants. American firms have been looking over the ground, and the possibilities of interesting foreign capital appear better than in the past. Last July a new railway connecting France and Spain was opened for traffic. Not only does it bring Paris and Madrid closer together but communication is opened between sections of both countries which previously had but slight if any facilities.

There are always possibilities that a country may overbuild; we have had our own costly eras of internal improvements. But in the main we cannot but welcome the signs of economic vigor in lands which have been looked upon as none too progressive.

Financial Service Stations

THE recent consolidation of the two largest banks in Chicago to form a single institution with resources of more than a billion dollars suggests at least two constructive lines of thought. This transaction provides Chicago with a bank of national and international importance, ranking with the foremost in the country. It is a recognition of the power and influence of the Midwestern metropolis, not only in agriculture, industry and commerce but in world-wide financial operations. It is an expression of the unbounded faith which the directors, officers and principal stockholders of the two institutions have in the future business of the country and of the city, and will be a means of attracting an increasing volume of business to this fast-growing capital of affairs. There is room for more than one financial center or money market in these forty-eight states; even with New York supreme in finance, the future growth of other cities may well make that of the past seem feeble in comparison.

But this consolidation has another meaning, which should transcend that of the importance of cities, absolutely or relatively. It means, or is intended to mean, greater service to the public.

The two chairmen and the president of the combined institutions say in a formal announcement that the principal object in bringing about the merger is not merely to attain a magnitude of capitalization and resources, but rather to increase the efficiency and scope of banking service.

Now, no sensible person supposes that efficiency automatically follows size. Small banks, like small stores, have their advantages. But the great bank has a potentiality of service which cannot fail to prove a challenge to the imagination of far-seeing and public-spirited men. Already these two banks had more than three hundred thousand savings accounts when the consolidation took place. They perhaps served more banks in this country and abroad than any other bank in the United States. Besides their commercial business, they did a large foreign, trust and investment business.

With such a foundation, it should be possible for this giant bank—and there are others like it in the country—to move forward into ever-wider fields of usefulness. Such institutions should teach people how to save money, how to use it to the best advantage, how to borrow it when necessary, and how to invest it. They should be financial service stations in every sense of the word. All human institutions are on trial; small business as well as large. But the great combination, whether in manufacturing, transportation, merchandising or finance, is more conspicuous than the small. It has been intrusted with more talents and its accountability is therefore stricter. The country expects great things from great institutions.

The Bulls of the Art Market

Rembrandt's "Portrait of an Old Man With Beard".

By
Boyden Sparkes

A FEW months ago the art treasures of Sir George Lindsay Holford were auctioned at Christie's in London. Although the important bidders were chiefly Americans, and entirely decorous, the perturbed gentlemen in charge of the sale caused the wooden doors of the famous establishment to be reënforced with steel doors.

This protection was provided as a means of controlling those spectators, common to all the world, whom we see at their worst when they try to rush the obsequies of a movie star or when engaged in sidewalk struggles to see a visiting queen.

At this sale, for the equivalent of $150,000 in English pounds, a British newspaper-chain proprietor bid in one excellent picture. It was Van Dyck's portrait of Abbé Scaglia. Whatever the motives of the purchaser, he became something very like a national hero for a few hours because he had saved a picture from America. A New York firm of art dealers paid $252,000 for Rembrandt's portrait of A Man Holding the Torah and $231,000 for Rembrandt's portrait of A Young Man With a Cleft Chin. In the course of an hour and a half $1,000,000 was traded for a few of the choicest things in the collection. At the end of the first day the total received was $1,800,000, and the bulk of it was American money paid for masterpieces that a few days afterward were aboard ships bound for the United States.

An Enduring Fear

THE British are not alone in their agitation because of the steady flow of their best works of art to America; all Europe is disturbed. Quite recently the reason for that concern was expressed in a bitter writing from the pen of the octogenarian Wilhelm Bode in Berlin. Herr Bode warned his countrymen that the private collections of Rembrandts, Raphaels, Van Dycks or Jan Vermeers bought by art dealers for rich American clients will never return to Europe.

"In the next two centuries," grimly prophesied this withered old German lover of art, "America will have swallowed the last of large European private collections, which will be quickly handed over to the art galleries. Then the number of really important museums in the United States will not be much behind the large museums of Europe, of which the old Continent boasts nearly two dozen, and in many directions they will have outstripped our European art galleries, especially in Asiatic art, ethnology and other features."

The voice of Herr Bode is but one of a multitude, but the attractive power of American wealth for the private collections of art in Europe of which he now complains had been discerned in Europe as long ago as the Civil War period. It is not a new thing, even though we have sent abroad during the past seven years about $225,000,000 for works of antique art. If the sums spent for painting and sculpture created during the past hundred years were added to this, the total would be much greater.

In 1864 the directors of the Bavarian National Museum, which had been founded in Nuremburg in 1852, were bending every effort to the acquisition of masterpieces of the past because, as one of them said, "When America shall enter the lists we will no longer have the opportunity." In 1860 the editor of the Parisian Chronique des Arts counseled his countrymen, "Secure all French masterpieces for the national and municipal museums before America, recognizing the necessity of forming museums, shall compete for them and increase their already enormous value.

"The day cannot be far distant," he wrote, "when the United States will desire to form collections, for it is impossible to admit that so intelligent a people can long continue to ignore the fact that the fine arts make men moral by raising them to a comprehension of the beautiful and that they increase the wealth of nations by developing good taste in their artisans."

Ten years later the Metropolitan Museum of Art was established in New York, the founders of the project having spent several years' time in a vain effort to raise all of the $250,000 which was estimated to be necessary. It was one of the earliest of our museums, but a discerning person might have discovered in America then the nuclei of more than a score of other institutions that have since flowered as museums. The Metropolitan, which started off with a single collection of pictures, had, in 1880, collections with a property value of $480,000. By 1888 the directors were convinced that an appraisal of $2,250,000 was modest; and today there is no man connected with the museum who is willing to say how many hundreds of millions would be required to produce a museum of equal scope and merit

When Chicago, Boston and New York were starting their museums in the 70's, $35,000 was a fair market price for a Rembrandt; the Duc d'Aumale, a Continental collector, had attracted some attention to himself by paying $30,000 for a Raphael, and the Louvre had been chided for paying $120,000 for Murillo's Assumption of the Virgin. Any one of those pictures is worth many times as much today. This is so because the works of all the masters have been made increasingly rare, because, once a masterpiece has been acquired by a museum, it is removed entirely from the market.

The pictures that sell for $1,000,000

Jeanne of Aragon by Raphael

A Portrait of His Wife by Rembrandt

attract the most attention, and it is significant that at least a few old masters are sheltered in every section of the country. The Wadsworth Athenæum in Hartford, Connecticut, is now following out a policy of acquiring one famous work of art each year. The 1928 purchase was a painting by Jacopo Robusti, an Italian, whose admirers call him Il Tinteretto.

Beauty and Utility in Art

HOUSTON, Texas, treated to an exhibition of the work of contemporary American artists, in the course of a week bought $90,000 worth of the pictures and sculpture on display. Unquestionably some of that art is going to find its way into Houston's art museum But the chief importance of our art museums is now generally recognized to be outside the department of painting

The country is feeling their influence much more directly through contact with the collections of applied arts, textiles, furniture, glass, musical instruments, ceramics and jewelry. The mere housing of some of these collections in art museums is a comparatively new idea. It is all very different from the old idea of an art museum.

"The old idea," said Robert de Forest, the president of the Metropolitan, in a conversation lately, "was a garret, a place to keep things. What we all desire today is to make these things useful. To make them useful is a more important activity that the acquisition of fresh material. When an art museum is conscious of the importance of making its collections serve a useful purpose, its search

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"I'd Like to Try Some of That Traffic Jam I Hear So Much About"

The Quest

THE POET *(musing rapidly)*: The beach—how beautiful, clean swept by the autumn winds. Blest solitude—no living thing in sight but one white soaring gull, its flight all spirit and grace. An ethereal being, freed from earthly dross, far removed from gross material claims, it shines snowy and pure against the blue of heaven. Ah, would I were as carefree, as detached from mundane thoughts and needs! Strange it does not fly away, but hovers near me like the wistful soul of some lost reincarnated love, perhaps aware of some bond between my spirit and its own. Wonder if that wouldn't be a good theme for a sonnet. . . . Where's my pen? . . . Let's see——

Fair brother to the cloud,
ethereal sprite,
I envy you from care, what
sublimated quest——

THE GULL *(musing anxiously)*: Yes, sir, that is a dead fish, right behind that big human—a sizable fish, and not very dead either. Must have come up on the last high tide. Wonder if I can snatch it. I gotta take something home. The wife didn't like that menhaden fertilizer I got off a field yesterday, but this ought to be all right. I've had rotten luck lately, fishing, with all those greedy winter gulls coming back, and the fish scarce, at that. Wish that guy hadn't squatted right in front of my fish. I might make a grab—no, he's too close, and he's watching me. Darn him, it cramps my style! Yeah, who do you think you're staring at, smarty? . . . Nearly touched him. If he hadn't turned around suddenly I might have got my fish. I bet it's a good fish doesn't look so very dead.

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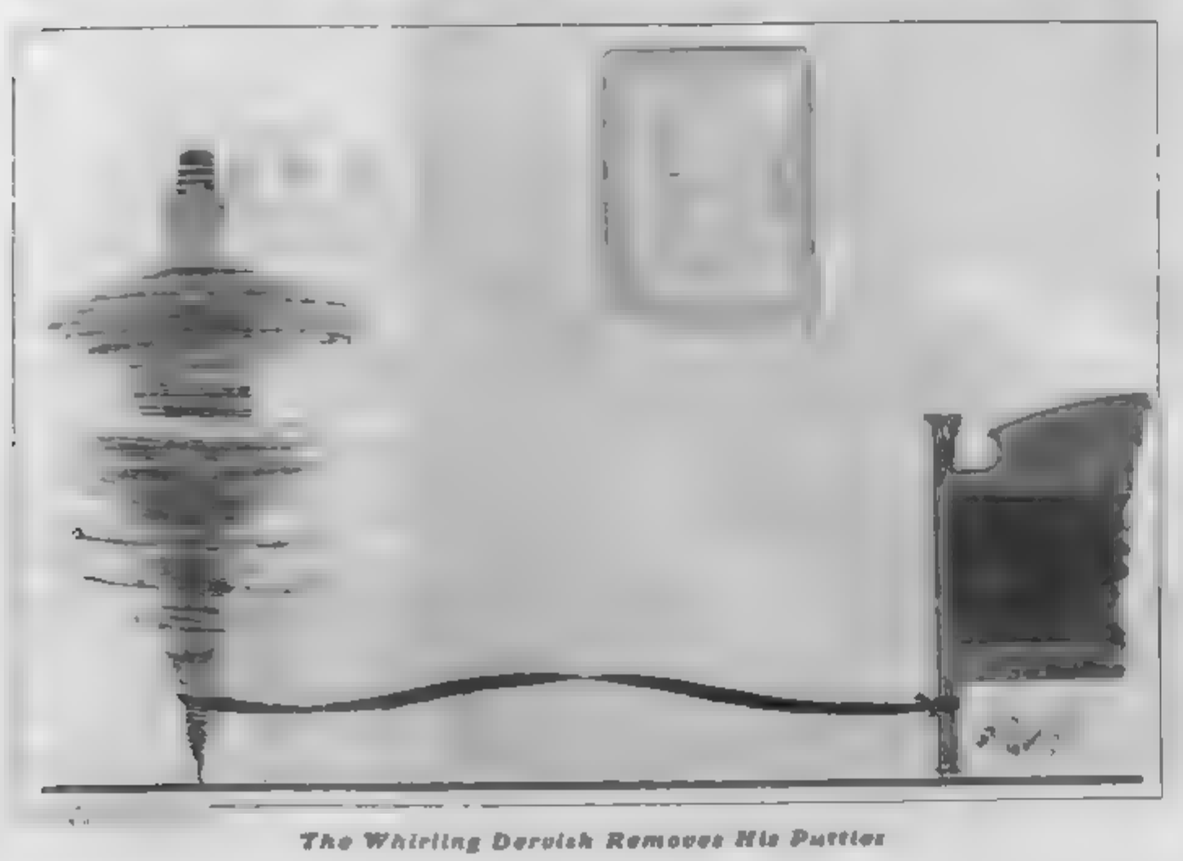
Middle-Aged Crow to Juveniles: "Take My Advice and Steer Clear of Loose Women"

Prize Fighter: "An' They Do That for Nothin'!"



The Whirling Dervish Removes His Puttees

In a Lax Moment Henri Employed a Barber From the Gas-House District

Mock Turtle Soup

Here's "Something different" for your table

I'm riding high, with feelings spry
Aglow with true ambition.
I'm headed straight at lively gait
For Campbell's rich nutrition.

Just because Mock Turtle is a favorite soup in the fashionable hotels and restaurants is no reason why you should not enjoy it right on your own table. Campbell's French chefs blend it for you with all the skill of master soup-makers.

For a welcome note of novelty, serve this unusual and delicious soup. Campbell's use only the tender, tempting meat for which this soup is famous. Toothsome pieces of it are blended in rich beef broth, puree of luscious tomatoes, snow-white celery, herbs and seasoning.

A dash of truly European flavor livens the soup and helps to give it that tempting, distinctive taste so prized by the epicure. You just add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and allow to simmer a few minutes. So convenient! Many like to garnish this soup with a slice of lemon or hard-boiled egg before serving. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

HIC JACET JACK'S

By Frank Ward O'Malley

THROUGHOUT more than thirty years of Manhattan midnights, the chorus girls, perhaps recuperating at a Broadway restaurant table long after the backstage quitting whistles had blown for the night, suddenly would realize that they must have at least a bit of sleep if they were to continue to give the best of their art to their publics and to Flo, Lee and Jake.

"Come, girls!" suddenly they would cry, gazing aghast into diamond-lighted wrist-watch dials. "Come! Let's go home." And so they'd all go to Jack's.

Into a passing taxicab they would wedge their way, a promiscuous jumble of Broadway beauty, interlarded with stalwart escorts—young men all aglow with the full flush of a rich indoor tan and the red eyes and blue lips of youth. Then a noisy block eastward to Jack's all-night restaurant, in Sixth Avenue, and the evening and the morning would be one day.

But, alas, all passes. It seems only the other day that Jack Dunstan announced unexpectedly at the dinner hour that his restaurant would close that night forever. Awhile later I stood with Jack himself in what was once the glory of the Battling Nelson Grill and gazed sadly upon a clutter of dismantled furnishings, the pile topped by an overflowing wastebasket. None other than Pete Hurley himself—once head barkeep, later commander of a division in the Waiters' Flying Wedge at Jack's, but now temporarily turned dismantler—tearfully was lugging the big wastebasket toward the street door. Out of the basket fluttered a shower of casual bank checks, each check rubber-stamped in purple with vicious finality, "No Funds."

I could stand no more. Gloomily I turned to go.

This Way Out

"PETE," I sighed to Mr. Hurley in passing, "I am about to depart, certainly for the last time, from this hallowed bar, wherein I have spent so many happier years—and everything. Help me, Pete, make a little ceremony of my farewell. Come to the door with me, exactly as you so often did in the past, and speed me on my way with your usual "

Instantly the glory that was Jack's was shining again in Pete Hurley's eyes.

"D'yuh mean it?" cried Mr. Hurley. "You really want me to see you out the way I always did?"

Before I could temper my request Pete had thoughtfully removed my new straw hat, beaned me with a bung starter, carefully replaced the hat over the lump, and given me a sock on the jaw with knuckles cautiously protected with a napkin. Then, at the exit, the customary final kick in the slats, the hard bounce on the street-car tracks, the crash through the Hippodrome lobby, the swift slide on one ear down the main aisle of the great playhouse, and, at last and in the old remembered way, the big splash into the Hippodrome tank.

Pete Hurley had lost none of the cunning that had earned him his command of the shock troops of the Waiters' Flying Wedge. Only once before—years ago, over the coffee and cigars at my bachelor dinner—had I left Jack's with more complete éclat. On that greatest night, however, Pete had had the assistance of the combined midnight and daybreak shifts of the Flying Wedge, both shifts being on constant duty from sunset till dawn on that occasion, which is still remembered in the public-school histories in Manhattan as Frank O'Malley Night.

Now, in these my declining years, I shall always be proud to gather my little ones round my knee and boast to them that on a midsummer forenoon of 1925 I played a part that was notable, although wholly passive, in the last typical manifestation of the grandeur that was the Flying Wedge and the glory that was Jack's. For that final splendid effort of Mr. Hurley marked the passing forever of the last and most noted playing field whereon Manhattan gathered nightly to demonstrate the New Yorker's inalienable right to make a complete ass of himself

On the day, more than thirty-four years ago, when the then and forever handsome John Dunstan decided to open a low-neck, open-faced oyster bar and restaurant of his own in Sixth Avenue, the only restaurant of the first class that was all-night blooming was Rourke's. There was still Solari's, down in University Place, with its good foods, better wines and its carefully secluded *cabinets particuliers*, together with a corps of waiters who had the gift of striking themselves deaf, dumb and blind. But the rise of Jack's was one with the fall of Solari's, of Rourke's, of Ashman and his Sinclair House and of Sam Martin's, although some of these held on for a bit longer.

The Entrance to Jack's Restaurant

The fiatic possibilities of a business that was in full bloom at midnight were beginning to appeal to us Irish. Ships already were beginning to arrive from Ireland loaded with the first of the Shanley brothers. Tom Healy, working as a waiter, was then learning the fundamentals of his great art, together with the Kennellys, the Burnses, the Kavanaughs and the rest of the boys from the ould sod, who soon were almost to monopolize the late-hour restaurant industry of Broadway.

"What's the matter?" I remember asking in some alarm of the late Pete Dailey, back in those days, as I ran into that glorious comic away down in Bowling Green at the—for Pete unearthly hour of high noon. "What brings you away down here so early, Pete?"

"Have to see the collector at the Customs House," explained Pete. "I'm bringing in another case of Shanleys."

Young Jack Dunstan, however, had had the jump on his rivals by coming from Ireland to Manhattan long years before even the first dozen or two of the Shanley brothers had begun to arrive. Seventy-one years ago Jack was born—appropriately—in Cork. When he was sixteen years old he came through the New York Narrows on a sailing vessel, arriving at the hour when he was always at his mental best, or halfway between midnight and dawn.

Even during his first work as bell hop, in the old New York Hotel, down in Broadway near Waverly Place, he began to dream his dream of some day demonstrating to a benighted Manhattan the soothing loveliness of scrambled eggs decked with shower bouquets of Irish bacon and beaded with Teutonic brews. Meanwhile he began to work his way uptown, now as bell hop at the old Fifth Avenue, in Madison Square, where on almost his first day he brought cigars to Elihu Root and rye to a Stokes. On one great night he was sent with cigars and things to a card game in a room on the Twenty-fourth Street side of the hotel, the host at the card game being General Grant. Nothing could stop young Jack Dunstan now.

A Befogged Motorman

HE MOVED north with Manhattan In the 80's he was waiter, then head waiter, then manager of Burns', in Sixth Avenue among the Forties. Vanderbilts, Astors and Goulds, Dick Croker and his backstairs cabinet, John L. Sullivan, Jimmie Wakeley and Jake Kilrain, stage troupers who entered humming the latest from Fatinitza, the Queen's Lace Handkerchief and Girofle Girofle—all the town came to know and like this handsome, courtly captain-manager, whose face and figure and bearing were the envy of the then youthful Bill DeWolf Hoppers, Will Risings and Henry Adonis Dixeys of those tuneful times.

During those years at Burns' young Jack Dunstan noted with growing curiosity the obviously great prosperity of the beautiful ladies of the Broadway choruses, who nightly illuminated the Burns tables. How, he asked the chorus girls, had they amassed the riches which now enabled them to incrust themselves with pearl necklaces and diamond lavallières. The explanation, Jack learned, was simple. The girls had saved their salaries. Jack, therefore, early began to do likewise. Consequently, when Jack, in January, 1891, had a bit of a difference with Sam Burns and quit, Jack was in a financial position to trek a stone's throw down Sixth Avenue and open his own shop.

Hopefully Jack unlocked the door of 761 Sixth Avenue and installed therein some real wines, a barrel of oysters, a mess of cigars, a dozen monoliths of Irish bacon and Pete Hurley. The door unlocked, Jack pensively gazed a moment at the big brass door key. Then he flipped the key far out into the street.

It so happened that just at that moment a northbound Sixth Avenue surface car passed the door. The big key landed on the rear platform of the car. Tradition has it that the motorman of the car, becoming confused some time later in the densest fog of the winter, took a wrong switch, up in the Bronx, and innocently continued farther northward on an old set of rails on the Boston Post Road. The fog continued for days. The motorman, now completely lost and with the only key to Jack's still aboard his car, late the following Monday found himself running his car round and round and round the circular streets of Boston, frantically and unsuccessfully trying—like all Manhattanites in Boston—to find a set of rails on a single Boston street that did not eventually double back to its starting point—preferably a street leading out of Boston.

Hence it was that, from the opening of Jack's on that wintry afternoon thirty-four years ago until its closing, the restaurant had no key. Someone, therefore, always had to sit up all night every night in Jack's with the waiters to

(Continued on Page 153)

A

delicate

flavor

all its own

Creamery fresh . . .

SUPPOSE . . . at each meal you served butter *just* out of the churn, cool, sweet, fragrant . . .

What added goodness for the piping hot potatoes . . . the cooked fresh vegetables . . . the breads!

Now your dealer has such butter, fragrant in its new-churned freshness—Brookfield Creamery Butter.

In many immaculate creameries that sparkle with country sunlight this butter is churned from graded, tested cream. In Swift's own special refrigerator cars it is sent, *without delay*, to Swift branch houses in the cities. Direct to dealers in the smaller places.

To dealers everywhere this good butter goes by the quickest, most direct route possible.

Hence, as delicately sweet as when it left the churn, it is ready for your table—butter that is Creamery Fresh.

Swift & Company

In other produce, too, the same famous name and high quality—Brookfield Eggs, Brookfield Cheese, Brookfield Poultry. Ask for them by name.

Brookfield

Butter - - Eggs - - Poultry - - Cheese

© S. & Co.

FORTY

By MAUDE PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

HIS secretary, usually impersonally efficient, repeated the name twice before she handed the telephone instrument to him.

"The Countess Something-or-Other," she whispered with frank curiosity.

Kent uttered into the mouthpiece his usual "Hello!"

Then his heart missed a beat. For the low voice that answered him said, "Is it really you, Tom, after all this time? It is me—Angela dell' Antra."

Twenty years vanished. He saw again the dark-eyed girl with whom he had fallen desperately in love when, just out of college, he had started on a grand tour of the world and instead had stayed in Rome to be near her.

"When—when did you arrive?" he managed to say. He wished his secretary would go out and leave him alone.

"Late last night. I came over with some American friends. We are at the Ritz. You will come to luncheon?"

From force of habit, he glanced at his calendar. "Down-town Club, one o'clock, Mr. Durant," he read. Durant was one of his most valuable clients.

Yet he heard himself saying "Of course. I'd love to."

"Our sitting room is 808. Come up there at one. . . . Oh, there is so much to say!"

"It will be wonderful to see you!" He was so thrilled by the sound of Angela's voice that he ignored the effect his enthusiasm might have upon Miss Thompson.

Then, having finished the telephone conversation, he found her so palpably pretending not to have heard that he made an excuse to send her out of the room.

He called up Durant himself. No need to let even the most discreet of secretaries know that he was canceling an engagement which ordinarily would have seemed of utmost consequence.

Then, moved by sudden impulse, he telephoned the florist:

"Send a box of gardenias—yes, a dozen—to the Countess dell' Antra, Ritz Hotel. . . . No, no card."

It had been years since he had sent flowers to any woman. Ever since they had been able to afford it, Kitty had had a standing order with the florist for fresh supplies three times a week. The last occasion on which he had sent her roses had been when Kittredge was born—almost five years ago.

That reminded him—the boy had coughed violently all night. Kitty had been in and out of the nursery with steaming apparatus and various unsuccessful remedies.

When Miss Thompson returned with the brief he had asked her to bring to him, he told her to get Mrs. Kent on the phone.

"He's still croupy," his wife said, in response to his inquiry. "The doctor's coming to see him. I only hope it isn't whooping cough. Don't forget we're dining with the Hales at quarter-past seven promptly so we can go to the theater."

"All right. Tell Holmes to have my clothes laid out. I've got to meet a man uptown at five, but I'll be there as soon as I can."

One of his junior partners came in to ask his advice about a case that was being prepared for a hearing in Washington and he endeavored to concentrate his attention upon it. But as the clock moved on its way toward noon, he became conscious of a curious feeling in the pit of his stomach.

The same nervous throbbing had occurred when he had tried his first case in court, fifteen years ago. It was a mixture of excitement and apprehension, and yet an element of pleasure was in it too.

The younger man asked the same question three times before he heard it. He was wondering whether he would seem old to Angela. In a few weeks he would be forty—when he had told her good-by he had been only twenty. Twenty! How old it had seemed then and how gloriously young it appeared in retrospect! Yet he could still remember the agony which that parting had caused him.

When he had left her with that scoundrel of a husband he had believed that he would never marry. Well, it had been ten years before he had found, in Kitty, a girl to whom he could give his heart.

She was unlike Angela in every way. Physically, she was taller and more vigorous, with a well-built body which showed to more advantage on the hunting field or tennis court than in the ballroom. Her abundant chestnut-brown hair disclosed red-gold lights in the sun and her complexion never seemed to lose its summer coat of tan. But an even greater contrast between the two lay in their temperaments. Whereas Angela was subtle, exquisitely poised and capable of handling even the most complicated situation with intuitive tact, Kitty had a simplicity of manner which plainly arose from a rare honesty of mind and spirit. Perhaps it was because she had awakened in him such different emotions that he had felt no sense of disloyalty to Angela in marrying her.

"Kitty, I Want You to Meet the Countess Dell'Antra."

At half-past twelve he found himself unable to stay in his chair.

He hailed a taxicab. In the narrow mirror between the windows he gazed searchingly at his reflection. Thank heaven there was no sign of gray in his dark hair. His nose, he felt, had become sharper and straighter with the years, more like that of his great-grandfather, the first Thomas Kent, who had founded the law firm which still bore his name. He wondered if his mouth had always been set in this determined line—if the hazel eyes which looked back at him had changed. At any rate, there was not one excess pound of weight on his tall, broad-shouldered frame. Rackets in the winter and tennis in the summer had taken care of that.

It was five minutes after the hour when he entered the doors of the hotel. He hurried toward the elevators, but a hearty masculine hand was clapped on his shoulder.

"Well, old Tom Kent! How are you?"

Jack Derby, a classmate, from Chicago. He had never liked him anyway, but today he could have slain him.

Two women on their way to the restaurant spoke to him. One of them, Nan Hale, with whom they were dining that night, was Kitty's most intimate friend. Well, it was fortunate they saw him with Jack. Not that he would fail to tell his wife he had lunched with Angela—of course not. Yet on the way upstairs, he remembered the violent, almost hysterical jealousy Kitty had displayed when, after his marriage, he had refused to put away the photograph of Angela which had adorned his bachelor flat. The incident had been memorable because it was so inconsistent with her customary calm.

The door of 808 was opened by a tall young man, handsome in a foreign way.

"I am Fernando dell' Antra," he said, holding out his hand. "I am pleased to see you."

"The last time I saw you you were only a year old." It was strange to see this youth whose eyes were like those great dark eyes of Angela's, and to remember that it was because of him he had been forced to leave her.

A band of black crape encircled the left sleeve of the boy's perfectly fitting morning coat. Apparently noticing Kent's glance at it, he explained: "My father—he died last year."

As he went on, making easy conversation about the trip over and his excited first impressions of New York, his manner reminded Tom forcibly of Angela. How at ease they were, how socially adequate! There was humor in his remarks too. Plainly he was an observant, clever youngster.

The telephone rang and with an apology he answered it. Then he turned to Kent. "Forgive me, but they are waiting for me downstairs. I shall see you again."

They shook hands and Tom was left alone. His back was to the door and he heard no sound until Angela stood before him. He sprang to his feet. "My dear!" Stooping, he kissed first one, then the other of the slender white hands she held out to him.

She stood back, looking up at him. "You are just the same!"

"And you!" In her black gown, without a hat, her dark hair parted in the middle and gathered in a knot on her neck, she seemed indeed almost as he had left her—no, she was handsomer now. Then she had been called pretty. Now there was beauty in her face. Her eyes searched his. She drew a deep breath.

"And almost I did not let you know I was here! I was so afraid—afraid you would have changed—afraid you would find me too old."

"You've never looked so well."

She laughed. "All the morning I have been with hairdressers, with *masseuses*. Oh, Fernando teased me, I can tell you!"

"He is a fine boy. I talked to him before you came out."

"You must advise me about him. That is one reason I came over here. But I am forgetting—we must have luncheon first. The others will be up later. Perhaps you know them—our hostess and her daughter. She is Mrs. Brien-Johnson. For several years she has had a villa at Rome."

(Continued on Page 39)

IT'S FUR coat weather in Alaska much of the year so Alaskan motorists ward off dilution troubles with Mobiloil Arctic.

THE PRESIDENT of Finland can't be kept waiting on an icy Finland morning so his chauffeurs always depend on Mobiloil for quick starting.

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No—if your winter oil is the free-flowing but rich-bodied Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic. (See special chart on this page.)

Of course you want to start your engine in cold weather without prolonged use of the choke. But not at the risk of losing the lubricating protection which is vitally needed in winter.

Too-thin an oil fails to seal your pistons. Unburned gasoline may wash these watery oils off the cylinder walls. Down goes the gasoline into the crankcase. Sometimes you may have a quart of gasoline mixed with your oil supply after only 500 miles of driving. Then moving surfaces may suffer direct metal-to-metal friction and wear.

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When you use Mobiloil Arctic you rely on a specialized *winter* oil with the greatest record of cold-weather lubricating success—not only in the United States, but in Norway, Sweden, Finland, Poland and other cold-winter countries the world over.

For easy starting and real protection against serious gasoline dilution in winter, you can always count on

SPECIAL WINTER CHART

Mobiloil Arctic

should be used in winter (below 32° F) in all cars marked *

PASSENGER CARS	1928	1927	1926	1925
Auburn *all except Models 8-44 & 6-66*	*	*	*	*
Buick	*	*	*	*
Cadillac	*	*	*	*
Chevrolet *All Other Models*	*	*	*	*
Chrysler *Models 62, 72, Imperial 80*	*	*	*	*
Dodge Brothers	*	*	*	*
Durant	*	*	*	*
Essex	*	*	*	*
Ford	*	*	*	*
Franklin	*	*	*	*
Graham-Paige	*	*	*	*
Hudson	*	*	*	*
Hupmobile	*	*	*	*
Jewett	*	*	*	*
Kissel	*	*	*	*
Marmon 8 Cyl.	*	*	*	*
Moon	*	*	*	*
Nash	*	*	*	*
Oakland	*	*	*	*
Oldsmobile	*	*	*	*
Overland	*	*	*	*
Packard	*	*	*	*
Paige	*	*	*	*
Peerless *all except Models 70, 71 & 80*	*	*	*	*
Pontiac	*	*	*	*
Reo	*	*	*	*
Stearns-Knight	*	*	*	*
Studebaker	*	*	*	*
Velie	*	*	*	*
Willys-Knight	*	*	*	*

On all other makes and models of passenger cars (except Ford Model T) Mobiloil Arctic should be used in winter below 0° F.

If your car is not listed above, consult the complete Mobiloil Chart at Mobiloil dealers' for your winter grade of Mobiloil.

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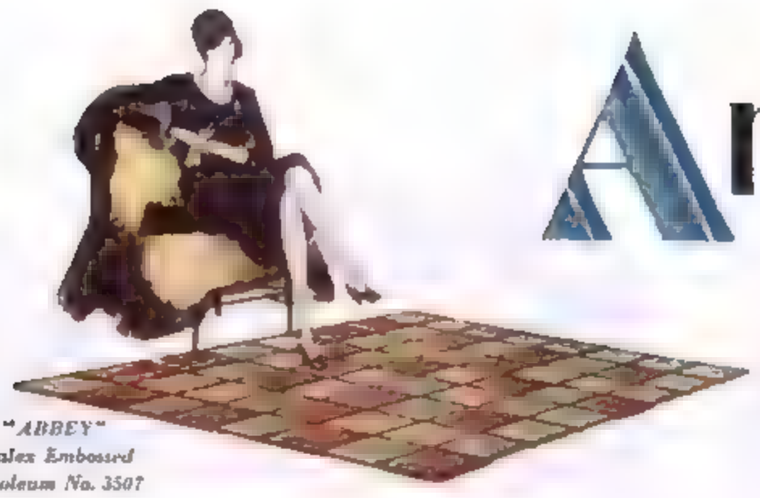

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So ingenious is the new method of manufacture,* invented by Congoleum-Nairn engineers, that the tiles are *actually raised*—capturing completely the quaintness, the charm, and even the "feel" of hand laid floors. And the joint lines are as cleanly outlined and as perfectly matched as though trued up by a skilled and patient artisan.

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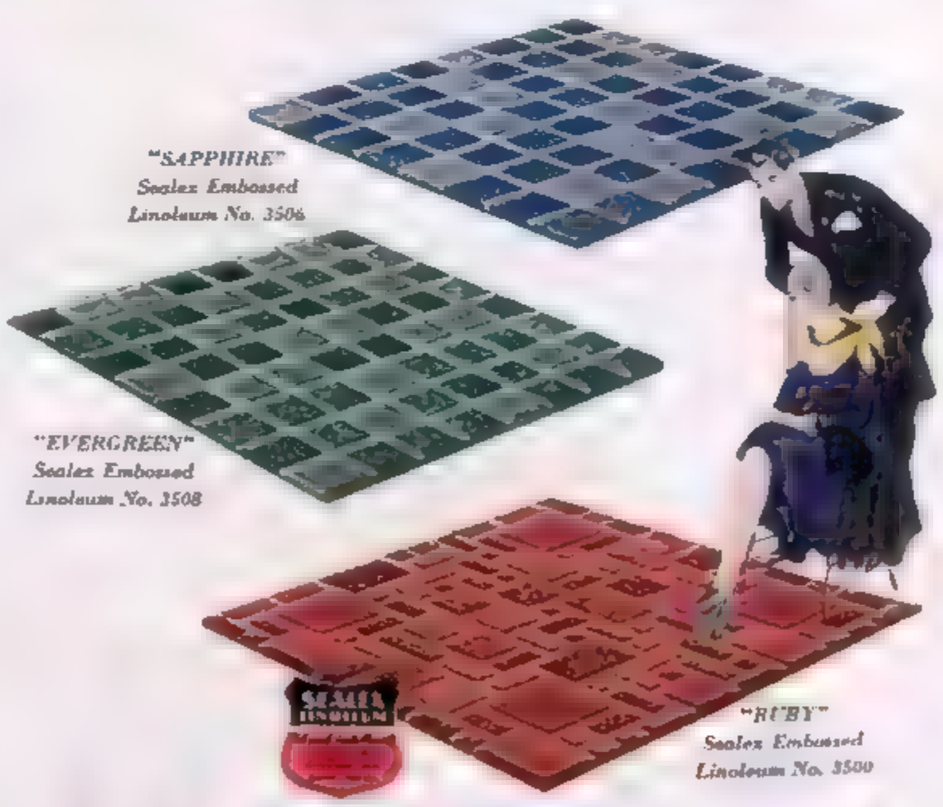

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Continued from Page 38

'I've heard of her." His tone was dry

"But surely you know her. She lives in New York half the year. She is very rich."

He looked across the table and smiled 'New York is a large place," he equivocated. How could he explain that even here there were gradations of association not based entirely upon money? No European ever understood it

"She told me she knew your wife," Angela persisted

"Tell me about yourself." If practice of the law had taught him anything, it was the ability to ignore a topic which he did not desire to discuss

"Ah, there is not much to tell. I am a widow since last year. Our estate—it now is Fernando's is in bad condition. Taxes -the war " She shrugged her shoulders "We may even have to sell the castle, unless "

"Unless what?" She glanced at the waiter who was removing the bouillon cups. But he finished the sentence for himself. "Unless Fernando marries Mrs. Brien-Johnson's daughter." It shocked him. Then he told himself that the codes of the two civilizations differed completely on this subject and it was insular of him to assume that his code must be superior

"He is a very headstrong boy " she went on. "In many ways he is sweet, but he can be tiresome."

When chicken and salad had been placed before them, Angela said, "Now it is your turn. Except for the card which has come every Christmas, I know nothing of you except by rumor. Rumor says you are successful, your wife is very pretty and you have—is it four children '"

"Three—two boys and a girl." He wondered how the boy's cough was must call up the house after luncheon.

"But those are only surface things." She spread her hands apart in a gesture he remembered vividly. "Tell me—you are happy?"

He hesitated. If anyone had asked him that question the day before, he would have replied promptly that he was But with Angela opposite him—with her eyes upon him, her long black lashes sweeping the magnolia creaminess of her cheek, all his values seemed to be topsy-turvy

"Do not answer," she said gently. Her voice was like music. "I understand."

Uncomfortably, he felt disloyal to Kitty. It was rotten of him to let Angela think he was unhappy

I have everything a man could ask for," he said 'My work's going well, we're building a new house on Long Island, and have, for New York, an attractive house here " He forced himself to add: "And Kitty's wonderful. I'm so anxious to have you meet her. I know you'll like each other."

A faintly skeptical smile passed over Angela's beautiful lips. Well, he couldn't blame her. If he'd been so anxious for them to meet, why hadn't he told Kitty when he telephoned her, that Angela was here?

"We must arrange a dinner very soon," he hurried on. "I'll see what our engagements are."

"Our plans are very much in the hands of Mrs. Brien-Johnson. All morning she has been at the telephone."

"But you won't let yourself get too engaged to see me?"

"Oh, no!" Her eyes were wide. "I was speaking of official parties."

They laughed together. By the time coffee arrived they were deep in reminiscences of their mutual friends in Rome. Although both of them avoided direct reference to their own youthful romance, the atmosphere was charged with memories of it. The people of whom they spoke, the places they mentioned, were all dear to them through association The spell of enchantment which no one but Angela had ever cast over him grew strong again. He wanted just to be near her, to watch the many expressions of her lovely face, to hear the sound of her matchless voice

With a shock as definite as if suddenly awakened from a happy dream, he realized that it was almost three. The clock above the door warned him that unless he hurried he would be late for a directors' meeting.

"When may I see you again '"

She looked at an engagement book on the desk. "Tomorrow at five I am free. You will come for tea?"

Instinctively, he started to take out his list of appointments; then, feeling the gesture would be ungallant, he said, "I'd love to."

Just as he was putting on his overcoat, the sound of voices outside the door announced the arrival of the rest of the party

Angela presented him to Mrs. Brien-Johnson and her daughter, both small, smartly dressed in tailored suits, with tight hats revealing little of their faces except blue eyes and brilliant carmined lips.

The older woman protested that he must not leave until she had found when he would be free to dine with them. "I know Mrs. Kent," she said. "We were both on the board of the East Side Hospital. I'd like you to come informally—just *en famille*."

"I'm sure we'd be delighted. Of course Kitty attends to all that part of our life."

'But naturally! I shall telephone her this very minute."

'She's in the country," he lied quickly. "Won't be back until dinnertime."

As he finally made his escape, he was acutely conscious of irritation at that dreadful woman and her daughter.

On his way downtown in the Subway, however, he thought only of Angela. He was filled with happiness. Life again seemed complete.

He was late for the directors' meeting, and when he returned to his office he found a memorandum saying that Mr. Durant wanted to see him at once. This meant having Miss Thompson try to locate the man whom he had promised to meet at five, and telephone the club to cancel the squash-court appointment

When he got home it was five minutes after seven. Less than half an hour to bathe and dress and motor ten blocks to dinner! And no exercise - he felt stuffy and irritable Hurrying up the steps to the bedroom floor, he encountered a trained nurse in the hall

Kitty came out of the nursery. "It's bronchitis," she said. "The doctor thought we'd better have someone in to watch him tonight." She was pale, and she kissed him absent-mindedly, her mind apparently concentrated on the sick child. He felt a yearning of pity toward her.

At half-past seven she returned, her silver-and-gray cloak over a matching frock. "Am I too pale? Shall I try some rouge '"

He was reaching for his silk hat and did not turn around. "You're perfect."

'No, but really, Tom?"

Continued on Page 109

Twenty Years Vanished. He Saw Again the Dark-Eyed Girl With Whom He Had Fallen Desperately in Love

WHEN the most and the best have been said about motor cars, this one compelling fact stands out above all others—that no manufacturer can produce as fine a car as can the Cadillac Motor Car Company without exacting a prohibitive price penalty. + + For back of the surpassing excellence of Cadillac engineering and craftsmanship stand the colossal resources of General Motors, deliberately planned to achieve a purchasing power that permits value-giving in excess of any other existing standard. + + This fact is strikingly exemplified by the new *La Salle*, which offers you—at a price astonishingly within your means—all the exclusive luxury of a Cadillac-built car plus the newest and greatest advances in automotive engineering.

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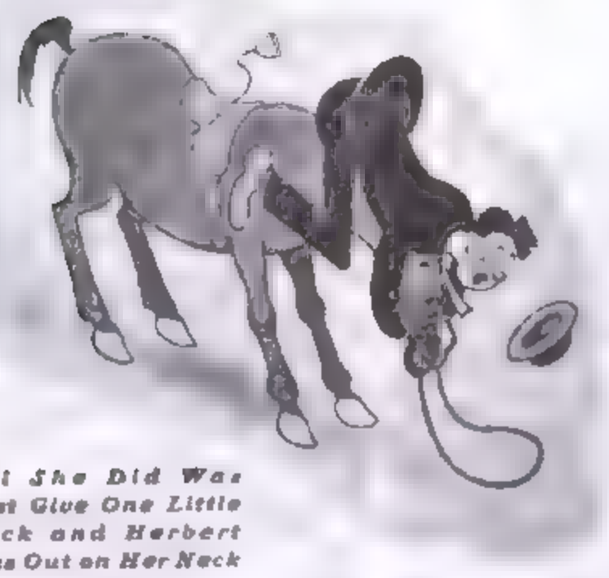
KIDS IN THE COUNTRY

By MARGE

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



All She Did Was Just Give One Little Buck and Herbert Was Out on Her Neck

IT SEEMS that the first thing people do when they decide to learn to ride horseback is to go out and buy themselves a pair of riding breeches. Well, believe me, it is better to learn how to ride first and buy the breeches afterward. There is nothing harder on new breeches than landing in a mud puddle or on a rock every few minutes, and that is what is going to happen if you really want to learn how to ride. The harder you fall, the more you learn about riding, and I don't have any patience with anybody that takes a little spill and then says "I'm through!"

The people who have come out here and ruined the backs of our horses seem to be divided into two classes. First, the kind that drop everything and fall off when the horse goes out of a walk. They are very hard people to take riding, because you know as sure as fate that if anything exciting happens they are going to get paralyzed and hit the ground. One good thing about people like that—they don't generally get very far before they want to go home. One lady came out here all dressed up in a brand-new riding habit and said that she had never been on a horse, but it looked easy. Well, we put her on one and it took two steps, and she screamed "It's moving! It's moving!" And we had to take her off again. Can you imagine that? Then she tried to sell us her habit for five dollars.

The second variety is the masterful kind. They always wear spurs and carry a crop, and think that the idea is to give the horse a good licking just to show him that he can't try any funny business. They are generally people like Herbert.

One Sunday afternoon our Cousin Alice came out here with her boy friend named Herbert and wanted to go riding. We took one look at the boy friend and saw right away just what was going to happen. The first thing he did was tell us what a wonderful rider he was, so then we knew he was terrible. Well, we went out to the barn and put a saddle and bridle on the colt, and I said to Herbert: "Now don't try to get on this colt from the right side, because she will kick you if you do; and don't start out without the rest of us, because she won't leave the barn except in company."

I told him all this, but he didn't pay any attention. I could see right away that the colt didn't like Herbert. Her eyes were kind of snapping. So then he tried to climb up on the right side and she kicked him. He finally got on with me boosting him and started riding away from the barn, while we just waited to see what would happen. Well, the colt walked about three steps and stopped. Herbert yelled "Get up, you fool!" and she looked mad. So then he jabbed her with his heels. All she did was just give one little buck and Herbert was out on her neck, and one more little buck and it was all over. He lit flat on his back in a rosebush.

Gee, it was funny! I ran into the barn and flopped down on a pile of hay and just roared. But Betty and Dot went and picked Herbert out of the bush. He was too shocked to move. What should he do then but start walking around, groaning "Oh, Lord, my hip! Oh, Lord, my back!" And then he went into the house and asked mamma for a drink of whisky. It just made me sick. There was a grown man, taking a spill of about two feet off a little colt and landing in a nice bush, not on the hard ground, mind you, and letting on that he was practically crippled for life!

Dot is the best rider in our family, and she has taken so many spills that it would make you dizzy to think of them. When we first started out to learn how to ride, we had two ponies to practice on. The day we got Prince, Dot was out on him riding around the field, and the first thing I knew I heard sock! and looked around, and there was Dot sitting in the grass. She got on again, and about a minute later I heard another sock! and there she was lying on her back in the middle of the road. She got on again and in another minute I heard sock! again, and she was standing on her head on a concrete horse block. So then mamma made her stop riding for the day. But the next day she was out and at it again, socking around as usual.

Nice Clothes Don't Always Mean You are a Good Rider

It is the only way to learn how to ride, though of course it is very hard on your figure. Betty and I are just medium riders, maybe because we haven't had enough spills to be good ones yet. But really, I was off the horse so many times that I decided to ride sidesaddle, because the horn on a sidesaddle keeps you on lots of times when you otherwise would go off. Big Boy is my horse, and he is the kind that is always shying violently at nothing at all, and I really had been on the ground so much that I was getting hardly any riding done. It is much better since I got the sidesaddle; but last winter I took a spill, sidesaddle and all. Big Boy shied at a tree and lost his balance and fell down. It didn't hurt me a bit, but it laid him up for a week with skinned knees.

"Little Girl, Will You Take Down That Bar?"

Speaking of taking spills, Dot rides in a lot of horse shows; and one time when she was riding in one, mother and I were down at Atlantic City staying at a hotel. After dinner I bought a paper, and the first thing I saw when I opened it up was GIRL RIDER NARROWLY ESCAPES DEATH! And here was a picture of Dot and her horse taking a high dive over a stone wall. It went on to say that the horse had fallen on her and she had been carried out of the ring unconscious. I tried to keep mamma from seeing it, but she did, and pretty near fainted in the lobby. After a while she did some long-distance telephoning and found out that there was nothing the matter but a broken collar bone.

Mamma used to be awfully nervous about us all the time taking spills, but we are getting her sort of educated up to it now. Last week some people came out here visiting, and they were all sitting on the lawn and mamma was telling them how nervous she was about us and the horses, when down the hill came a terrible clatter, and here Betty and Dot were riding in the dump cart and Prince was running away. He came down the hill a mile a minute, with the girls yelling and shouting "Whoa!" and the visitors grew gray around the gills. The girls got Prince turned off the road halfway down the hill, and he ran into the fence and broke it down and hauled the dump cart over a post and Betty and Dot fell out. All this time mother was sitting on the lawn, smiling pleasantly and saying, "Now, don't worry. This sort of thing happens every day."

After we got so that we could ride fairly well, daddy bought us four horses. They are not very good horses, but my gracious, when you consider the number of things that can happen to a real good horse, it is a lucky thing that we don't have one! Ours are homely, but tough. One is twenty-four years old and still going strong. His name is Whip, and the others are Dizzy, Big Boy and Black Jack. Besides these, we have the colt and the ponies.

As soon as we got the horses, of course, we started in to think about going fox hunting. We had used to do a little hunting sometimes on the ponies, but that is not much good on account of them having such short legs that they can't keep up. And also, when you are riding a pony you can't take any fences. Not only that but the grown-up people on horses are all the time saying "Little girl, will you take down that bar?" and you have to get off and do it. We had a lot of trouble hunting on ponies, because as soon as they threw us off, which they did quite often, they went straight home, and sometimes we had a good long walk back. One time Betty fell off way back of the fairgrounds, seven miles away. It took her till six o'clock at night to get back home, and by that time everybody in the countryside was out in cars looking for her. She was all right, except mad.

Now we have got the horses, we go hunting all the time. It is very exciting. Every day we school the horses over a flock of hurdles in the field, so that when winter comes, and we go hunting, we can

Continued on Page 140

We Thought That the Idea Was to Chase the Fox, and Pretty Near Ran Over Him

Both in General Electric Company's home office and in many of its distributors' showrooms the floors are Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid Linoleum. All these floors are permanently cemented in place over builders' deadening felt.

A typical General Electric office and display room, with Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid Floor No. 76. Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum is used by many General Electric Refrigerator distributors throughout the country.

How GENERAL ELECTRIC puts showmanship in selling

Experience of business leaders a good guide in selecting equipment for office, store, or shop

IF you sell from the floor let your floor help you sell! The Electric Refrigeration Department of the General Electric Company has demonstrated the wisdom of this modern selling logic. Today in all parts of the country General Electric Refrigerators are shown in sales-attracting showrooms like the one illustrated above . . . against a sales-making floor of Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum.

"Many of our distributors' showrooms have Armstrong's Linoleum. It seems to have all the qualities necessary for strenuous service. Then again, appearance is a vital factor with us, and the wide range of patterns in Armstrong's Linoleum lends itself so well to our decorative plans."

New finish cuts cleaning

Long wear and *fine appearance.* These seem to be the outstanding reasons why so many leaders in the business world have adopted Armstrong's Linoleum Floors as standard equipment for office, showroom, shop, and store. But there are many other advantages. Quietness is one. Warmth is another. Cleanliness is a third.

And the man who pays the cleaning bills will tell you that cleaning costs are cut when Armstrong Floors are installed. By the new Accolac Process, a dirt-resisting lacquer is made to permeate and seal the surface. It keeps dust and dirt *on* the surface for quick, easy cleaning. It simplifies waxing and polishing. It helps retain the original beauty of the colors. It is an original Armstrong development in the cause of better business floors.

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What others have done in dressing up business homes similar to your own, how floors can be kept cleaner at less expense, and other facts on floors that will help you sell, are yours without charge if you write for "Enduring Floors of Good Taste." Just address your letter or card to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 311 W. Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pa.

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PLAIN · INLAID · EMBOSSED · JASPÉ · ARABESQ · PRINTED · and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

ON THE BOTTOM

(Continued from Page 27)

starboard to port, and then let go. The buoy, floating to the surface, would bring the line up with it, giving us a reeving line around the stern, with one end rising to the surface on each side.

Michels took the life buoy and was hoisted over the Falcon's side. As he disappeared, Hartley paid out rapidly on the manila line. Michels hit the submarine over the engine room, slid down her side, walked aft along the hard gray sand. A stream of bubbles on the surface marked his progress. They stopped. He was at the stern.

"On deck. Look out for the buoy. I'm pushing it under."

We strained our eyes, gazing at a spot near the bubbles where that white life buoy should break surface. However, we might have spared ourselves the trouble.

Another call from Mike: "On deck. That buoy you gave me was no good. It sank the minute I let go of it. Send me another one."

It made us laugh to think of Mike's amazement. The trouble had not occurred to me before, though it should have. The high pressure on the sea bottom had forced water into all the air spaces in the cork, making it so heavy it could no longer float. No use sending down another buoy—it would only get waterlogged and sink also.

Hastily we dressed Kelley, sent him down on the opposite side of the submarine with another line. Reaching under the hull, he took the end of Mike's line, bent the two together, told us to haul away. We did, till the knot came on deck. Then we slipped a new line tied to a shackle down on each side to the divers there; they removed the shackles, bent the lines together, made sure all the lines were clear of each other, and came up.

Flooding Down

We now had two small manila reeving lines under the S-51's stern. To the starboard end of each line we secured a four-inch manila line and hauled up on the port side, till the large lines came up on that side. These new lines were strong enough for heavier work. To the starboard ends of the four-inch manilas we shackled in one-inch wire hawsers, and hauled these wires under the stern and up the port side. We were now ready for the first pontoon.

The surfboat towed alongside a pontoon which the Vestal had already rigged for lowering. It was an immense steel cylinder, fourteen feet in diameter, thirty-two feet long—practically a section of a submarine itself. It was heavily reënforced with steel frames inside, had flood valves, relief valves, air valves and vent valves; pad eyes for towing and for lowering; and two long hawse pipes going down through it vertically to take the lifting chains. The chains—huge battleship anchor cables, ninety feet long, with steel links two and a half inches thick—already hung in the hawse pipes, the upper ends held by large clamps on top of the pontoon, the lower ends triced up alongside the pontoon ready for us to shackle into the guide wires.

Flooding down proved a slow process—it lasted nearly an hour. Meanwhile, mindful that we ought to expect trouble in lowering, we determined the position of the S-51's stern by getting our guide lines up and down in the water; then, as it was intended to plant the first pontoon on the starboard quarter of the submarine, we hauled the Falcon well over to starboard, so that the guide lines went down at an angle. Hartley estimated that the pontoon alongside of us was probably thirty feet to starboard of the submarine.

It was late in the afternoon and getting dark by the time the pontoon was flooded and nearly ready to submerge. A six-inch lowering line, with several turns around a pair of bitts, led to each end of the pontoon, the lines a little slack to avoid sudden jerks as the pontoon fell away in the trough of the sea. There was little buoyancy left. The pontoon failed to rise much as the crests passed; the waves started to break over the top and the seamen who stood there left and came aboard.

A little more water poured in through the open flood valves, a wave broke over the forward end of the pontoon and forced it down a little. The awash pontoon no longer had any stability; the water inside ran to the low end and that end went down hard, taking up all the slack in the hawser there, while the other end of the pontoon rose out of water.

The Pontoon Breaks Loose

For well over an hour we tried everything we knew to try to get the pontoon to submerge evenly; it was no use; the moment we slackened the lines the pontoon started down on a sharp slant and tended to sink end first, not horizontally. That was dangerous, for the lines and chains were likely to get tangled up before it reached the bottom. But darkness had us, and the wind was increasing; we could not hold the pontoon any longer. Reluctantly I opened the vent valves to allow the pontoon to fill a little more and submerge.

The cylinder lost all its buoyancy and started down, forward end first. The men at the bitts paid out on the starboard lowering lines; the men at the winches hauled up on the wire guide lines on the other side as the pontoon sank.

We tried to lower evenly. After only a few feet the men at the bitts called out, "She's getting heavier!"

As the pontoon sank and the pressure increased, more water rushed in through the open flood valves, compressing the air inside.

At thirty feet down the lines started to smoke as they ran out over the bitts.

"We can't hold her!"

"Slack away freely! Let her run!" I shouted. The sailors tried to throw the turns off the bitts. No use. At forty feet the manila lines were going out so fast the men hauling in the wires on the other side of the ship could not take in slack fast enough.

At fifty feet out, Lieutenant Hartley sang out through the darkness, "Forward line has carried away, sir!"

A second later a voice came from the other pair of bitts, "After line has parted!"

The freed pontoon fell eighty-five feet to the bottom. I hoped that we were correct in our estimate that the pontoon was at least thirty feet clear on one side of the submarine's stern before we started to lower it.

On the port side of the Falcon the hauling wires, suddenly released from any strain, came up in loops and snarls.

We agreed that the previous reports had been right when they stated the pontoons were unmanageable.

When, next day, diving started again, Ingram went down first to learn how we had fared. It was a marked relief when he reported no damage to the submarine; in fact, he could not find the pontoon anywhere. It had vanished. He made a short circle on the bottom off the starboard quarter without running into it, but he did stumble across one of the chains leading away from the submarine. He followed it a distance without seeing anything, then we brought him up. Eadie and Wilson followed him down, located the chain and walked along it, finally running into the pontoon standing on one end, looming up from the ocean bottom like a huge water tank. The two chains, twisted and kinked, lay in circles and heaps near by; the hauling wires led away in a mass of snarls toward the submarine, sixty feet distant; the frayed ends of the broken manila lowering lines floated just above the top of the pontoon, undulating gently in the invisible current like cornstalks in a breeze.

Before we could raise the pontoon it was necessary to release the tangled hauling wires. One wire we managed to unshackle; the other was fouled on the submarine, the shackle was sprung, and Eadie could not free it. Several other divers, with crowbars and wrenches, tried to uncouple the shackle pin near the pontoon, but without success. We worked on the job intermittently for two weeks, trying various methods of clearing the wire. I finally determined to try to burn it in half.

The United States Navy and various European navies had for fifteen years been experimenting with torches for burning steel under water. A little success had been attained. It was possible then to light a torch under water and even to keep the flame going a while. We had with us the American Navy torch, such as it was. Two of our divers, Applegate and George Anderson, had practiced with it in the navy yard. Several times on the S-51, Applegate had taken it down and tried to burn steel with it, but he had great difficulty in lighting and he had never succeeded in cutting.

Steel wire is much easier to burn than steel plate, as it takes but little heat to raise to the burning point the small strands which make up the hawser. We had not been able to cut steel; I hoped we might be able to cut this wire. Consequently, we rigged up the torch, brought out the oxygen and gas bottles, hooked up the regulators and pressure gauges, and then dressed George Anderson to go down to burn, with Kelley to give general assistance.

It was early November and getting cold, especially on the bottom. The divers were hoisted over, went down the descending line—Anderson with the torch, Kelley with the lighter. They reached the submarine, slid off the starboard quarter, and after a brief search found the chain leading to the pontoon. They traced this till they reached the point where the wire, buried in the sand, first showed up across the chain. They pulled on the wire, trying to get a little slack so Anderson could work more easily, but the wire was taut and they could not move the heavy links of the chain. In order to get a little space, Kelley dug a small hole in the hard sand, leaving the wire exposed a few inches all around. They were ready.

Cutting Under Water

"On deck. Turn on the igniter."

I turned the switch on the electric-lighting device, while Hartley turned on the gases to the torch and adjusted the pressures.

"Hello, Kelley. The igniter is on."

There were several flashes below as Kelley sent spark after spark across the tip of the torch which Anderson was holding. Finally I heard a bang. The torch had lighted.

Anderson knelt down over the wire. Kelley stood close by to help if he could.

On the Falcon's quarter-deck Hartley watched the pressures on his flasks. The minutes went by, the pressures dropped as the gases were exhausted, we switched over to new flasks. I could hear the banging of the torch down below. It was still lighted. We had not much gas left. Nearly forty minutes had gone by and Anderson had not yet reported the finish, though occasionally a puff of smoke rose with the air bubbles to the surface, showing some results. I telephoned to Kelley to find out what progress was being made.

I could hear Kelley's teeth chattering. Poor Kelley was evidently very cold, standing by in ice water, doing nothing except to watch Anderson, not daring to move for fear of disturbing his partner, and afraid to leave because Anderson might need him.

"Hello, John. How is Anderson making out with the torch?"

Kelley turned off his air. The roar in his helmet ceased. I could hear him plainly.

"Mr. Ellsberg, if I could only take my helmet off and get my teeth in that wire, I could chew it in half faster than that torch is burning it." Kelley turned on his air again. The conversation was obviously finished.

Hartley looked glumly at the gauges. His last bottle of oxygen was going fast. In about one more minute it would be all gone.

A call from the bottom. "On deck. The last strand is cut. We're coming up. Take up the torch and the igniter."

The divers came up, but in spite of decompression, Kelley developed a bad case of bends which kept him under treatment in the iron doctor all night long.

With the wires free, Eadie connected a new pair of hoses to the pontoon below. After considerable juggling with the air to each end of the pontoon, Niedermair, who was handling the blowing manifold on the Falcon, got the pontoon buoyant. The hoses slackened, the pontoon rose. In half a minute it burst through the surface at an angle of about 60 degrees, blew like a whale from the end that rose first; then leveled off and blew air violently from the other end. It seesawed a moment, then floated level and rose about eight feet more out of the water as we blew it completely dry through the hoses.

The Conning Tower Sealed

The surfboat ran alongside, bent a line to the broken end of the lowering line trailing astern the pontoon, and took the line to the Sagamore. A seaman clambered up the slimy side of the pontoon, closed the flood valves, disconnected the hoses. The Sagamore towed the pontoon away to Newport.

It was evident that if we were to raise the submarine a new method of handling pontoons would have to be developed. The bottom of the ocean was too far away here to let us play with shallow-water practices.

We were through inside the control room, but to seal it up we had to close the conning tower and gun-access trunk hatches. The ship had sunk with the conning-tower hatch open; we had opened the one over the gun-access trunk ourselves. Still we could not have relied on these hatch covers even if they were both closed, for they opened outward, intended to be sealed tight by the pressure of the sea weighing on them; whereas we intended to build up an air pressure inside the boat greater than the water pressure outside in order to expel the water. Under such an inside pressure the regular hatches on the boat would spring off their seats and let all the air leak out.

To meet this contingency, I had some special hatch covers made at the navy yard before we left, to take the place of the regular covers. The one going over the conning tower was a plain blank plate, weighing about 300 pounds, which we lowered from our boom. Frazer and Smith managed to bolt it down tight in one dive.

To close the gun-access hatch was the next job. To handle the weight over this trunk, we made an oak beam to project forward from the bridge. Anderson, with Kelley's assistance, rigged the beam, shipped a chain fall, secured a guide line near by, and we were ready.

It was obviously a hard job, for the hatch cover was large, was weighted down by valves and spill pipe, as well as being very cumbersome. It weighed about 500 pounds. Frazer and Smith, after some rehearsals on the S-50, went down on the submarine. As before, we swung the cover assembly over on a line from the end of our boom, shackled to a guide line tied to the gun-access trunk below. The heavy spill pipe dangled fourteen feet down from the cover; it was going to be a tough job to get the spill pipe through the hatch.

We lowered away. The Falcon was rolling as usual to the ocean swell that never ceased. We plumbed the hatch as nearly

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

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UNIVERSAL has made its first 100% talking picture. I am pretty sure that when you hear and see it you will agree with me that it is the most unusual talking picture yet made. The story is a romance entitled "Melody of Love" by Robert Arch. Sound technicians, up to now, have found it difficult to record exteriors with their accompanying noises. Many said it couldn't be done. But Universal's slogan is "It can be done," so we went ahead and did it. The incidental sounds in this picture are extremely distinct—the crackling of paper, the cackling of geese, the clinking of glasses, the roar of city traffic, etc. I am determined to give the people of this country the benefit of every new departure in entertainment—and to give it to 100 per cent extent. You will judge the result for yourselves and perhaps you will write me your views.

—C. L.

Bear this in mind. Not one of Universal's pictures will depend upon the novelty of synchronization for its public appeals. Strip any Universal picture of its synchronized sound effects, and you will still have entertainment which will stand the acid-test of public opinion.

Sally O'Neil in "The Girl on the Barge"

Some of our pictures do not honestly lend themselves to sound effects, and such pictures will go to the world in silence.

Can you imagine *"The Last Warning,"* that ghostly mystery play, produced in movietone? Can you imagine all the queer noises of a haunted theatre being reproduced so accurately that you can easily believe you are there in the house? In *"The Last Warning,"* starring LAURA LAPLANTE, Director Paul Leni has created a more fascinating mystery picture than *"The Cat and The Canary."* You will be interested and thrilled, just as I was.

Alma Rubens as "Julie" in "Show Boat"

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Joseph Schildkraut as "Ravenal" in "Show Boat"

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as we could with the end of our boom, hauled up all the slack possible on the guide line, lowered slowly. The spill pipe came into the divers' view—we were twenty feet too far to starboard and a little forward. We swung in our boom, shifted the Falcon; we came much closer to the hatch. But with the S-51 leaning far over to port and thus having no horizontal surfaces to land anything on deck, trouble started. Several times, at Frazer's direction, we slacked off and tried to land the cover on the trunk, but each time it promptly slipped off to port. We had no more luck trying to land it on the sloping deck. In desperation, Frazer and Smith finally worked the hatch over to the starboard side outboard of the trunk. Here it heaved up and down with the roll of the Falcon.

His Last Dive

"Let go!" yelled Frazer. We slacked off. The hatch cover landed in a heap on the high side of the ship.

Laboriously the divers dragged the heavy cover along the side, Frazer heaving his utmost to push the ponderous mass along the edge of the deck while Smith hauled on the spill pipe. They dragged it close enough to hook it with the chain fall and hoisted it over the opening. Smith fed the spill pipe through the upper and lower hatches of the gun-access trunk, and made sure the check valve on the lower end fell free through to the control-room floor.

Together they entered the strongback, toggled it, centered it in the opening, hoisted on the chain fall to jam it tight. They encountered trouble here, for the spill pipe partly blocked the opening and interfered with their movements. Smith tried to pull out the lamp he had lowered through the trunk to watch the progress of the spill pipe into the control room. It would not come back through the hatch, now the spill pipe was hanging there. Smith asked us to turn off the electricity, then cut the lamp cord. They cast loose the cover lashing and lowered the cover plate. It did not quite go home; they had to readjust the strongback to make it center properly. The second time the hatch cover slipped into place; Frazer screwed down the nut and together they tightened it with a large wrench.

An hour and a half had gone by. Both men had asked to be left alone to finish the job when their hour had expired. Now they came up, with extra decompression to compensate for their overlong submersion. One of our hardest tasks was done, a harder one it proved than we had anticipated. But in doing it, we lost one of our best men—Frazer never dived again. The strain in dragging that 500-pound hatch cover while under the exhilaration of breathing highly compressed air had dilated his heart. Further work of any kind by Frazer under water was out of the question.

November was getting along toward its middle. The water was getting too cold to dive without gloves. The men were coming up with their hands numb and useless. Gloves we knew to be an encumbrance, but there was no escape. Without them, in five minutes a hand projecting from the tight rubber cuff of the diving suit—which in itself partly choked off circulation—became so stiff from cold that the owner was incapable of moving his fingers.

We cemented rubber mittens, canvas-covered, onto the sleeves of the diving suits. These mittens were two-fingered affairs—that is, the pockets took two fingers apiece, though the thumb was separate. It was necessary to wear a woolen glove inside the rubber one for warmth, the rubber and canvas mitten being only for watertightness. By the time all these gloves were on it was nearly impossible to close the fingers or to handle tools, but without the gloves it was wholly impossible, so we accepted the lesser of two evils.

Divers were getting fewer. Some were lost for good, others were worn out or ill and temporarily unable to work. Even when the day was good enough to work, after a few hours we were forced to quit for lack of men.

We had, after our first trial with men who had no deep-water experience back of them, restricted the work to the eleven men we knew about—Eadie, Smith, Frazer, Eiben, Wilson, Bailey, Michels, Anderson, Carr, Ingram and Kelley. Under pressure of circumstances, we decided to try again some of the shallow-water divers and asked for volunteers.

We chose Eiben for a job inside the engine room, and picked L'Heureux, the most promising of the shallow-water men, to go down with him, stand on the deck, and tend Eiben's lines through the engine-room hatch while Eiben worked inside. We dressed them both and they went over shortly after noon, Eiben first. He slipped down the forward descending line, landed alongside the gun, went aft into the engine room. L'Heureux's helmet was screwed on. The tenders helped him to the stage, we swung him over the side, dropped a submarine lamp into his hand. L'Heureux disappeared. Shortly he reported:

"On the bottom."

We turned attention to Eadie, who was being dressed to go down forward. About ten minutes later, Eadie was hoisted out, descended.

On the Falcon's rail, three sets of tenders fished their divers' lines. Crouched in the superstructure getting what shelter they could from the cold wind, three telephone talkers listened intently on the ship ends of the phones going to the divers below. I stood, as usual, near the telephones, Hartley near the tenders.

The silence was soon broken by Eiben's telephone man:

"Joe wants to know when L'Heureux is coming down with the light. He's waiting in the engine room and can't do a thing till he gets a light."

"Queer," I thought; "L'Heureux's been down there nearly fifteen minutes."

I called to L'Heureux's talker:

"Tell L'Heureux to go aft! Joe's waiting for the light!"

Seaman Schissel had L'Heureux's phone. He transmitted the message several times. Finally he called me: "I can't get L'Heureux to acknowledge."

I took the telephone, listened a minute. I could hear air rushing through his helmet. I turned to the tender.

A Diver Lost

"How much line has L'Heureux out?"

"About 250 feet. He's taken nearly 100 since he landed. Still taking a little."

L'Heureux had taken enough line to get back to the engine room—more than enough, probably.

I called him: "Hello, L'Heureux!" No answer. I turned to his tender: "Give L'Heureux 'One' on his life line!"

The tender gave the line one jerk—the signal meaning "Are you all right?" No answering jerk came back. Something was wrong. I tried again on the telephone.

"Hello, L'Heureux!"

A loud explosive "Ha!" seemed to be the answer.

"What's the matter?" Again I seemed to hear that "Ha!" I tried several times to get a reply, but each time my questions got only a loud "Ha" in response.

I took Eadie's telephone.

"Hello, Tom." He acknowledged at once. "Did you see L'Heureux when you went down?"

I could hear Eadie turn off his air. "He was standing at the descending line by the gun when I came down, holding up the light like the Statue of Liberty." Eadie paused, turned on his air a moment to breathe, then shut it off again. "I clapped him on the back, asked him if he was all right. I thought he said 'Yes,' so I left him there and went forward on my own job." Eadie turned his air on again.

I waited a moment for him to catch his breath.

"Go aft and see if he's still there, Tom."

A few minutes went by. I asked Eiben if L'Heureux had shown up yet. No, he had not; Eiben was still waiting in the darkness. I ordered him up out of the engine room, told him to go forward and find L'Heureux.

Eadie called: "On deck. He's not by the gun. Joe just got here. He says L'Heureux isn't aft."

What had become of him? We had a life line to him, but it was not safe to haul on that unless we knew he was clear. If he were fouled in anything, heaving on his line would make matters worse, might even cut his air hose.

Another call from Eadie: "On deck. I think I see a light out on the bottom. Looks about 100 feet off the sub's starboard beam and it's going farther away all the time."

I told Eadie to slide down the submarine's side and chase the light. Evidently L'Heureux had fallen off the submarine and wandered off, trying to find it again.

The Bends

Eadie started off across the sand, guided by the glimmer dimly visible through the water. Soon he caught up with L'Heureux, walking aimlessly along the ocean bottom, a number of fish swimming curiously about his light. Eadie turned him round, took his hand, led him back to the submarine. Eiben helped him pull L'Heureux back on deck.

It was useless to expect work from any of the trio on that dive. We lowered the stage to ninety feet, told them to stand by, hauled them all up to the stage and started decompression.

Eiben and L'Heureux had been down fifty minutes, Eadie less time, but knowing that it was L'Heureux's first dive, we gave them all extra-long decompression. Over two hours more went by before we hoisted in the stage and landed the three dripping figures on the deck in the darkness.

The bears rushed in. Lead shoes and belts went sailing in all directions; a few strong heaves and off came the helmets. I looked at L'Heureux curiously. Except for the fact that he appeared overvivacious, he seemed all right. I asked him how he felt.

"Fine, Mr. Ellsberg!" He was positively bubbling over with mirth. Oxygen intoxication, I thought. I did not care to upset him by questioning about his mishap. Surgeon Flotte, specialist in the physiology of diving and our medical officer, strolled by, looked him over. The bears finished the undressing job; in their underwear the three divers went below, changed clothes hurriedly, sat down late at the supper table.

Five minutes later, without a word, L'Heureux slumped forward, unconscious. His knees doubled up, his face became distorted. The men near him dragged him from the table, rushed his tense form up the ladder and out the narrow passage along the deck to the recompression tank. They tossed him through the outer lock; Doctor Flotte scrambled in after, the heavy steel door was swung to. Doctor Flotte sprang for the air valve, opened it wide. Compressed air whistled through, the needle on the gauge mounted rapidly. Thirty pounds—forty—fifty. Flotte's ears began to ring. Sixty pounds. Blood started to flow from his mouth, but still the air roared through. He must get the pressure up on L'Heureux—never mind himself. Seventy pounds. Still the valve stayed wide open, the needle kept on upward. Eighty pounds. Enough! Doctor Flotte shut off the air, turned to bend over L'Heureux. He tore off his shirt. L'Heureux's chest was covered with purple splotches, caused by the bursting of innumerable blood vessels. A bad case of bends.

The surgeon straightened out his legs, worked over him with hot towels. The high pressure compressed the bubbles again, partly restored his circulation. He

(Continued on Page 46)

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This presentation will cause surprise, because it is totally different from any ever made by any other automobile manufacturer.

We will not give specifications, nor attempt a description. Suffice it to say Mr. Cord's aim is for America unquestionably to lead Europe in producing the world's finest automobile. Of course, exclusive body styles.

We will not announce prices. In this connection, however, Duesenberg will not charge for snobbery. The Duesenberg price will be based entirely upon innate value. Of course, this new Duesenberg is a different kind of automobile both in its design and construction. It is built to win, through sheer merit, world wide recognition for absolute superiority in every way over every other automobile on earth.

Such a motor car cannot be measured by ordinary standards.

The introduction of this new Duesenberg is the fulfillment of another step in Mr. Cord's long-planned program to give the world the benefits of what leading engineers can do when not handicapped by time, expense nor in any way.

Fred S. Duesenberg needs no introduction. His name is a synonym for authority. He built America's first Straight Eight, the first small cubic inch piston displacement race car, America's first hydraulic brakes, and the only American car to win the Grand Prix. In the crucible of racing, in which Duesenberg cars have been dominant winners, have been born innumerable fundamentals that have advanced the entire automotive industry.

For years he has created high priced custom cars upon special orders.

But, basic manufacturing changes were necessary before his genius could be made available to the public in the present Duesenberg automobile.

This too is a tremendous step forward.

Now, the fruition of these years of concentration represent an achievement in which every American may justly take pride.

DUESENBERG, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

An Open Letter to ALL DRUGGISTS

Gentlemen:

TOO often the results from poor Shaving Cream are blamed upon the razor.

It is for this reason that we, as razor manufacturers, decided to make it possible for users of the Valet AutoStrop Razor to obtain a Shaving Cream that we know is superlatively good and a fit companion for our razor.

We did not go into the Shaving Cream business for the profits that may be derived from it, but solely with the idea of giving users of our razor the most complete shaving comfort attainable.

Valet AutoStrop SHAVING CREAM is a product developed in *our own* laboratories and produced in our own factories. It is pure, pearly-white, fresh, and lathers copiously, holding its moisture while you shave.

Valet AutoStrop SHAVING CREAM not only softens the beard, but the cocoanut oil in it keeps the skin soft and velvety—acting as an emollient.

Valet AutoStrop SHAVING CREAM is given prominent space in all of our advertisements. It is as profitable an item to you as any other shaving cream in your stock, and since you have our assurance that it is a superior product to be used in conjunction with our razor, we would appreciate your bringing it to the attention of your customers—particularly the ones who are users of the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

If you have not already stocked our new Shaving Cream, a supply may be obtained from your wholesaler, or direct from us.

AutoStrop

SAFETY RAZOR CO., INC.

656 First Avenue, New York, N. Y.

To the Public: ✓

If your dealer cannot supply the new Valet AutoStrop Shaving Cream, a full-size tube will be mailed upon receipt of 35c.

(Continued from Page 44)

began to breathe more regularly. Gradually the doctor released part of the pressure, decompressing him again. But in spite of the fact that Surgeon Flotte worked over him all night, he failed to regain consciousness.

At 3 A.M. the doctor came out of the chamber, wan and weak. He said, "If we're going to save L'Heureux's life, we've got to get him to a hospital."

Lieutenant Hartley let go his moorings; soon the Falcon was making full speed toward Newport. At 7 A.M. she ran alongside the dock there, where an ambulance was waiting. L'Heureux went over the side in a stretcher.

That was in November. L'Heureux had been a man of average physique, weighing perhaps 160 pounds. Partial paralysis set in as a result of the bends. He wasted away to about seventy pounds and hovered between life and death for months. At last he won the fight. Late the next July, after eight months of struggle in the hospital, L'Heureux came out. He never dived again. I decided it was unwise to try to train inexperienced divers out on the wreck. We would have to get along with the few men left.

Fighting the Cold

We turned attention to the motor room aft. Wilson and Eiben squeezed in, closed the valves there, came out, closed and dogged down the door. Kelley secured a blowing line to the outside of the motor room; Eadie opened a drain near the bottom of the room to allow the water to escape as the air blew in. We started blowing. Soon air bubbled to the surface. A leak somewhere. The S-51 survivors told me one of the valves in the motor room was defective; it leaked even when closed.

Wilson and Eiben went down again, once more entered the engine room, undid the work they had done in dogging down the motor-room door. Working overhead with Stillson wrenches, they uncoupled the bad valve. It was a slow job. They had to come out before they could put a plug in the line. They tried again next day. Wilson's exhaust valve worked badly and he could hardly keep himself from floating into the upper part of the motor room. With Eiben's help he managed to escape and both men came out. Two other divers tried to enter the motor room; they were unable to squeeze through the door.

Wilson and Eiben went down again, entered, managed to get the line plugged. Back through the door, which they closed and dogged tight for a second time, they started out, Eiben first. I had Wilson's telephone. They came to the engineer officer, his stockinged legs hanging down into the passage. They had to push them aside to pass on.

Once more we started blowing on the motor room. The water went lower this time; we were making good progress when the ventilation clapper valve, unable to resist the growing pressure inside, sprang a little off its seat and released the air like a safety valve popping off. We had to abandon blowing. There were no means at hand for holding that valve tight, and indeed few divers left to employ them, had there been.

The weather grew worse, storms were frequent. We dared not dive in heavy weather; if a mooring hawser let go and the Falcon dragged, we could never save a diver who was down. By running additional hawsers to the Iuka and Sagamore, anchored to windward, we managed to hang on and keep diving in weather far worse than continued diving had ever been carried on before or since, but even so, when the wind got above thirty miles an hour, nothing would hold. But even before the wind grew that strong, the wave motion passing over the divers' heads as they decompressed, violently stretched their eardrums and made them desperately ill.

We struggled along, fighting the difficulties inside the submarine; fighting against lack of divers and sickness; fighting the sea, which in our minds began to take on a definite personality with an apparent determination to cling to the vessel it had swallowed. The season advanced, the weather grew worse. We had averaged about one day's work in three since arriving; the twenty-first of November came in a storm which blew steadily, and from then on, day after day, each morning broke on a wild gray sea. As the wind shifted we sought protection sometimes to the eastward of Block Island, sometimes to the westward of it, and finally were driven inside the stone breakwater forming the Harbor of Refuge at Point Judith, fifteen miles to the northward. Here we lay, as the days dragged on, unable to work, crowded and uncomfortable.

Finally came a smoother day, November thirtieth, bitterly cold, but still calm enough. Ten days had gone by since last we dived. Our little squadron steamed out to the wreck, the Falcon sheered in among the buoys, the surfboat shuttled back and forth with the hawsers.

We moored, picked up the buoys to the descending lines. We had only four divers left.

Heavily muffled in woolen clothes and incased in wind-proof suits, the tenders and dressers worked in the biting cold to dress the first two men—Eadie and Michels.

They were dressed, hoisted overboard, went down. We knew diving could continue but a few days more at the best. Eadie's job was to enter the engine room, make a last attempt to remove the body of the officer jammed over the port engine. Michels was to tend Eadie.

"On the bottom."

Eadie slipped through the hatch, Michels stood by it outside.

A minute went by. Michels called, "On deck. There's something the matter with my air. I'm coming up."

We heaved on Mike's line. He needed no decompression for so brief a dive. We hauled him in, removed his helmet, tried the air valve. It seemed all right, though Michels said he had received air only in gusts.

Meanwhile I had a report from Eadie:

"I've got him by the legs, Mr. Eilsberg, but I can't pull him free. If I tie a line on him you could pull on him with the winch up there, but I think you'd pull him in half. He's stuck tight."

"Never mind, Tom!" I yelled back. "Let him stay. Come on up!"

Ice in the Air Hose

Eadie came out. He had been down only ten minutes; in twenty minutes more he was up, reported a little more fully.

"The water is awful cold down there, commander. It makes it hard to see, because the face plates on the helmet all fog up from your breath."

I decided to secure the boat for the winter. Bailey, our smallest diver, was dressed, dropped over the side, went down to close the hatches on the submarine's deck, to seal up the boat as much as possible.

Bailey landed near the gun, started forward over the slippery deck to the open torpedo-room hatch. Slowly the tender hanging over the Falcon's rail paid out his air line as the trail of bubbles marking Bailey's progress streamed ahead, rose in great clusters through the waves, burst in a fine spray at the surface of the sea.

The clusters of bubbles seemed to grow smaller, then ceased altogether. The lines stopped running out. The tender fished them carefully to make sure there was no extra slack.

Suddenly the line pulled through his hands again, four quick jerks—the emergency signal!

The tender hastily started to gather in all the slack, when the four jerks came again, feebler this time.

A cry from the tender: "Emergency signal from Bailey! Take him up!"

Eight bluejackets seized Bailey's line. With frozen fingers as the cold water dripped from the wet lines, they heaved in, hand over hand, at top speed. Bailey had been down only a few minutes, there was no need for decompression; no need for anything but haste. The stage was swung over the side, two men on it, lowered till they stood waist deep in icy water. The tenders hauled, Bailey appeared at the surface, limp, his suit clinging to his body. The men in the water dragged his weighted form onto the stage, the winchman threw his clutch, jerked the stage and its occupants in on deck. The dressers ripped off Bailey's helmet; his usually light face was blue and distorted, he was nearly unconscious. He murmured weakly.

"No air—no air."

Bailey was carried into the iron doctor, given a little pressure, wrapped in hot blankets.

We tried his air hose. Nothing blew through. We increased the pressure. A block of ice blew through, then others, cylindrically shaped to suit the inside of his hose. The cold air going down to Bailey had been further chilled in its passage through the long lead of air hose submerged in ice-cold water, the moisture in the air had condensed out, frozen solid, plugged his air hose.

For a Renewed Attack

For the moment the sea had won. We dared not risk further diving. With but a few men left and the winter storms upon us, our chance to work was gone. Sadly we pulled up our mooring buoys and anchors, planted a buoy heavily anchored against the bow of the submarine as a marker and dragged the whistling buoy a little closer to the stern to serve as an additional mark.

Then the expedition disbanded. The Vestal, the Falcon, and the S-50 went south to join the fleet. The other vessels returned to New York.

It was obvious more divers were needed. I selected thirty of the most likely candidates from the shallow-water divers and the bears: Surgeon Flotte gave them—and me—a pressure test. The thirteen that survived, including myself, I formed into a diving class at the navy yard in Brooklyn, with Chief Torpedoman Kelley as instructor and Frazer and Carr as assistants. In a tank sixteen feet deep we practiced all winter long, till we were proficient in a diving suit, and able to use tools of all kinds successfully under water.

Meanwhile I realized that if only we had an efficient means of cutting steel under water our chances of success would be radically improved. After I learned to dive, I worked out a new design and technic on an under-water torch, which shortly resulted in giving us a practical instrument. Kelley and I soon became proficient in its use; before spring came we were slicing through steel plates an inch thick at a speed of more than a foot a minute.

When April came the salvage squadron mobilized once more in New York. I got back nine of my original divers; I had managed to pick up two other experienced men in addition; and the thirteen men—myself included—trained during the winter, brought the total up to twenty-four—twice as many divers as we had ever had before.

On April 23, 1926, the Falcon, carrying the divers, sailed for the wreck. We had better equipment than before, more divers; but we also knew better our enemy the sea, and it was a grim group that sailed out of New York harbor on the second expedition. We stopped at Narragansett Bay to inspect our pontoons and the derrick United States; then on April twenty-sixth we steamed out to the wreck.

The sea had a new surprise for us. Weekly during the winter a tug from Newport had gone out, inspected our marker buoys,

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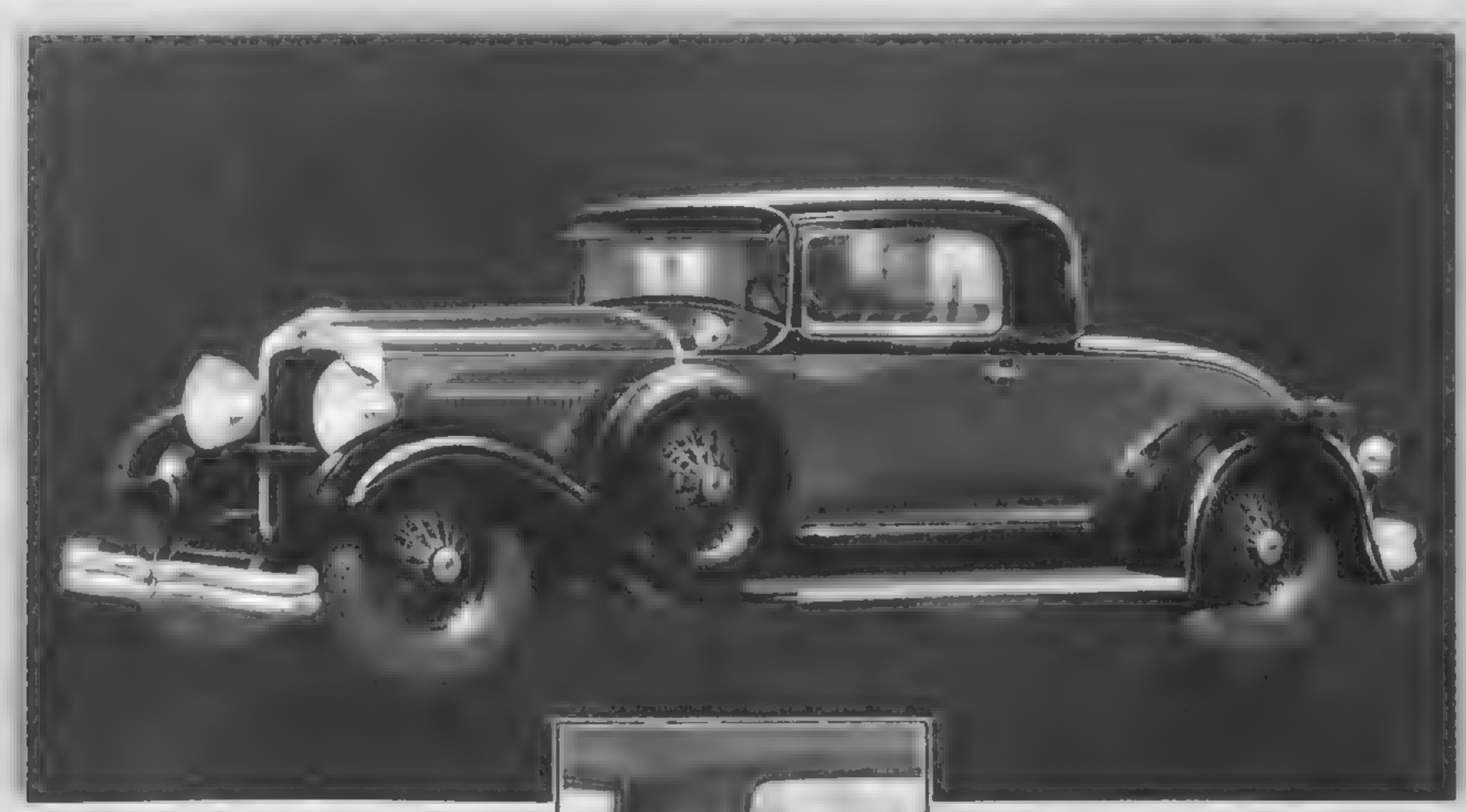
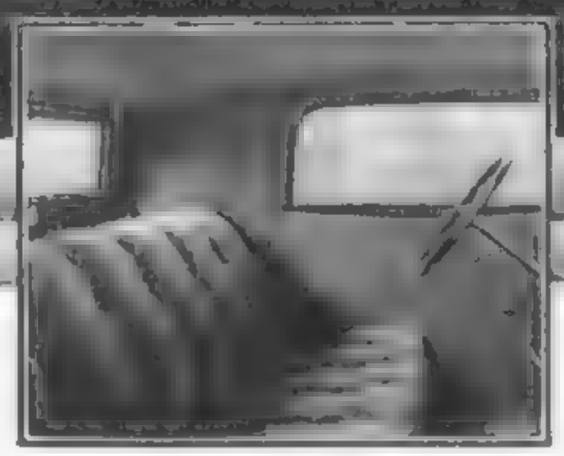
THE WORLD HAS A NEW AND FINER MOTOR CAR





The Car with the Twin Ignition Motor

Exterior and Interior, Advanced Six "400" Coupe

HAVE YOU NOTICED that among all the talk, "pro" and "con", concerning the new cars of the year, *every word you hear about the new Nash "400" is a good word?*

That means something, in a country where almost everyone is a capable judge of what is good in motor cars.

And "400" sales are even more significant. In July, *2916 more* Nash cars were purchased than in the best previous July in Nash history. In August, *1198 more* than in the best previous August. And in September, *6176 more* than the best previous September. *America certainly has discovered that the World has a new and finer motor car!*

People everywhere admire the smart, slender, low-swung grace of the new Salon Body style.

They are extremely enthusiastic over the performance of the new Twin-Ignition motor—more power, more snap, more speed, with greater smoothness and less gasoline.

They are delighted with "400" ease-of-steering. And simply amazed at the many other *costly car* features found in the *moderate priced* "400"—Houdaille or Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, Bijur Centralized Chassis Lubrication, chrome-plated exterior metalware, and the like.

Before you buy your new car, drive the new Nash "400." *That's all we ask!*

9 Sedans from $885 to $1990 f. o. b. factory

8 Coupes, Cabriolets, Victorias from $885 to $1775 f. o. b. factory

NASH "400"

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SEALYHAM TERRIER

Sturdy little fellow. Not yet common in America, but growing in popularity. This breed originated in Pembrokeshire, England, and is named after the seat of the Edwardes family in that district.

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(Continued from Page 46)

found them safe and in position. The last inspection had come only four days before.

Now, however, as we approached the buoys, we found them five miles apart. The blank gray sea rolled in between. From the top of the Vestal's mast we could just make out a few lighthouses on the horizon. From bearings on these we established as closely as possible the true position of the wreck, then started to sweep the bottom of the sea with drags. All day Boatswain Hawes and the surfboat swept back and forth. We caught nothing. Our hopes went down. Had the submarine sunk completely from sight during the winter?

Next day sweeping started again, with the Iuka and Sagamore assisting. No results. We put Kelley overboard to take a walk on the ocean floor. He explored an hour, saw no part of the submarine. Gloom reigned on the Falcon's deck.

Back on the Job

Hawes and the surfboat kept on sweeping. Late in the afternoon they made a hard strike with their grappling hook. The Falcon steamed over, anchored, took the grappling line. Joe Eiben was dressed, hoisted over, slid down the line.

"On the submarine," he reported. With a cheer I threw my cap in the air, caught it, jammed it on again. The anxiety of the two days of searching vanished. At least we had found our submarine.

Eiben made a hasty inspection, then cut loose the grappling hook, tied the line to the gun and came up. The submarine was lying exactly as we had left her on the last November day when Bailey froze his air lines. She was still heeled badly to port, was partly buried in the clay, was considerably more slippery to stand on.

Looking around, we saw the old familiar scene—the sea restlessly tumbling by, our little fleet heaving at their anchors, a few gulls circling round, the whistling buoy sending out its doleful note as it rose to each passing wave, a glimpse of low-lying land on the distant westward horizon; far below us, the S-51 lying quietly in the calm peace of the ocean floor, firmly gripped, with her cargo of dead, by the cold sea.

Our first endeavor was to lower pontoons once more to the stern. I had a new method. From Boston we obtained a twelve-inch hawser, strong enough to hold the weight of the pontoon even when totally flooded. But there was no intention of letting the pontoon get full. I figured that if we held the pontoon firmly at each end till it just submerged, let the water keep flowing in till the strain on the lowering hawsers reached about five tons, and then shut the flood valves, so no more water could enter while we lowered, we could let the pontoon go down slowly and evenly under control. There would still be the tendency of the pontoon to stand on end if the free water inside all ran to one end or the other, but by using a hawser strong enough for any strain we could hold the pontoon level in spite of that.

On April thirtieth the Falcon steamed in and moored. The Sagamore, with a pontoon in tow, came out from Newport. Michels and Kelley went down, passed small manila reeving lines under the stern. We rove around, down one side of the submarine, up the other side, and finished finally with two one-inch wire lines cut just long enough to handle the chains in lowering. The divers came up, the pontoon was brought alongside the Falcon, rigged for lowering. We shackled our heavy lowering hawsers into strong wire straps—endless loops made by splicing together the two ends of a short piece of heavy wire—the wire straps being secured to each end of the pontoon.

The flood valves were opened, flooding began. We secured the two wire guide lines under the submarine's stern to the lower ends of the chain hanging from the pontoon and took in all the slack.

As before, to prepare for contingencies, Hartley held the Falcon well clear of the submarine's port quarter, where the first pontoon was to go. The pontoon slowly flooded and sank lower and lower, heaving slowly up and down against our side as the waves rolled by. We slacked out our hawsers to prevent straining them. Trouble started. The pontoon, its huge mass giving it tremendous inertia, lay dead just below the surface, unmoved by the waves passing over it; but each time the Falcon rolled away the hawsers took up with a snap as they came taut, then slackened slightly as the Falcon rolled toward the pontoon. The splices in the wire straps worked as the strains alternated, and gave a little with each jerk.

I yelled to the stages, "Close the valves!"

It was too late. Before either man could get more than a few turns on his valve, an extra heavy jerk pulled apart the wire splice to the forward end of the pontoon. The cylinder promptly took a vertical position, hung a moment on its end, then the other wire strap, now taking all the strain, let go on the next roll. The free ends of the hawsers, with the strain released, shot back on deck.

A little cloud of spray, a few waves, and the pontoon disappeared, end first. We took in what slack we could on the hauling wires.

Our second attempt to lower a pontoon had resulted in another failure.

The weather was too bad for further diving.

Next day Bailey dived to find out how matters were below. He located the pontoon about thirty feet outboard of the stern and a little forward of it, standing vertically on one end. The chains led from it to the port quarter of the S-51, and the hauling wires ran clear, rising from under the starboard quarter to the surface. The situation was not so bad. No serious damage had been done to the pontoon, we had missed the submarine, and the lines seemed all clear. I resolved to attempt to get the pontoon into position alongside the stern. By juggling with the air lines, we managed to lighten the pontoon enough to permit us to drag it along the bottom until it brought up against the S-51's stern, where it belonged.

This operation took all that day. The following morning, with the weather a little better, the Iuka towed out a second pontoon. We rove our two wire lines coming up from the S-51 through the hawse pipes of this pontoon and hauled them moderately taut to serve as guides on which to lower.

Hand Over Hand

We secured our lowering hawsers to the ends of the pontoon again, except that in place of the spliced wire straps which had failed us, we now used heavy iron rings which the Vestal's blacksmith had forged out during the night. The deck force connected up the air hoses, vent hoses, and opened up the flood valves. The pontoon started to fill. As usual, the Falcon was hauled a little clear of the submarine—to starboard this time.

We swung out the stages. Badders and Weaver secured their wrenches to the flood-valve rods, and then as the pontoon went awash, leaped from it to the stages.

I waited, watch in hand, a little nervous. The pontoon submerged, the lowering hawsers started to strain. But I must wait one minute to be sure the pontoon got heavy enough to go down evenly. The men on the stages stood poised, the seconds slowly ticked away, the pontoon, by the way it strained on the hawsers, seemed already far overweight. One minute.

"Close the valves!"

Carefully Weaver and Badders turned, peering down through the water as they worked, to make sure their sockets did not slip off the valve stems. Thirteen times the wrenches revolved.

"After valve closed!" sang out Badders.

"Forward valve closed!" reported Weaver.

Each man gave an extra twist to be sure, then pulled up his extension wrench. The stages were swung in on deck.

I took position at the forward bitts, where my hawser was coiled in figures of eight over the horns. Hartley stood by the after line. The hawsers were marked with a colored ring of paint every fathom, alternately red, blue, yellow, and white.

A few feet below the surface the pontoon hung from the side, its outlines already vague and ill defined.

"Stand by!" The men at the bitts stood ready. Hartley kept his eye on me.

"Lower together!" At the forward bitts the men slacked a little on the hawser, the turns rendered around the bitts, went overboard. A few inches at a time they paid out till the first fathom was gone.

"Hold it!" They lay back on their end of the line. The turns gripped on the bitts, the line stopped.

"How's your line, Hartley?"

"On the first red!" he replied.

We each had one fathom out. The pontoon was no longer visible.

Lowered in Place

"Lower together!" Again the lines were slowly rendered out over the bitts. The first blue, the first yellow, and the first white rings went out, when we held again to check. My men were a few feet ahead of Hartley's. He ran out several feet to even up, and then once more we both lowered.

We could feel the lines stretch as the Falcon rolled away from the pontoon, and shorten a little as she rolled toward it, but it was not a bad day and our heavy hawsers stood the test beautifully. And so, fathom by fathom, we paid out from the Falcon, till the pontoon was sixteen fathoms down, and should have been just above the submarine. We held it then.

Wilson was standing by, dressed, all but his helmet. This the tenders screwed on and hoisted him overboard. He slipped down the air hoses secured to the pontoon and landed on it. He walked to the after end of the pontoon, looked over, but could see nothing through the water.

"On deck. Nothing in sight yet. Lower some more."

We lowered gradually till Wilson could make out the hull of the submarine below him. We paused a moment, while he got his bearings.

"On deck. She's just clear of the side, but too far aft. You'll hit the diving rudders. Take her forward five feet."

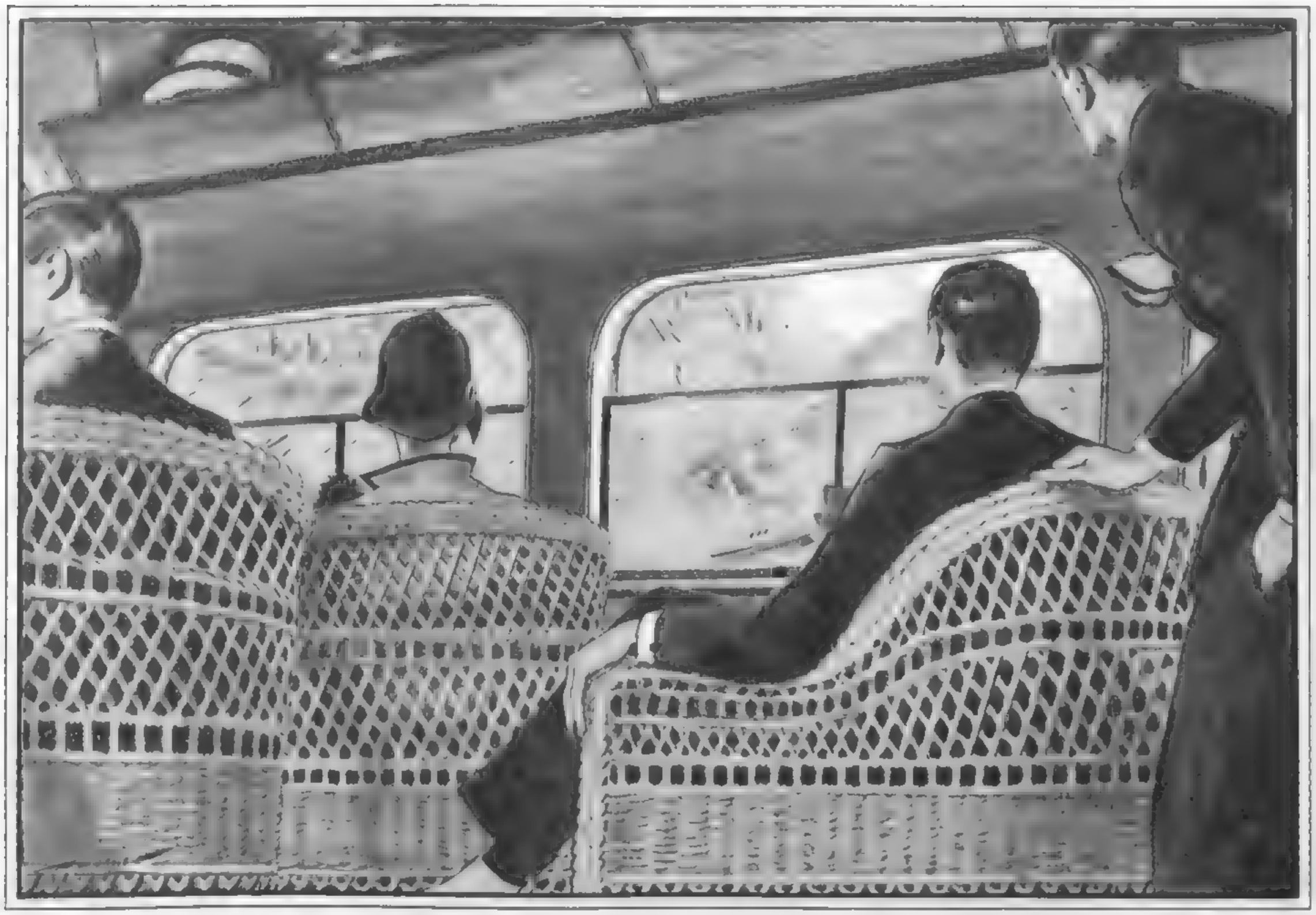
We hauled ahead on the Falcon's bow moorings, slacked a trifle on the stern lines, till Wilson reported clear. Then we lowered again, till the strain was lost on the hawsers. We had finally planted a pontoon alongside the submarine, just where we wanted it. Wilson checked the pontoon's position, then cast loose the lowering lines by tripping the pelican hooks shackled into the iron rings. We hauled up the hawsers, which came in on deck, swelled a little from their immersion. Wilson was hauled up.

The second pontoon lay alongside the starboard quarter of the S-51, the chains hauled up through the hawse pipes, ready to be secured. Two toggle bars were lashed to the top of the pontoon, waiting to be inserted in the chain. The time had come to put in practical use the new torch.

I elected to go down to do the first burning. Chief Torpedoman Kelley, the only other man familiar with the torch, was to assist.

In my stateroom I pulled on the usual three suits of blue woolen underwear and three pairs of socks. Looking quite fat with all this on, I came to the dressing bench on the quarter-deck where the bears started on me. I put on my woolen gloves, slipped into the diving dress. With difficulty I worked my hands down the stiff sleeves and into the rubber mittens. Lead shoes, lead belt, copper breastplate—the weights became burdensome. The telephone receivers were strapped over my ears, I tested

(Continued on Page 50)



FROM SEA TO SEA

Do you know San Diego from the sky, with the mauve headlands of Point Loma rolling down into the purple sea? Have you ever flown above the electric blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, streaked with ships moving to Caribbean ports, and dotted with jade-colored islands tufted with palm trees? Have you ever wondered how it would be to follow the course of the muddy Mississippi, the white-watered Columbia or the blue-green flood of the St. Lawrence from aloft, where only gulls and eagles have flown before? . . .

Today you have it in your power to go flying down to San Diego, to Matagorda Bay or Tampa . . . flying north to Puget Sound, to Hudson's Bay or Newfoundland!

For a new world is unfolding for you who lift to its inspiration. . . . Just as the discovery of America gave a fresh impetus to the imagination and daring of the people of Europe, so the discovery of this New World in the Sky is sweeping men and women of imagination into new realms of accomplishment . . . for the betterment of their business, for the sheer joy and thrill of traveling through space, in the search of adventure.

No longer are they measuring distance in miles. For, though the maximum speed of practical land transportation has reached its limit, airplanes today are cruising at 100 miles an hour; while each year 10 miles an hour are added to this speed; and experts anticipate a practical travel rate of 250 miles an hour within this generation. . . . When Grover Cleveland went fishing at Buzzard's Bay, his journey took two days from Washington; when Calvin Coolidge goes fishing in Wisconsin, his mail from the Capital reaches him in nineteen hours.

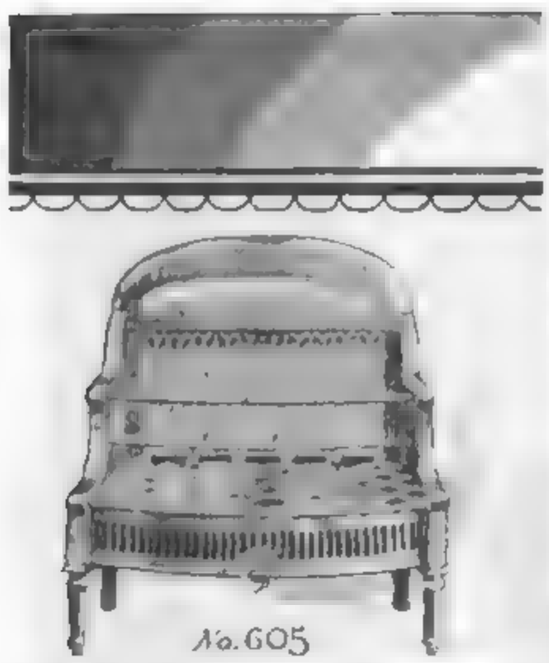
A business man flies 1500 miles to Texas to spend week-ends with his family. . . . For about $400 you can cross the continent through the air in 30 hours. . . . Oil men in Oklahoma think nothing of flying 50 to 70 miles into Tulsa for luncheon. . . . A New York broker conveniently commutes to Virginia by plane; while planes are flying literally in flocks at all the shore resorts, from Newport and Southampton to Miami; from Tampa to Coronado Beach and thence northward to the green-shadowed waters of the Olympic Peninsula. All our inland cities of importance are joined by invisible trails along which hundreds of planes, carrying mail, passengers and freight, are flying.

Those who have seen the performance of the subsidized planes of Europe may learn with astonishment that the freely competing, unsubsidized service of the United States is already well ahead of Europe.

The nation that leads Europe in commercial aviation possesses less than a hundred flying-fields; *the United States has many more than a thousand and our international lines are rapidly extending.* The great success of tri-motored planes on tremendous flights across the Atlantic, across the Pacific, across the Arctic, across the Gulf of Mexico, gives promise that travelers may soon wing southward in the comfort of a Pullman car to Mexico and Central America, to the Lesser and the Greater Antilles, and perhaps to the continental capitals of South America. These routes are already being surveyed.

Such planes as the giant, all-metal, tri-motored Ford, *with a million miles of successful flight under all conditions to its credit*, are already at hand, opening up these routes.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



IT is like soft mellow June, all through the cold months, in every room where you have a Reznor Orthoray Gas Heater. Takes off the fall and spring chill, shortens the period of furnace operation.

REZNOR ORTHORAY GAS HEATERS

You will find in the 1929 line of Reznor Orthoray beauty as never before built into gas heaters. Charming adaptations of classic period designs carried to us from the good days of fireplace romance; modernistic colorings—lend true art and splendor to every environment.

In sustained heating efficiency Reznor Orthoray stands supreme! "Reznor" has meant 40 years of gas heating leadership; always "Satisfaction or your money back!"

Better dealers in gas appliances can show you the many models of Reznor Orthoray. Illustrated folder on request.

REZNOR MFG. COMPANY MERCER, PA.

REZNOR

(Continued from Page 48)

out my telephone. A helmet was dropped over my head, given a quarter turn and locked tightly in position. I looked out through the glass face plates, tried my air valve, tested the exhaust valve. I could not see it, but I felt for the knife on my belt—always the diver's first concern.

With the helmet on, I could hardly rise. Two bears assisted me to the stage—Kelley had already gone down. I grasped the bails and was swung over the side. A last glimpse of the Falcon in the sunlight, the stage was in the water, I was being lowered till the waves broke over my helmet. Air began to gurgle out the exhaust valve near the back of my head. The stage paused a moment to give me a chance to test my equipment in the water.

I opened the control valve wider and gave myself a trifle more air. A moment went by; apparently everything in my rig was working properly. I saw the torch dangling in the water in front of my face plate. I grasped it, slipped the lanyard holding it over my left arm.

"All right!" I bellowed into the telephone transmitter. On deck the tender took in the slack of my life line. I stepped off the stage onto nothing, and dangling by my life lines, the tenders dragged me forward along the side of the Falcon some twenty feet to where the descending line led downward. I grasped this line with both hands, wound my legs around it, took one last look upward at the silvery surface of the sea, gently undulating over my head.

"Lower away."

Proved a Success

They slacked off. I began to descend. The bright light quickly faded to a deeper blue as I sank, the air roared through my helmet. Down, down; it seemed a long way. It was early spring, the water was clearer than it would ever be again that year. I kept my gaze downward, but could see nothing. Down I slid, the light constantly getting dimmer. Would I never reach the bottom? The pressure increased. I began to breathe more rapidly, the air started to feel different—heavy. Then gradually there took shape, dimly outlined against a dark formless background, the stern of the S-51 below me, peacefully resting. As it loomed up, magnified considerably in the water, it looked perfectly huge. My heart sank. How puny our efforts and our strength were to move such a mass!

That thought passed in a flash, to be succeeded by a thrill. At last I was seeing with my own eyes the object of our labors! With my own hands I was finally to do something to start that submarine once again to the world above!

Another moment and my feet touched something. I was standing on top of the cylindrical pontoon. Fifteen feet away was the hull of the S-51. At the other end of the pontoon I could see Kelley, looking about ten feet high.

I took a step toward him along the rounded top of the pontoon, then stopped. My head began to feel very light, queer. I braced my feet a little apart, tried to steady myself. Never in my life had I ever fainted, but now my head felt dizzy, my heart strange. I felt that it would be only a matter of seconds before I collapsed. My life line floated across the face plate of my helmet. I fumbled for it, wondered whether I still had strength enough to give the emergency signal to be hauled up, before I passed out. My knees felt weak, my head swam. But there passed across my mind the thought that there were twelve new divers like myself on the Falcon; none had yet been down. It would set them a fine example to have their officer ask to be hauled up on his first dive!

I resolved not to signal—it was better to go up unconscious.

I staggered, grew fainter. Kelley's figure danced before my eyes, a grotesque giant. It occurred to me that, as I was still conscious, I might as well do something while I could. Slowly I pushed through the water toward Kelley, came to the first chain, a few links on top of the hawse pipe, the rest hanging down the curved side of the pontoon. I knelt down; Kelley came toward me. I fumbled for the torch dangling from my left arm, lifted it in front of my face plate. One by one, I turned on the air, the oxygen, the hydrogen, adjusted the valves. A stream of gas under high pressure hissed from the tip of the torch. I raised the electric lighter.

"Turn on the igniter!" I shouted into my telephone.

My head began to clear. Apparently I was getting a little adjusted to the pressure, and doing something was taking my mind off how queer I felt.

I held the igniter in front of the torch, pressed the contacts together, let them go.

As they separated, a spark leaped across the gap. There was a sharp explosion—a ball of orange-colored flame appeared, glowing brightly in the water. It burned with a roar like the exhaust of a high-speed motor with no muffler. I adjusted the valves, shortened the flame a bit, pulled the trigger on the torch and watched the flame lengthen suddenly as a jet of high-pressure oxygen spurted through it. I released the trigger; the flame returned to normal. And so had I. The dizziness was gone. I thanked my stars I had not signaled to be hauled up.

I looked around. Kelley was kneeling on the other side of the chain, pointing to the third link from the hawse pipe. He pulled the link a bit, making it lie flatter with the stud more exposed. I leaned over the link. The stud—a square piece of iron about two inches thick—was firmly gripped between the two sides of the chain link. I brought the tip of the torch close to one end, with the flame playing against the corner of the iron. In a moment the iron glowed bright red. I pressed the trigger. An oxygen jet, spurting through the center of the flame, hit the glowing spot. The iron ignited. A beautiful pure-white stream of fire shot several feet through the water, with a mass of fine sparks flying off from it—a sight stranger and more brilliant than any fireworks exhibition I had ever seen.

In way of the oxygen jet, the iron vanished, leaving a gap perhaps an eighth of an inch wide. Slowly, carefully, I drew the torch across the stud, cutting through the two-inch thickness of iron. In less than a minute it was done, the cut was complete. The severed halves of the stud dropped out of the link.

I released the trigger, turned off all the valves. A warm glow went through my veins. The torch was a success! Many jobs previously impossible to us under water would now yield to that magic flame.

His First Dive Done

"On deck!" I yelled. "Take up the torch!" I waited a moment, got four jerks on the torch hoses, let go, and watched the torch and the igniter vanish upward through the water.

I looked again at the pontoon. Kelley had his knife out, cutting away the lashings of one of the toggle bars. He got it free. Together we dragged the bar over the top of the slippery cylinder we were standing on.

Kelley entered the tapered end into the open link where the stud had fallen out. He pushed the bar through a few inches, but it refused to go farther. The chain was lying at such an angle to the pontoon that on the other side of the link the toggle bar was digging into the pontoon sheathing and refused to slide through.

We tried to roll the chain so that the bar could go through, but there was nearly a ton of chain hanging down the side of the pontoon beyond the toggle bar. on the other side the chain vanished down the hawse pipe. That anchor cable, designed to hold a battleship, was nothing we could budge with only our hands. Time was going fast, we had to get the bar in.

I drew Kelley's helmet against mine.

"You lean on it, Kelley! I'll kick it through!" He nodded.

Kelley made himself heavy by releasing as much air as he dared, then pressed both hands down on the long end of the toggle bar. I sat down on the pontoon and braced myself, my lead-soled shoes against the free end of the toggle bar.

Kelley suddenly pressed all his weight on the bar, momentarily twisting the links a trifle and lifting the buried end clear of the pontoon. Simultaneously I kicked out, brought the lead sole of my shoe against the end of the bar, drove it through about an inch. Kelley pressed again, I kicked again. Bit by bit we drove it through, till twenty inches of the toggle showed on the other side.

Kelley let go; I got up. He cut away the two small locking bolts hanging by marline lanyards to a near-by eyebolt. We pushed one pin through the toggle bar on each side of the link, screwed down the nuts to hold the pins from dropping out. The first toggle bar was secured.

Together we rose, moved slowly to the descending line tied to the forward end of the pontoon. Over the phone I reported we were done. We looked carefully up our life lines to see that we were clear of each other and not foul of anything else.

A Diver's Daily Dozen

There came four jerks on Kelley's lines. He answered with four, took hold of the descending line. The tenders above heaved. I watched Kelley ascend, a stream of bubbles widening out in a cone above him marking his progress for a few feet. Then he faded from view.

Alone, I looked toward the submarine. The after end of my pontoon was just touching the diving-rudder guard. Lying against the side of the submarine opposite me was the end of the heavy wire hawser with which the derricks had made their futile effort to lift the stern. It had caught on something, the wreckers had not been able to haul it free.

The submarine herself looked perfect. No rust; the paint was all intact in spite of six months' submergence; there was only a very fine marine growth, like moss perhaps, covering the hull. A numerous array of frayed and broken manila lines hung draped over the sides—remnants of our many descending lines and the hundreds of fathoms of manila the divers had used for various jobs so far.

My observations were interrupted by a jerk; four of them, in fact—the signal to stand by to rise. I seized my air hose, jerked it four times, then took hold of the descending line. In a moment a powerful tug came on my lines; I was lifted off my feet and started up, a few feet at a time as the tenders hauled hand over hand. I lightened myself somewhat by holding more air in my suit to make it easier for them.

I was dragged up some forty feet when I heard an order: "Look out for the stage!"

I kicked myself around the descending line, looking all around. About five feet above me was the stage, with Kelley standing on it.

"Take me up a little more."

They pulled. I caught the triangular steel bails which supported the stage, clambered on it. Kelley leaned over, unscrewed the shackle pin which held the descending line against the stage. The line slipped away, clear, and left us swinging freely from the Falcon's boom, ninety feet below the surface.

Kelley was an experienced diver. He was doing every conceivable form of the Daily Dozen—knee bends, arm swings, body rolls, to help his circulation and accelerate his decompression. I followed suit. It made me smile. There we were, buried in the sea, two ludicrous figures engaged in calisthenics while the fish swam round in wonderment. It was too bad we could not tune in on some radio broadcasting setting-up exercises, that we might have a little music to enliven things.

(Continued on Page 52)

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

WHAT men want in shoes, Florsheim knows how to produce . . . and a world of men look to Florsheim for the best and the smartest . . . they look upon the Florsheim crest as the mark of style authority, a sure guide to money's worth of wear.

The WALTON
Style M-320

Most Styles $10
Some Styles $11 *and* $12

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

Menthol-iced Lather

BANISHES RAZOR HEAT

···PEP-UP SHAVE!···

Gone is that hot, parched, tight-drawn after-smart in the wake of ordinary lather! This new Mennen Shaving Cream, *Menthol-iced,* cools your face with a reviving dash of menthol that tingles and invigorates like a needle spray, and banishes razor heat. You'll revel in the keen zip and brisk sparkle of this refreshing Mennen shave.

Silvery, snowy lather, dense, rich, creamy lather that fairly leaps out from under the brush. An entirely new Mennen Shaving Cream, made by a new process just developed in our laboratories. *Dermutation,* the exclusive Mennen beard-softening process, is faster, more effective than ever. Softens the beard in half the time without finger rubbing. Longer life and smoother shaves from every blade.

Dermutation wilts the tough, horny stiffening in the whiskers so the razor slips through without yanking or tugging painfully at the hair roots. Dermutation smooths the skin mounds at the base of the hair so the razor shaves close without nicking or flaying the skin. No rawness. No soreness. No free caustic to parch or smart. Works in any water. Freshens and tones the skin.

Ask your dealer for this new Mennen Shaving Cream, *Menthol-iced,* packed in a handy tube, in its orange-striped carton. 50c per tube.

MENNEN
the *dermutized* shave

Menthol-iced in the orange-striped carton 50c

Without menthol in the well-known green-striped carton 50c

The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

Every man ought to know the soothing, cooling comfort of Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream. Send us 10c and we'll send you a generous size tube.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 50)

I paused. For the first time I noticed that I had considerable moisture in my suit. My underwear was soaked from the waist down, water oozed out between my toes while I exercised.

It was the old story. While I leaned over the chain to burn through the stud, the water had leaked by on one side of my exhaust valve while the air was escaping from the other side. I had not observed it in the excitement of working on my first dive. Now that everything was over, the clammy feeling of soaked clothing round my legs and cold water round my feet was decidedly unpleasant. I began to feel the chill of the sea surrounding me. I had nearly two hours to wait before I emerged. Exercise was imperative if I were not to freeze. I started the knee stoops again, vigorously.

After that, I tried kicking out, one foot at a time, but I found that shoes which weighed thirty pounds were not lightly flung around. I decided to keep both feet on the stage.

A call on the phone:

"Going up!"

We seized the bails and held on tightly. The water seemed to stream down past us. The stage rose twenty feet, stopped. We would stay awhile at seventy feet depth.

Again we started exercising. It grew monotonous. I could hear Kelley singing to himself, vociferously. I started a monologue about nothing in particular. Now I understood why the divers, when below, swore so volubly. In that solitude any sound was a relief.

And so, ten feet at a time, we rose slowly to the Falcon. At last, at the ten-foot depth, we could see the surface, like a silvery sheet waving over us, the red hull of the Falcon close alongside. And finally, the welcome words: "Coming aboard."

The stage line creaked, we burst through the surface. Suddenly our suits, no longer buoyed up by the water, became very heavy. We clung to the bails to support ourselves as the swaying stage rose above the bulwarks, swung in and dropped on deck. I felt a bench jammed in behind me, a pair of hands on my shoulders pressing me down. Thankfully I seated myself.

Two bears grasped my helmet, two others seized my shoulders, held them firmly. A heavy twist on the copper headpiece broke the joint, the helmet gave a quarter turn, was carefully lifted over my head. I took a deep breath, the glory of the sunshine filled my eyes. I was up!

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Lieutenant Commander Ellsberg. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE DYNAMITERS

(Continued from Page 17)

stamped Private, each carrying a two-cent stamp. In another room clerks are blue-penciling circles around the particular phony stock the tabloid is at present touting, which may appear in the over-the-counter unlisted securities quoted in the big New York daily newspapers. The section of a well-known and entirely reputable newspaper containing the over-the-counter list has been torn out and blue-penciled, and will be forwarded to all subscribers in order to show that a market really exists for this particular stock and also that the price is actually rising. Who has made it rise by shrewd manipulation does not appear. And now we open a door which leads into the very heart of the whole tipster-sheet industry. This is the telephone room, sometimes called the boiler room or the needle room, where the expert, high-pressure salesmen, or needle men, perform their daily functions of selling the suckers, or, as they themselves term it, of "clipping the mooch." The sucker is the "mooch," sometimes euphoniously entitled a "lily."

Prescribing for a Doctor

In this large bare room, sound-proof, are a number of telephone booths from which long-distance or local calls are made. Some boiler rooms have as many as thirty telephone booths, some as few as five. It is a sultry day in late summer, and so each telephone booth is equipped with an electric fan in order to cool the moist brow of the dynamiter as he calls up the suckers one by one and in rich, persuasive tones recites his carefully memorized sales talk. A green-horn salesman reads it from a printed slip. Let us listen in on one of these telephone men.

The sucker to whom he is talking is a well-established physician residing in the West. We will conceal his identity by calling him Doctor Doe. Doctor Doe has already blown in a couple of thousand on the tipster sheet's phony stock, and now the telephone man is trying to nail him for a new issue which the owner has begun to work. It should be understood that Doctor Doe is a subscriber of the fake paper and has already received several shock letters and prepaid telegrams urging him to participate to the full extent of his power.

"Hello, Doctor Doe," says the telephone man. "This is Editor Doe of the XYZ Financial Indicator. Aren't you going to get in on this Northern Lights Utility corporation I telegraphed you about? I've reserved a special block of stock for my subscribers at two dollars a share. Did you note by the over-the-counter quotations in the newspaper clipping I mailed you that it has already risen to 3 and is steadily advancing?"

"Yes," replies Doctor Doe from Nevada, "I thought I might take a few shares."

"Can't you take a thousand? These shares are going up rapidly and are due to go to much higher levels in a very short time. The public is rapidly gobbling them up. The market closed yesterday at 3 and we expect it to reach 10 inside of a fortnight. Then you'll be regretting you didn't take more."

The Does Take Flight

"Well, I might take 1000 shares by liquidating some of my securities."

"By all means do so. Your securities aren't worth as much as Northern Lights. Couldn't you handle 5000 shares? That would be a fine block to hold for appreciation. Doctor, Northern Lights is a wonderful property. In fact, it's too good to leave its securities out on the open market. So the directors have decided to take it off the market and consolidate it with a new company, and this new stock is to be listed on the big board of the New York Stock Exchange and opened at sixty dollars a share. Northern Lights original stock is to be taken up at $8.33 a share.

"Doctor, it's not what may be done, or what I think will be done; it's already been done. I was present at a meeting of the board of directors when it was done, and this Northern Lights stock will positively be taken up at $8.33 a share within the next ten days. Now, doctor, I'd like to sign you up for 5000 shares and I'm only sorry you can't handle more."

"All right, I'll take the 5000. I'll have to borrow on my personal note. I'll wire you the money right away."

The telephone man hangs up the receiver and makes a businesslike note of the transaction, to be handed in to the secretary of the boss at the close of the day. Then, while he is looking up the next prospect on his sucker list, he is disturbed by a loud commotion in the next room and the sound of fleeing footsteps. The door of the boiler room is thrown violently open and a voice shouts "Beat it! A raid!" The twenty Editor Does drop their receivers and sucker lists and scuttle like rabbits toward exits and

(Continued on Page 54)

ALUMINUM

for ideal motor performance

LYNITE

LYNITE Strong Aluminum Alloys, made of Alcoa Aluminum, increase performance ability and make it possible to hold engine temperatures within the ideal range of 110° to 190° F. Their heat conductivity is far greater than that of iron or steel and they weigh only one-third as much. That is why LYNITE Pistons and Connecting Rods are essential to modern high compression motors—fours, sixes and eights alike.

LYNITE PERFORMANCE

Greater speed—more pulling power.
Several seconds quicker acceleration.

Less wear on cylinders and bearings.
Vibration reduced to a minimum.

Less weight—greater fuel economy.
Cooler motor—with less carbon.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

PITTSBURGH, PA.

ALUMINUM • IN • EVERY • COMMERCIAL • FORM

Relieve
Dandruff
and keep your hair in place

Don't try to make hair behave with water. Sergeant's will help to keep your hair neatly combed, and will also put your hair and scalp in splendid condition.

"Comb your hair with it"

When you comb your hair, wet it, or wet your comb, with Sergeant's, and then comb it. Comb it and brush it vigorously so that Sergeant's can work down to the scalp. Only a minute or two. No trouble—yet what satisfactory results!

For fifty years Sergeant's Mange Medicine has proven an effective treatment for dandruff, and other hair and scalp complaints. After many years of research, Sergeant's chemists have refined this product so that it retains all the therapeutic qualities of mange medicine, but none of the disadvantages. It comes to you with the sincere recommendation of this 50 year old company

Being an oil treatment, containing nothing to dry the scalp, Sergeant's releases natural oils in the scalp which "lubricate" the hair, and not only keep it in place but make it virile, strong and healthy. Use Sergeant's and dry, brittle hair that breaks and falls out will become normal. *Dandruff will be a thing of the past.* No longer will your scalp be dry and itchy. It will not over-grease the hair. No stains.

"Comb your hair with it"

In addition to the daily use of Sergeant's every head of hair needs "a rub with Sergeant's". Apply Sergeant's to the scalp freely and rub with the tips of your fingers. Do this until you feel your scalp tingle with renewed life and vigor.

Ask your druggist for Sergeant's for the Hair—75c. Keep the handy bottle in a convenient place where you can't forget to use it. Sample bottle containing a week's supply sent postpaid on request.

Polk Miller Products Corporation
2107 Broad Street, Richmond, Va.
Sole Canadian Agent
Fred J. Whitlow & Co., Toronto

Sergeant's
For the Hair

(Continued from Page 52)

fire escapes. A deputy assistant attorney-general of New York, assisted by state troopers, appears. A fleeing salesman is caught and a subpœna is served, directing him to appear and testify in the matter. Released, he hotfoots it up to the apartment of his boss and legal counsel is called in.

The lawyer soothes him: "They can't prove anything on you. Wasn't all your business transacted over the telephone? Were there any listeners-in?"

"No."

"All right then. They've not got a scrap of evidence against you. Keep your mouth shut and refuse to testify, on the ground that it will incriminate you. We'll take care of you."

And they do. And even if the tipster-sheet owner is enjoined—a lengthy legal process requiring months and, with appeals, even years—he simply closes up shop and moves over into an adjoining state and starts up again under a new name.

The Voice on the Wire

Now let us look at the testimony of one of these telephone salesmen who, hard up, answered an advertisement in a newspaper and took the position. The following résumé of his testimony, omitting names and places, reveals some interesting details:

"I was a telephone man for the X Journal, a tipster sheet in Wall Street. I was employed for two weeks—the length of the campaign. My duties were to call up the so-called temporary subscribers and advise them to purchase Nordic Common. My instructions were given me each day what to do, according to the trend of the market. If the stock had gone down a point I would tell them not to worry, but to hang on and buy more. If the stock had gone up I was to say it would go up more and more, and to hold on to what they had. We were all furnished with cards which had the business telephone of the prospect, home telephone, the time he could be reached at either place, whether he had bought or not previously, what other stocks he held, and so on. The X Journal was a daily and weekly affair, something like a racing form, and no editor in chief's name appeared on the sheet—just a company trade name. The subscription to the service was $10 a month, $50 for six months, and $100 for a year. They had a mailing list of 250,000. They used to send out 250,000 advisory letters a week, and each letter contained a paragraph advising the purchase of Nordic Common.

"In addition, they sent out postal cards asking the subscribers to tell them what other securities they were holding, promising to give an opinion on them, and suggesting that the people buy their service. A bunch of these names, culled from the postals, would be handed the telephone man, who was instructed to ring up and ask if they had purchased any Nordic Common. I used to telephone from 150 to 200 persons each day. I would have some call-backs, but outside of them I tried to reach about 200 a day.

"When I took the position I was given a certain sheet with the canvass I was to use on the telephone. I was told to memorize that. This canvass covered every reply to questions we got over the phone. We were drilled and coached in that, and then they gave us tests to see how we would react to a customer over the phone. They did not even ask me to furnish references; they simply asked for a demonstration of my ability over the phone, my voice, vocabulary, and so on.

"There was no editor, but there was a certain gentleman, Mr. X, who would just sit around and listen in on the conversations. He had small ear pieces, which he attached to the phone so he could listen in on our talks and, if necessary, take the phone away and conduct the conversation himself.

"They had six brokers working for them, scattered throughout the financial district; these brokers executed the orders for Nordic Common which came into the office, and in turn were recommended by the latter to their subscribers. The tipster-sheet owners always hired a fresh crew of telephone men for each new stock they were touting, because they feared that if the men stayed too long they would get wise to what was going on.

"When a subscriber telephoned to ask advice on the securities he was holding, we were told to say: 'We will refer that to our statistical department. Give us the names of your stocks and we will mail you an opinion on them right away.' Our 'statistical department' consisted of one man who had a bunch of directories on hand. Sometimes we would just refer the question to Mr. X, or whatever gentleman happened to be sitting around, and often as not he would tell the customer to liquidate his securities and buy Nordic. Sometimes he would advise the man to indorse his securities and send them to the newspaper offices in exchange for Nordic. They did not have a paid-up list of subscribers. They did not give a hang about the subscriptions. That is why I suspected they were all a bunch of crooks."

And now let us glance at the affidavit of another telephone man, taken from the records of the Supreme Court of the state of New York. This man testified substantially as follows:

"I was hired by Mr. B, owner of the newspaper, as a salesman over the telephone. Mr. B gave me his instructions each day over the phone from his own residence, and also names and addresses of prospects. I was instructed not to sell to anybody in the city or state of New York I would call up subscribers, following either a telegram or the paper, and recommend the special stock we were pushing. I would say to the man, 'Hello, Mr. Jones, this is Mr. B talking, editor of the X Review.' And then I would go on and give my sales talk. If I sold him an order I would ring up Mr. B's residence and say to his secretary 'Take this order, please,' and then I would specify the name of the stock, its price, number of shares, and so on. I worked for Mr. B about two months and we had a rising market all that time. I sold stock to the amount of about $500,000 during those two months and my commission was 5 per cent of that sum."

Within the Letter of the Law

A little figuring demonstrates that 5 per cent of $500,000 is $25,000, a neat sum for two months' service. Not so bad for Mr. Salesman. But not so good for Mr. American Citizen from whom the money came.

But now let us return to the main picture and note the successive steps by means of which these adroit crooks intrench themselves in public confidence. In discussing this phase of the situation, Mr. James C. Auchincloss, president of the Better Business Bureau of New York and also of the national bureau, who for several years has been active in mobilizing the forces of legitimate business all over the country, said:

"The tipster swindlers—the biggest and most prosperous ones—have thus far managed to circumvent the law. Their system is intricate enough to present difficulties in law enforcement and their legal advisers have been shrewd. In fact, the whole tipster-sheet racket is so adroit, and so closely do its operators keep to the letter of the law, though disregarding its spirit and intent, that in many cases only a thorough broadcasting of their methods can prevent unsuspecting corporations from being duped and innocent investors from being

(Continued on Page 56)

A Japanese-Like Scene—Near Ketchikan, Alaska

Eveready Prestone

The anti-freeze without a fault! Safe, harmless, all-season protection with one supply

THERE's nothing like Eveready Prestone for positive protection against a frozen motor. It is the final answer to the need for an anti-freeze that can be used with the utmost confidence all winter, without the need of replacement or replenishment. Put a supply of Eveready Prestone in the radiator of your car *now* and forget about cold-weather dangers.

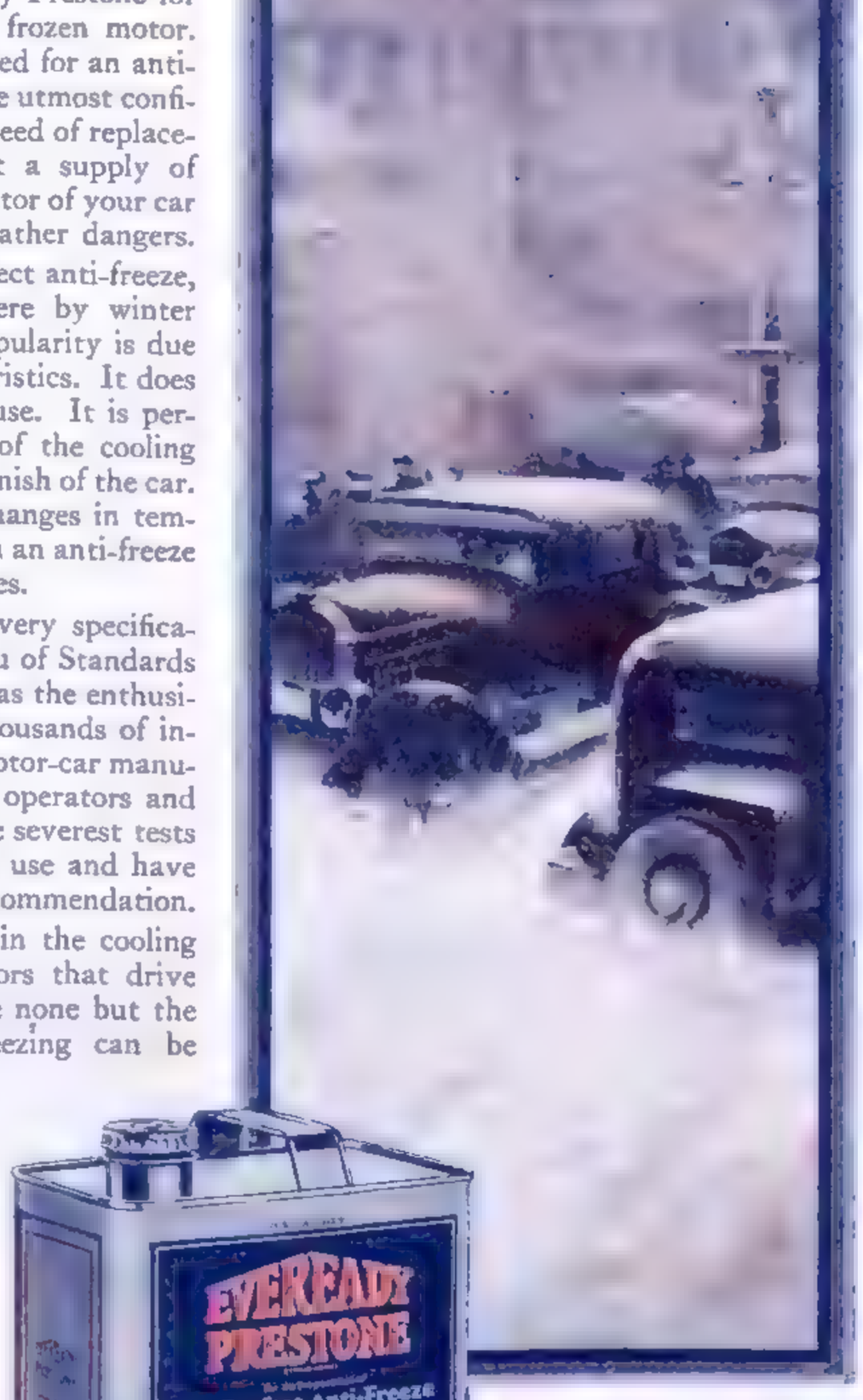
Eveready Prestone, the perfect anti-freeze, has been welcomed everywhere by winter motorists. Its tremendous popularity is due to its many desirable characteristics. It does not boil off or deteriorate in use. It is perfectly safe for the materials of the cooling system and will not harm the finish of the car. It is unaffected by extreme changes in temperature. There never has been an anti-freeze with so many desirable qualities.

Eveready Prestone meets every specification made by the U. S. Bureau of Standards for "an ideal anti-freeze." It has the enthusiastic endorsement of many thousands of individual car owners, leading motor-car manufacturers, bus and truck fleet operators and aviators who have put it to the severest tests under all conditions of winter use and have found it worthy of their best recommendation.

Eveready Prestone is used in the cooling systems of the powerful motors that drive dirigibles and airplanes, where none but the surest protection against freezing can be used. You can have the utmost confidence in Eveready Prestone as a safe, harmless, permanent winter protection for your car. It is guaranteed by the National Carbon Company, Inc., manufacturers of Eveready Flashlights and Radio Batteries.

Each Eveready Prestone can is sealed with a special safety cap that protects the purchaser against the possibility of substitution or adulteration. Look for this cap.

Eveready Prestone does not contain any alcohol or glycerine



9 points of superiority

1. Gives complete protection
2. Does not boil away
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5. Will not affect paint or varnish
6. Non-inflammable
7. Odorless
8. Does not become viscous at low temperatures; will not decompose at high temperatures
9. Never deteriorates—economical to use

Eveready Prestone, *sold as a pure, undiluted product*, costs more initially than other anti-freezes but less of it is required for complete protection and one supply makes your car safe as long as cold weather lasts. An investment in Eveready Prestone is the most economical winter insurance. Better to be safe than sorry. Go today and get the right amount of Eveready Prestone to protect your car for the entire winter season.

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The Perfect Anti-Freeze

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Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

(Continued from Page 54)

defrauded. Publicity is the most powerful exterminator known for this breed of parasites which feed on the healthy tissues of society. These fellows fear the law a little, but they detest publicity, which destroys the very foundations of their enterprise, which is based on ignorance. For this reason a complete analysis of their methods of procedure is valuable.

"Mr. A, let us say, decides to start a tipster sheet. With that end in view, he establishes offices, preferably in the New York financial district, and advertises himself as a reliable specialist in securities and an expert in all matters pertaining to stock-market conditions. Imitating reputable financial services, he issues a publication purporting to give disinterested information and advice. Upon this publication and the accompanying financial service he places a yearly subscription fee of from $50 to $100, with a trial charge of one dollar a month to a temporary subscriber. From past enterprises of his own and from other sources he compiles a mailing list running into hundreds of thousands. These are not merely sucker lists; they are made up of men and women in all walks of life and of all degrees of intelligence.

"Next, the promoter looks over the rich field of industrial, utility, mining or petroleum enterprises whose securities are not listed on a reputable exchange, but which may be legitimate, though obscure, corporations in need of capital, or they may be merely promotional in character, without any solid assets. The tipster-sheet owner then either purchases outright for a nominal sum or obtains a short-term option on a block of stock of the corporation he has selected as his vehicle. His agreement provides that stock not under his control be escrowed. By buying and selling shares of this stock among his associates, he establishes fictitious price quotations in the so-called over-the-counter market, which are usually copied in the metropolitan press. This over-the-counter market of unlisted securities, composed for the most part of entirely legitimate stocks handled by honest dealers, is not, however, so closely supervised in its activities as the New York Stock Exchange. Quotations of this market which the dealers in unlisted securities furnish the newspapers ordinarily reflect the real market values of the securities; but also it is comparatively easy for financial charlatans to create an artificial upward trend by buying and selling their own stock."

Springing the Trap

"That is the general set-up of the scheme. Now enters the psychological factor. In his paper the editor craftily visualizes to the mind of the reader an honest, disinterested personality, a trained expert, who, for a certain set fee, will take over all the investment burdens of the subscriber and net the latter a handsome profit by the skillful turnover of his capital. The editor is far too crafty to offer the public something for nothing. The subscribers must pay for the service, and in order to make them take the bait, the promoter offers as a special inducement a trial subscription for one month on the payment of a dollar. And hundreds of thousands of trustful investors take up this offer, thus achieving a place on the sucker list. Now the trap is all baited but not yet ready to be sprung. In order to build up confidence in the victim, the tipster-sheet swindler first proceeds to make a little money for him. In a rising market it is an easy matter for the editor of a tipster sheet to recommend almost any well-known stock in the confidence that it will show a few points' profit in a short time.

"'Buy U. S. Steel,' wires the tipster-sheet operator to his temporary subscribers. 'Buy through your own brokers or send your orders direct to us.' That sounds fair enough; everybody knows U. S. Steel; no fake about that. The investor buys U. S. Steel and duly nets a small profit. And now he is fast on the hook, convinced that he is dealing with a reputable concern.

"After that the barrage begins. Special news letters and daily bulletins begin to pour in, recommending a particular stock to buy as an investment and hold for appreciation. Next in the cumulative series appears a prepaid telegram, signed by the editor.

"By this time the name of that particular stock and its desirability have been firmly stamped on the subscriber's brain, and when the high-pressure telephone salesman rings up long-distance the fortress is about ready to surrender. And don't forget that these dynamiters are trained, first-class persuaders. Sometimes the Better Business Bureau manages to save a victim, but usually they apply to us after the damage is done. In one instance a large New York bank which had received instructions from the West to pay $29,000 for wildcat stocks to the owner of a tipster sheet obtained immediate facts from our Better Business Bureau, which were wired to the sender, who canceled the deal. If investors who receive copies of a tipster sheet would send them to a Better Business Bureau, forty-six of which are scattered throughout the country in the principal cities, they would receive accurate information as to the character and intentions of these publications. But they wait until after the horse is stolen before locking the stable. And the horse, once stolen, is rarely returned."

When it is Too Late

"But why are these tipster-sheet operators permitted to continue their practices?" I asked Mr. William H. Milholland, deputy attorney-general of New York. "Why doesn't the law go after them and lock them up in jail?"

"That's not so easy as it sounds," he replied soberly. "Here is the situation in a nutshell: A tipster-sheet swindler sells a victim a certain stock at perhaps ten dollars a share, advising him to hold it for a long pull, representing that it will surely rise to sixty or seventy dollars; the object being to lull the purchaser into a sense of security until the stock is marketed and the tipster sheet begins to handle a new issue, or has gone out of business or moved to another address. Thus it often happens that complaints may be delayed from six to sixteen months before reaching the proper authorities. Some of these men make it a practice not to sell the security in the state of New York, which renders it necessary for the attorney-general to go into other states to secure evidence of false representations. Then, too, the assets of the corporation whose securities are being sold are often located in some almost inaccessible part of the United States, Canada, Mexico or even South America. The investigation of one of these cases frequently takes six months or more before the attorney-general is able to secure sufficient evidence to go into court, by which time the tipster sheet may have shut up shop or moved into an adjoining state. It also frequently happens that the victims who write or come into the attorney-general's office for redress refuse to make a complaint or to fill out a questionnaire, because they are ashamed to let their friends know they have been easy marks.

"Nevertheless, in spite of these handicaps, we have made considerable progress in curtailing the activities of these fellows within the last year. We have closed up sixty tipster sheets since the first of the year. Some have been enjoined from publishing their newspapers in this state, some are under indictment, and many have taken alarm and transferred their operations outside the state boundaries.

"Now how can investors protect themselves against these unscrupulous tipster-sheet crooks? The answer is easy. First of all, by using ordinary caution, judgment and common sense and refusing to enter into financial transactions with strangers over the telephone. After all, nobody can force a man to buy fraudulent securities, or even good ones, for that matter, against his own will. Even a crook can't do that."

When Film on Teeth is Removed

you are amazed to see what happens

Now leading opinion lays to film many serious tooth and gum disorders, as well as dull, "off-color" teeth.

Remove it by this special film-removing dentifrice dentists urge

Dentists know the secret of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today.

WHAT robs teeth of ivory brightness? What makes them more discolored one time than another?

And why, when looking their worst, do teeth decay more rapidly, why do gums grow sore and sensitive?

These questions dentists answer in three words—"film on teeth." What film is, how it acts, are told below.

To combat it successfully where ordinary brushing methods fail, a *special film-removing dentifrice* is used, called Pepsodent.

Look for FILM this way

Run your tongue across the teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating, that is film. An ever-present evil in your mouth.

Most people's teeth are naturally lovely and white. What darkens them is found to be film, and film is held largely responsible for serious tooth and gum disorders

It clings tightly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from smoking and turns teeth gray.

Germs by the millions breed in film, and germs with tartar — a prolonged film deposit — are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Film invites the acids of decay.

And you may remember that before this special film-removing method the prevalence of dental troubles was alarmingly on the increase.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. Pepsodent acts to curdle—then to remove it in safety to enamel.

This recent scientific way is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth-cleansing methods. Its results are seen on every hand.

Other new-day agents in Pepsodent increase the alkalinity of saliva. They neutralize food starch from fermenting and forming acids of decay.

Still other properties firm the gums.

Thus Pepsodent answers fully the requirements of the dental profession of today. That's why it is accepted among dentists of 58 nations.

Give Pepsodent 10 days

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film and see teeth whiten.

Between your dentist, and Pepsodent used twice a day, you obtain the ultimate in tooth and gum care as modern dental science knows it.

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Timken full thrust-radial capacity retards depreciation, lessens maintenance cost and assures competent handling of radial loads, thrust loads and all combinations of the two.

—And preserving Timken qualities unimpaired are Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, and Timken electric steel—an exclusive combination.

Use "Timken-Equipped" as a guide in buying machinery, and you follow a sure sign of progress in all Industry—"NO ADMITTANCE—TO WASTE".

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
C A N T O N , O H I O

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

DOUBLE-HEADER

(Continued from Page 19)

He led the way in silence to the door, but turned to the right. Ah, that was how he entered! There was a door there in the wall, padded heavily with felt, that swung open silently at the man's touch. They passed through and were at once in light, and a very modern office.

"What did you wish to know?" said the basso profundo.

He was, in the light, a very ordinary-looking man in a long black coat, but his voice still rolled forth from the depths of his being with all the majesty of the heaviest tragedian condemning his rival to death.

"Well," said Hayes nervously, for the remembrance of that chamber of horrors was still upon him, "we've got a report that a woman fell in the elevator in the building, and I've come over to see about it."

"You are, then, from the Eagle Mutual Liability Company?"

"Yes."

"Well, a woman tripped in getting out of the elevator. I did not see it, but I was called, and at once took charge, as Mr. Carmody is away. It was I who forwarded the report, for I believe you insure us for general liability."

"Well, I'll see the elevator man if you'll just tell him who I am," said Hayes hurriedly, "and then I suppose there were some witnesses."

"She was taken into a drug store opposite, and I believe a doctor was called. She had an injured hand. Sprained, perhaps. I believe, also, that she bled from the nose."

"Well, let's see the elevator man," said Hayes, edging toward the door, for the thought of what was on the other side of the wall urged him to leave that place, and as quickly as might be.

"The elevator man? It is not he who was on duty. It was another, and this is his day of repose."

Hayes sat down in a chair and took counsel with himself. He must not be in such a panic to leave. He should take a statement from this cellar-voiced man, setting forth in detail all he knew of the accident. He must see the druggist who tended the injured woman and the doctor who was called, and their names the cellar voice would have to give him. As for the plaintiff, he would call on her later, with the facts of the case clearly in mind. The morning was yet young. Yet his unconscious self urged him to go, to leave the place, cost what it might. This was folly, he told himself. He was a college graduate and had been a captain of cavalry. Why should such a thing as a dark room and a stained-glass window and a mechanical organ affect him? Yet it did. It had, and still did. He shrank from the thought of that place, the coffins that he had seen, and the many others that he had not, yet that he knew were there, each with its soft light and its curtain that rose and fell in the darkness.

"Nix," he muttered. "I'm off."

He rose to go; then started as though stung. His face lighted and he smote his brow with his hand.

"Come here, you!" said he, and he dragged the senior mortician into a corner, where the two engaged in earnest conversation.

An hour later a taxi deposited Mr. Hayes at the door of the Carmody Building. He turned to the interior of the taxi and assisted to alight a corpulent lady, bareheaded, in an imitation sealskin coat, and bearing one arm in a sling. Behind her came another of similar size, but wrapped in a huge shawl. This one bore a babe in her arms, and reaching in turn into the taxi produced two children, as a conjurer brings rabbits out of a hat. A burly man descended from the little seat beside the driver. He was last, for he was a tall man and the space where he had been was small, so that he had caught his knees under the cowl and had trouble extricating them. The two women, the children, the burly man and Mr. Hayes disappeared into the building.

Above, before the famous door on the right, all paused, but Hayes thrust them bodily in. The darkness smote them full in the face, the bells tolled, and the two children shrank against their mother. The lady in the sealskin coat turned to Hayes.

"Oh, my!" she said in a trembling voice. "What it is—this place?"

The sun, brighter now, shone at them through the stained-glass window. Faintly the strains of the organ came to them, like distant chanting. The burly man removed his hat and, coughing, twisted it in his hands.

"Who among you," asked a deep voice suddenly, "is she called Sadie Kusko?"

"Oh!" gasped the woman with the children. "Not me, it's her!" She indicated the lady in the sealskin coat.

"We wish to inquire," went on basso profundo, "as to your health after your fall of yesterday. We wish to do what we can to make amends."

"She has nothing!" said the burly man. "And if you would make open the door, mister, we would be obliged to you to let us out from here." He cleared his throat noisily.

The woman with the children turned from her search for the door.

"How much would you be giving?" she asked craftily.

The atmosphere changed at once.

The deep-voiced man made no reply, but looked at Hayes, while the burly gentleman replaced his hat and seemed to take heart. Hayes made a gesture with his hand, as though he signaled.

In the semidarkness of that vast room a soft light glowed; all looked and saw, and even Hayes, who knew what the light that had been turned on at his signal would show, started. The children shrieked, the women fell back, and the burly man turned and beat upon the wall.

"From here I go out!" he choked.

"Whoa, now," said Hayes. "But first we must pay your doctor's bill. Twenty-five dollars, you told me it was. Let me pay you that and then you can go."

The sound of his words, especially the mention of money, calmed them all again. Two sharp smacks were heard, and the children wept no more.

"Give it to me!" said the man hurriedly.

"But first," said Hayes, "you and your wife must sign this receipt."

"Where?" demanded the burly man.

"Right here."

The padded door was opened enough to allow a streak of light to fall upon a small table, and here Hayes spread out a blue paper.

"When you have signed this," said he, "you will have no further right to any more money. All your rights in this case will be gone. Do you understand?"

"Don't sign it," said the woman with the children.

"No money then," said Hayes.

"Anna, you should hold your mouth," said the burly man. "My name is Vladimar Kusko. If you would write it for me on a piece of paper, I could copy it. My wife Sadie can write herself."

It was done. Mrs. Kusko signed, and after her, her husband Vladimir, while the woman with the children signed as witness. Then they went, and Hayes and the senior mortician, watching from the office, could see the burly man's head projecting from the taxi window, as though he urged the driver to greater speed.

"The physician told me," boomed the senior mortician, turning to Hayes, "that he had not charged the woman anything."

"He didn't," smiled Hayes. "She didn't have any injury either. But blood from the nose, even, is paid for drop by drop if a lawyer gets hold of these things. I gave her that twenty-five dollars for herself. If I took a nominal release—one for 'one dollar and,' you know—and never even paid the dollar, there might be someone would try to break it on the grounds that we coerced these people into signing. But when money changes hands a release is about as easy to break as a steel bar. See? I think of everything."

A small girl, a stenographer, appeared at Hayes' elbow and touched his arm timidly.

"If you are Mr. Hayes," she said, "you're wanted on the phone."

Hayes stepped to the switchboard and the call was put to the nearest desk.

"Hayes?" said a voice at the other end. "Good. I hoped I'd catch you there. Don't bother with that Kusko case. We don't cover."

"We do, too!" cried Hayes. "There's one of our first-aid cabinets right in front of me now!"

"Yeh, I know. We cover for comp and general liability. But there's a rider on the policy that takes that elevator out of it."

There was a pause, while Hayes felt ice congealing about his heart.

"Who covers the elevator?" he asked finally.

"The Consolidated."

"What has happened, my friend?" asked the senior mortician as Hayes hung up. "You seem disturbed."

"I've just paid twenty-five dollars out of my own pocket on a case we don't cover," said Hayes, "and the covering company wouldn't give back a postage stamp to a blind cripple!"

Mr. Hayes went out into the street. He had, he thought, done a very bright and clever thing—which was to give an unknown bohunk twenty-five dollars. This was another affair like the lawn-mower case. Carelessness. Too much to do. But in that case it was the company's money that had been spent and in this it was his own.

Oh, man! With that twenty-five dollars he had intended to buy a trip ticket on the Illinois Central, a pair of shoes, and lunches until the next pay day. Twenty-five dollars lost! To a man with a wife and a little child this is disaster. He could wear his shoes for another two weeks, though his foot was now only separated from the cold pavement by a hair's breadth of remaining leather; he could tighten his belt at lunchtime, and could even beg rides from passing motorists to get to and from work, but if there should be a sudden need for money at home—aha! Then what?

An appeal to the company he crossed out at once. There was a hard and fast rule that he that paid out money on a no-coverage case was out of luck. Hence all men paid by draft, which went through a coverage clerk for checking before going to the big boss to be signed. But he, Hayes, was going to be a wise guy and do a quick settlement and, lest it get away from him, pay the amount agreed out of his own pocket.

He could have taken a nominal release, too, for a mythical dollar and a pretty red seal; and if it were broken later, the company would be the one that would hold the bag.

But now, could he not appeal to the Consolidated? No, never. He knew them. Once a plaintiff has signed a release he loses all right of action arising out of that case, not only against the person he releases but against all others, whosoever they may be. This the Consolidated would point out, and laugh mockingly, as they had in the lawn-mower case.

"Ah, well, let's get on with the next case," muttered Hayes, "and get in out of this cold wind."

He inspected his notebook.

Peter Spaten versus Concrete Construction That was the case MacClusky had bawled him out on that morning. What could be done on it? Nothing It was a case of a boy who had tried to hop a ride on a truck, had fallen, and been run over by the trailer. They had taken him to the

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bospital, and the case had gone to an attorney before the accident report was in the office. Phillips and Phillips they were the boys that had the case. The ethics of that portion of the legal profession known as ambulance chasers closely resemble a corkscrew, but those of Phillips and Phillips were more so.

Chicago is a city of big organizations, and this law firm was one. They had a man in every ward, in every hospital in the city. It was said that they could get accident reports from the police that were not available to anyone else. Hayes believed they could, for his company had lost a case to them last year to the tune of six thousand dollars, and Phillips and Phillips had got this case because the traffic cop that witnessed it had tipped them off to it by phone.

This firm was rich and paid those who helped it well, for from verdicts that it won it took half, as per contract, and then of the half that was left it took another half for trial expenses, and then of the remainder it took half, as the fable says, because its name was Lion.

In the case of the boy and the broken ankle that had been the result of his accident, Phillips and Phillips had asked five thousand dollars. They had stuck at that figure. If an attorney won't come down, there is no use wasting time in his office trying to make him. Phillips and Phillips liked to try cases, anyway, for if the case were settled out of court, they only got a third, and no gravy for trial expenses.

"I bet the Consolidated have fun when they're up against those birds," muttered Hayes. "One wants the earth with a ring round it and the other wouldn't give a man that had lost both legs enough money to buy a cart to push himself around in."

Mr. Hayes was suddenly seen to smile, then to shake his head from side to side. "Gee," he whispered to himself, "I wonder I ever lived to grow up." Then he took his way briskly in the direction of the office of Phillips and Phillips, attorneys and counselors at law. It was after luncheon, however, before Hayes was admitted to the presence of Mr. Abraham Phillips.

"Hello, Jimmy," said Mr. Phillips, rising and shaking hands with Hayes. "That's nice of you to come over to see me. I get lonesome sitting here by the window all day looking across the street at nothings. Have a cigar, Jimmy? Take one; go on. Them cigars costs me fifteen cents. What's the matter with you fellars over at the Eagle? You ain't friendly like the other companies. I don't want to be enemies with no one."

"H'm," said Hayes, "I hear young Brinkman over at the U. S. Q. & X. got the gate for being friendly with you."

A shadow passed over the lawyer's face. "Oh, that was a dirty thing," he said. "I thought young Brinkman was a clever guy. You know, one of them wise ones. But he wasn't. It hurts a man he should make a mistake like that, you know."

"How much did you slip him for letting you see the case folder?" asked Hayes.

"That's a nice suit o' clothes you got on, Jimmy," replied the other. "You're a fancy dresser for a young fellar. I bet you're a devil with the women."

"Women cost money," said Hayes, looking Mr. Phillips straight between the eyes.

"Do they?" asked the lawyer slowly. He, too, looked straight into the eyes of the man opposite him, but it was a glance as expressionless and cold as that of a fish long from its native sea. His right hand went slowly out, found a pencil, and poised it over a pad of paper.

"How much is a broken ankle worth?" asked Hayes.

"To you or to me?"

"To the plaintiff."

"Whose ankle got broke?"

"A kid's."

"How?"

"Hopping a ride on an ice cart."

"Ah, that ain't much of a case. Now, where was this, and what's the kid's name?"

"Ha-ha!" laughed Hayes. "Money first in case of fire! No, no, my boy, pay first and look afterward. What's it worth?"

"Jimmy," said the lawyer seriously, "why ain't you never been in to see me before? I read it on the card—the name James Hayes—and I don't know it's a good fellar like you. Listen now, Jimmy; we don't pay for information till we get the verdict. See? You gotta take it like we do—on a contingent basis. Now, we couldn't give you money like that right offhand. An' a kid case ain't worth nothing. Stealing a ride! How you going to collect on that? The law don't compel a man to have his ice cart lined with spikes to keep kids off it. The driver ain't negligent because he ain't got eyes in the back of his head. He's looking to the front. Then, you see, a kid don't have no lost time, an' you can't bring him into court with the wife an' a coupla the neighbors' kids. No, no. A broken ankle, five hundred dollars an' medical, an' we only get half—two hunner an' fifty. No, Jimmy, it ain't worth so much trouble. We got a big overhead here too. No, it wouldn't pay us to take it."

"Well, I've got another," smiled Hayes. "A woman and an elevator."

"Yes, yes!"

"A fat woman."

"A fat woman!"

"And her name is Sadie Kusko."

"Sadie Kusko! Where's she live, Jimmy? What's the injuries?"

"She's fat," said Jimmy, leaning over and tapping the lawyer on the knee, "and the law is stiff on elevators. How can you beat negligence? If a woman falls, it's prima facie."

"She married?"

"Yes, she's married."

"It may be a case," said Mr. Phillips, licking his lips. "What's her address? I'll have one of our fellars look into it."

"There's a slight hitch," began Hayes, but the lawyer interrupted.

"Give us the address," said he with some annoyance. "We ain't loafers here. We'll give you a slice outta what we get. Our word's good. You would be surprised some of the people in Chicago I could ask you to go to for references."

"There's a slight hitch," resumed Hayes, "and that is this—that there's been a release taken on it."

The lawyer sat back in his chair and there was a short pause. Finally he leaned forward again and looked Hayes intently in the face.

"Jimmy," said he, "I'm a busy man and I ain't got no time to fool. You ain't neither. You ain't come in here you and I should have a round or two hooch whisky. What's the big argument? Come on, come across with it. There ain't no one here but you and me. Spit it out!"

"I've got a release from this Kusko woman," said Hayes, "for falling out of an elevator. She bled from the nose and hurt her hand. She had a superficial examination in a drug store. This was yesterday. You can have the release for the twenty-five dollars I paid for it, because we don't cover."

"Who does?"

"The Consolidated."

"Ah, that bunch of kikes!" said Mr Phillips, with just a spark of fire in his eye "Um-m, I would just now like a case against them. They settled on me already two cases behind my back! Um-m. Jimmy, you ain't fooling me. You know a tip on a case like that is worth more than twenty five dollars. I ain't a kid. What else you want, huh?"

"You've got a case on with us I want to settle Spaten versus Concrete Construction."

"Eh?" asked the lawyer. He spun his chair and opened the drawer of a card index. "I ain't going to send for no folder to look at in front of you, Jimmy," said he "Folders I never bother with. I got what I want to know right here." He extracted a card and glanced at it

"What are you offering?"

"The release on the other one."

"Ah, no, Jimmy, this case is worth five thousand dollars."

(Continued on Page 62)

"It's the best sole I know!"

"You say you want the toughest, longest-wearing sole that's made?

"I've got it for you!

"It's this *new* Goodyear Wingfoot TAN Sole.

"I've been in the shoe repair business a great many years, and I've never seen a sole stand up and wear like this one. *It's the best sole I know!*

"I'm putting lots of 'em on right now, on men's work shoes, men's street shoes, and boys' and girls' play shoes. The kids are just crazy about 'em. And they're a life-saver for the family pocketbook in these days of high prices.

"Made by Goodyear—the people that make the famous Wingfoot Heels and Goodyear Tires. This is the same quality.

"IT'S GUARANTEED BY GOODYEAR TO OUTWEAR ANY OTHER SOLE.

"*Waterproof*, it keeps your feet dry in wet weather, cold and snow, and also helps keep up the life of the whole shoe.

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"Goodyear has made more than 30,000,000 pairs of soles, and this new TAN Wingfoot is the best of all!

"See, this is the genuine, with the name and the Wingfoot right on the sole—same as you get when you buy new shoes made with them by the best manufacturers.

"Take my word for it, I know shoe materials, and if you want real shoe service, foot comfort, and money savings, either on new shoes or a re-sole job—you just try a pair."

When Goodyear started out to make a perfect shoe sole, Goodyear became a shoemaker. Built and equipped a model shoe factory and shoe repair shop. Put one of the shoe industry's skilled experts in charge, and under his supervision made and tested and re-tested 10,000 soles, of all materials, to get this guaranteed longer-wearing sole.

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WINGFOOT SOLES

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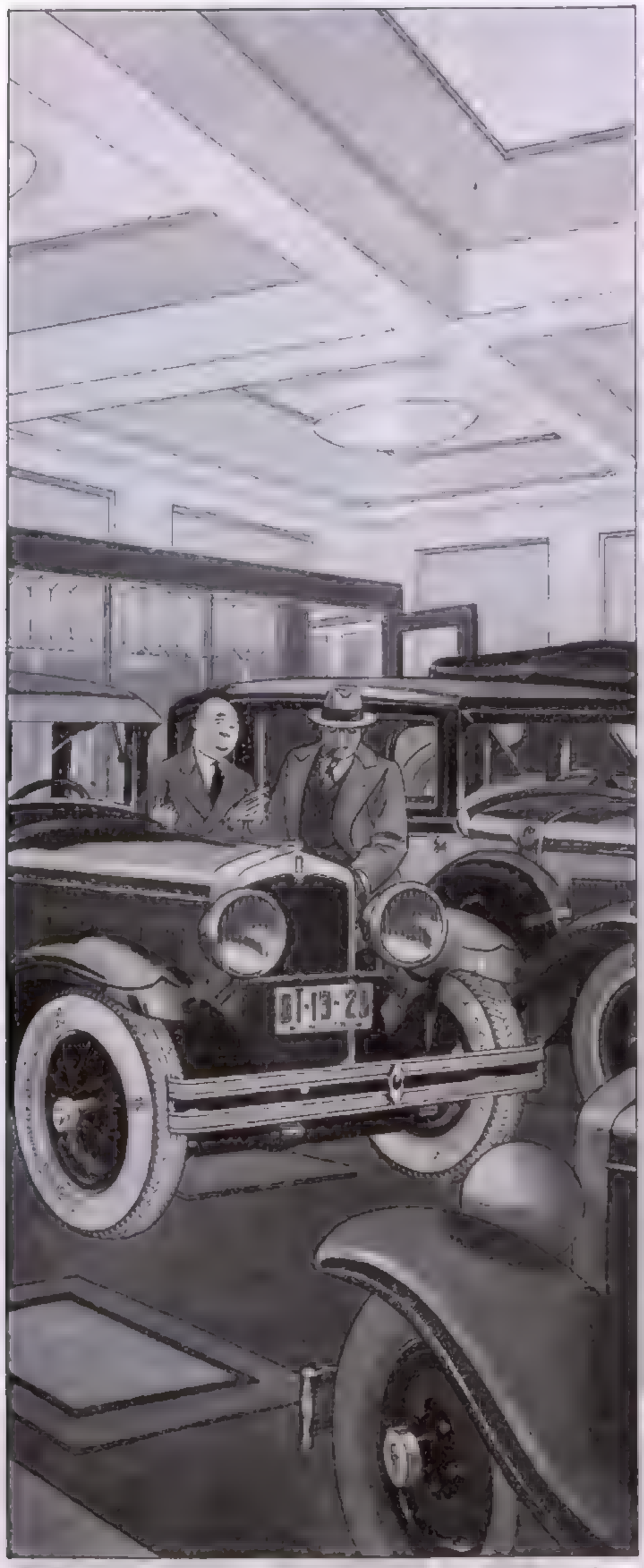

"Here is one that's a real bargain. It's been run only 14,000 miles and we've overhauled it thoroughly and put brand new tires on it."

"Kelly-Springfields, eh? Well, if the rest of the car is as good as the tires, you've got a buyer."

(Continued from Page 60)

"It's a case," said Hayes, leaning forward and speaking earnestly, yet between his teeth, "of a kid stealing a ride. The law does not compel a company to have spikes around the rear of its ice wagon, or its trucks either, to keep kids off. The driver is not negligent if he hasn't got eyes in the back of his head. It wasn't an ice wagon; it was a truck he fell off of, and the trailer ran over him. Five hundred dollars and medical is the price you put on it yourself. This woman that falls on getting out of an elevator is worth, as it stands, twice that. She's got a broken wrist. Furthermore, with the way you can fix it and the medical testimony you can get, you can get twenty-five hundred on it for a settlement and three times that much for a suit. I'm not a kid either. I know a case when I see one. Get your client to sign a release for young Spaten for six hundred dollars and the release on the other case is yours. Nobody ever need know it was signed."

Mr. Phillips sat back in his chair, his expression changing from annoyance to rage, to shame, to rage again. Finally he spoke.

"Get out from my office!" he choked.

Mr. Hayes slowly rose from his chair and buttoned his overcoat. Then, picking up his hat, he went toward the door. Mr. Phillips had turned to his desk and was writing busily. Hayes went out. Well, that was that. Bungled again. And an enemy made of Abe Phillips, who was not a man an adjuster should have hostile to him.

Hayes went heavily into the hall and toward the elevator. Here he felt himself suddenly seized.

"Where you going, young fellar? Don't go away mad. Never in legal business lose your temper. Come in here now; we should talk this over."

The voice was that of Abe Phillips, but it was not he. It was a small man in shirt sleeves, but as they entered a second office, Hayes could see that this second man resembled Mr. Phillips to an astonishing degree. Aha! It was the other brother.

"Sit down, Jimmy," said the stranger. "Have a cigar. Never mind you ain't finished the one you got; put it in your pocket. You're wasting time with that insurance company, Jimmy. Come over an' work for us; here we appreciate a young fellar that's got brains. Now, Jimmy, what about this case?"

"Who are you?" asked Hayes.

"I'm Moe Phillips," grinned the other.

"How do you know about the case?"

"I been reading the folder since you come in."

Hayes regarded this genial little man in shirt sleeves. It struck him that this was the older brother. His face was harder, there was more glitter in his eyes. And he had probably heard, by some means or other, every word of the conversation with Abe

"Six hundred dollars for young Spaten," said Hayes, "and Mrs. Kusko's release."

"And your twenty-five dollars."

"And my twenty-five dollars."

"Jimmy," said the other man, "I like you. I want to be friends with you. Them fellars at the Eagle, they starve a young man to death and then kick him out in the streets like a dog. You should work for me, Jimmy. Maybe you could work for me and the Eagle, too, huh?"

"Maybe," said Hayes. "But how about this case?"

"Jimmy," said the other, shaking his head, "we're poor men here. It's awful hard to make a living doing legal work And then my client's a poor woman. She come in here I should advise her what to do, and what kind of a no-good would I be if I settled her case for 10 per cent what it's worth? Why, I might be disbarred."

Hayes laughed aloud and the other man squirmed slightly.

"Gimme eight hundred dollars and the release," said the other hurriedly. "For the first time, and because I want to be friends, I would be a good fellar."

Hayes thereupon filled in a minor's release form and handed it to Moe Phillips.

"When will we get that back?"

"Tomorrow—yeh, tomorrow afternoon," replied the other absent-mindedly, for he was occupied in reading Mrs. Kusko's release; and then, burning it in the ash tray, said he, when the last bit of blue paper was entirely consumed, "There! Come in and see us often, Jimmy. Maybe we can do business, you an' me."

From a drawer he took five five-dollar bills. "Here's your twenty-five. You got a damn good settlement.

"But, Jimmy," purred Mr. Moe Phillips, as he let Hayes out the door, "don't forget we give you money on this matter. If you should squeak about the release, you'll go over the river."

"I won't forget," said Hayes.

In the street the wind was no longer cold, and the sun shone warmly. Hayes squared his shoulders. It took a cavalryman to grasp his opportunities. He had back his twenty-five dollars, he had squared things with the Consolidated—aye, and with interest—and he had settled the Spaten case for just three hundred dollars under the limit set by the home office, a limit no one had thought the case could be settled for, even the man who had set it.

He went into a drug store and called the office of the Eagle.

"Hayes speaking," said he, when the connection had been made. "Anything on my desk?"

"No," said the girl.

"All right. Give me the boss."

The instrument clicked.

"District claim manager speaking!" barked a voice.

"Hayes. May I speak to Mr. MacClusky?"

"He ain't in. He's gone to see the attorneys on that Mount-City thing we disclaimed on. What did you want him for?"

"I just wanted to tell him I'd settled the Spaten case for eight hundred dollars."

"Good kid!" cried the manager.

Mr. Hayes went out to the sidewalk and thumbed his notebook. What would be the next case? The tension under which he had worked all the morning had relaxed and the reaction had set in. His mind seemed numb. A street car rattled by, bearing upon its front a large white sign, with letters in red: DOUBLE-HEADER TODAY.

Double-header! He had had one double-header already that day. He closed his book with a slap.

Some time afterward Mr. Hayes fought his way to a seat in the bleachers behind first base. The place was jammed and passage was a matter of physical force. Moreover, the crowd had taken exception to a close decision, and they roared with sheer joy at something to yell about.

"Yah!" cried Hayes with the rest. "Go home to Winnetka! You couldn't umpire a game of marbles!"

Hayes, panting with excitement and joy, sat down.

"I could give a better decision than that from here," said his right-hand neighbor.

Hayes turned with a smile, but the smile left his face instantly

"Gr-r-r!" snarled the neighbor as he stared into Hayes' face. It was MacClusky the slave driver, the Cossack, the knout swinger!

"I came in to tell you," faltered Hayes, "about that Spaten case. I settled it for eight hundred dollars."

"How did you know I was here?" roared MacClusky, so that those about turned to look at him.

"A good adjuster knows everything," said Hayes, quoting one of MacClusky's pet maxims. He took heart, for was not MacClusky supposed to be conferring with an attorney? The man in the broken derby hat on MacClusky's other side did not look like one.

MacClusky rumbled within himself like a volcano about to erupt.

"Eight hundred dollars!" he grunted finally. "That kid case! Well, that ain't more'n twice what it's worth. Better stay here now and tell me about this game. I don't know none of these Chicago players."

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STABILIZED FRANCE

(Continued from Page 23

the chervonetz presents a paradox. It went through the motions of stabilization without being made stable. Although its parity is a little more than five dollars, the actual value in foreign exchange is just half.

One final detail must be explained before we enter upon the story of French stabilization. The word "stabilization" is handed about lightly, but few know what it actually signifies. Generally speaking, it represents several processes. In money transaction, however, it means the giving of a legal gold value to paper currency. Until this is done the money is subject to violent fluctuation.

The collapse of the franc was not due to any inherent economic weakness. In the very hour when it ebbed to the lowest mark French national resource remained unimpaired. The trouble was more imaginary than real, more of morale than of actual physical or monetary decline. Political manipulation frustrated taxation, which in turn impaired the budget.

In addition, postwar estimates were based on the idea that the vanquished would pay. In these days of world conflagrations, however, both sides lose. The postwar unrest proved how elusive the thing called victory can be. It was not until 1924 that reparations were put on a business basis. Meanwhile, France had to be content with a doled-out indemnity, mainly in kind. The burden of restoring the devastated regions was on her shoulders. Depression followed. Hence the inflation and the plight of the franc.

A year ago I told in these columns the complete story of how France found herself. It is therefore only necessary to recapitulate the main features. Before Poincaré could stabilize the franc with a certainty that its value in the exchange markets would be maintained, the equilibrium of the budget had to be assured, the treasury had to have a balance sufficient for its needs, the floating debt had to be reduced and provision made for the regular amortization of the balance, the advances made to the state by the Bank of France had to be lowered, circulation covered by an adequate metallic reserve, sufficient foreign exchange piled up to offset any speculative attacks, and the balance of international payments made favorable. All this had been accomplished months before actual stabilization was brought about.

The Younger Franc

In a memorable speech on June twenty-first Poincaré announced in the Chamber that the government was opposed to either complete or even partial revaluation of the franc and that it had decided to stabilize the currency practically at the existing rate. Two days later the stabilization bill was submitted to parliament and passed by an overwhelming majority. The law was promulgated on June twenty-fifth. It marked the end of the long battle for the franc.

Poincaré disposed of the revalorization contention in this fashion:

"Our currency is worth today only one-fifth of its former value. To want to restore this value by progressive and continued efforts is indeed a noble ambition, but it is an ambition which would meet insurmountable obstacles. Nothing would survive this precarious undertaking of recovery—neither the budget, nor the treasury, nor industry, nor agriculture. All expenses and receipts would be upset; all private contracts would be modified; all estimates frustrated. The whole economy of the country would be mortally affected.

"Suppose, for example, that we tried to revalue at the rate of 100 francs to the pound. What would be the consequences of this partial revaluation of about 20 per cent? The franc, which is worth twenty prewar centimes, would be worth twenty-five. On 100 francs of *rentes*, the holder of them will gain five francs; on 1000 francs he will gain fifty francs. This is not negligible, but it is not much. What will he lose in return? He will suffer fatally with all other Frenchmen from a general crisis, a shock which the whole country will feel."

Stabilization fixed a new monetary unit. The name "franc" is retained, but it is now applied to 65.5 milligrams of gold, nine-tenths fine. The other tenth of the content consists of alloy, as in our own gold coin. This gives the new franc a melted value of 3.9175 cents in United States money. It means that every American dollar is worth twenty-five francs and fifty-two centimes.

For the first time in its history the French money unit is expressed directly by a weight of gold. In the old days the franc corresponded to a certain weight of silver. It was through adopting a fixed rate of conversion between gold and silver, and then limiting the legal status of silver coin, that French currency during the eighteenth century came to be exclusively a gold currency.

When Stability is Forced

The old prewar franc had a value of 19.3 cents. Stabilization has been effected at one-fifth the former value. Though it loses in comparative value, it gains in stability. In other words, it is anchored.

A considerable change is made in the coinage. The five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty centime coins and the bronzed-aluminum one and two franc pieces remain. There will be new five, ten and twenty silver franc pieces and also a gold 100-franc piece. The existing five and ten franc paper notes will be gradually called in.

Under the stabilization act the Bank of France is required to maintain a gold reserve of 35 per cent against notes and deposit liabilities. As a matter of fact, its reserve at the time I write is more than 40 per cent. France has outstanding a circulation of 58,772,000,000 francs. Covering this is gold in coin and bullion of 29,403,000,000 francs. In addition, France has sight deposits abroad of 16,540,000,000 francs, foreign exchange worth 9,778,000,000 francs, and negotiable bills purchased abroad aggregating 12,708,000,000 francs. She also has silver which, as bullion, is worth 785,000,000 francs. This will be minted into the new subsidiary coins and will have a money value of 1,250,000,000 francs. This imposing array of resources shows that, at home and abroad, the republic has assets that not only leave no doubt as to her solvency but put her in a peculiarly strong fiscal position.

Now that the franc is stabilized, we can proceed to two timely analyses. The first is the effect of stabilization. Ordinarily, when a depreciated money is relinked to the gold basis, there is a period of serious, and sometimes costly, dislocation, due to readjustment to the new standard. This is particularly true when stabilization is forced.

A conspicuous illustration is afforded by the Italian lira. Mussolini, in his grand manner, pounded the table and said: "No nation victorious in the war can afford to have depreciated currency." Against the advice of seasoned financiers and industrialists, he literally commanded stabilization, and at too high a figure. In consequence Italian industry got a terrific jolt. Production declined and unemployment followed. The reason was that wages and the prices of raw materials increased abruptly. Italian producers could not raise the prices of their commodities in keeping with the advance all along the line. They found themselves at a disadvantage in the international markets.

France has undergone no such drastic ordeal. As I have already pointed out, she went through a period of *de facto* stabilization which gradually geared finance and industry to the same figure at which legal stabilization was effected. This covered eighteen months. When the law was promulgated on June twenty-fifth, the country

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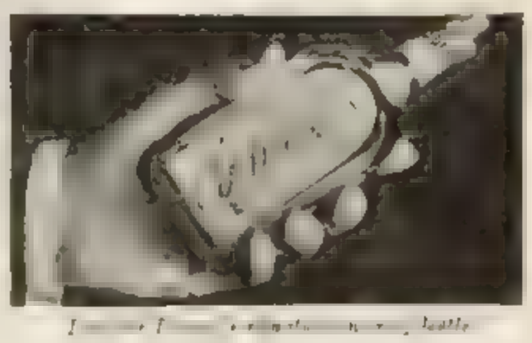

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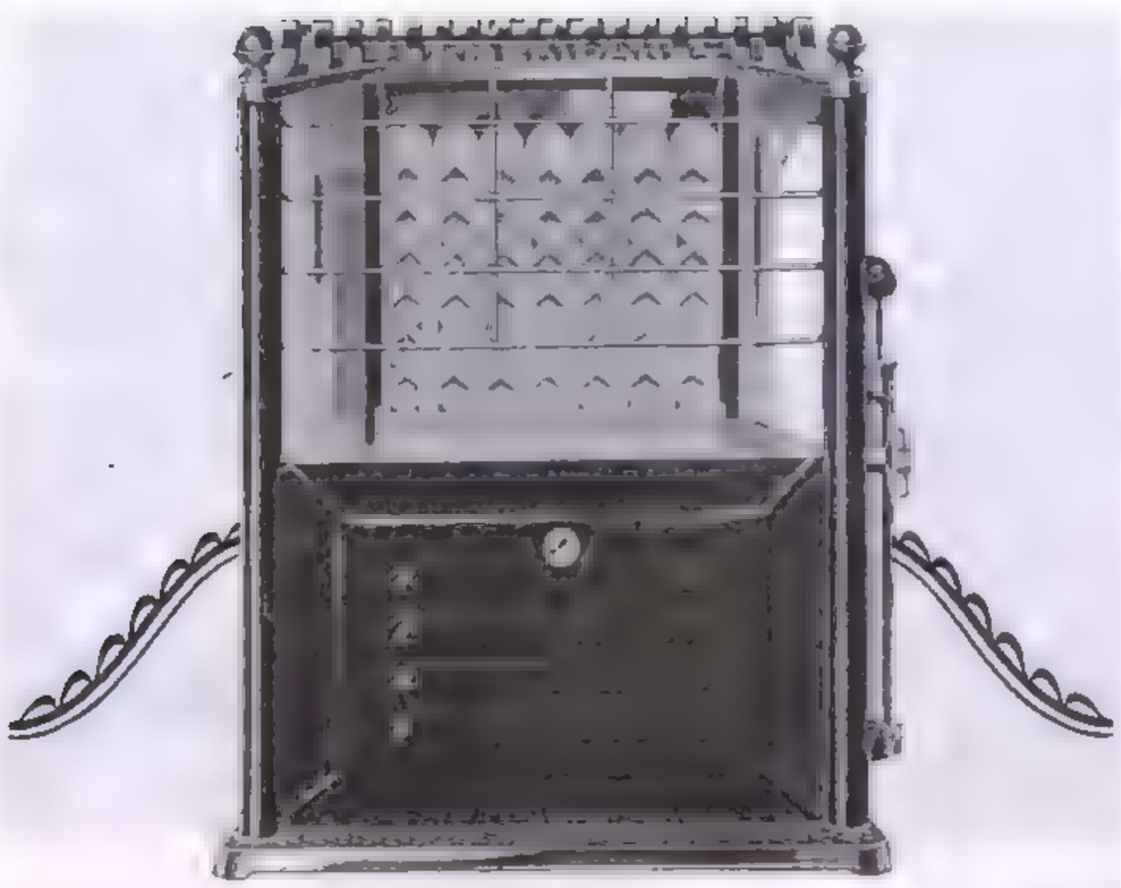

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calmly adapted itself to a new order which was merely a technicality. Finance and industry continued their expanding way.

The largest effect, certainly so far as the general public is concerned, lies on the psychological side. While *de facto* stabilization existed there was always the likelihood of some attack on the franc, with the inevitable fluctuations. Nowhere does the panic mind develop so fast as in finance. Every stock exchange is a nest of rumors. The most absurd gossip can break a security or cause a money to decline. With legal stabilization, and therefore a fixed currency value, uncertainty is removed. Foreign capital can come in with the assurance that its integrity will be maintained.

The second post-stabilization aspect to be considered is French resource and its relation to capacity to pay the American debt of roughly $4,000,000,000. Under the Mellon-Bérenger agreement, which remains unconfirmed, France is required to pay progressive annuities, including interest and principal, over a period of sixty-two years. Payments commence with $30,000,000, reach $125,000,000 in the seventeenth year, and continue thereafter at this figure, except for the final year, when it is slightly less.

In view of the assets that I have already enumerated, it seems almost absurd to ask if France is able to pay. True, she must maintain that 35 per cent gold reserve to cover circulation; but she has a considerable excess over the legal requirement, to say nothing of the immense holdings of foreign exchange and other items.

Among the steady sources of income is the French share in the German reparations. This means that she gets 52 per cent of the so-called standard annuity of $625,000,000 which began on September first and continues indefinitely until the ultimate German obligation is agreed upon. If reparations are fixed and commercialized at a total of $8,000,000,000—it will probably not be less—she receives her pro rata amount of the proceeds.

France is so affluent that she has begun to sell some of her foreign exchange. Moreover, she is reaching the point where she will again be a factor in the world lending market. One of the greatest of German bankers made this statement to me last June: "France is not only rich and prosperous but before many years pass she will be a strong rival of the United States and England as lender. She has accumulated such a large surplus of funds that she must find an outlet."

One significant straw in the wind was the removal in January of the restriction on the export of capital from France, which has been in force ever since the Armistice. It created a demand for foreign exchange and reduced the pressure on the Bank of France.

Revitalized Industry

Throughout the period of acute depreciation France's principal trouble was with the budget. This source of anxiety is now removed. In 1927 and 1928 budgets were safely balanced. Despite growing expenditures for the army, navy, increased salaries, a big program of agricultural credit, and a widespread housing scheme, the 1929 document will show no discrepancies, thanks to Poincaré's prudent management. During every month this year revenues have exceeded estimates to such an extent—for July the surplus as compared with the estimate amounted to 1,672,000,000 francs—that a reduction of taxation, or, rather, a more equitable distribution, is now in sight.

France's internal debt, although ten times larger than before the war, is no great handicap, because it is now payable in money one-fifth of the original value. As more than one observer has remarked, it is a debt owed from one pocket to the other.

Reinforcing financial accumulation is a revitalized industry. In automobile output France now ranks second to the United States. As member of the continental steel combine she has made her quota for the first time during the last twelve months. The return of Alsace and Lorraine speeded her productive advance with potash, oil, and heavy ore products. The country has embarked on a scheme of colonial expansion which will add to economic self-sufficiency

The so-called industrial barometer, made up of the average for the month of twenty important items in French economic activity, was eleven points higher last June than for the corresponding month in 1927. Imports of essential articles like coal and oil were lower, while exports of silk and automobiles showed a distinct increase. There was also a marked advance in the volume of car loadings and port traffic.

One detail in the situation is highly significant, because it shows how industry is booming full tilt. On August first there were less than 1000 unemployed in France. The country is actually facing a labor shortage, in face of the fact that there are 1,500,000 foreign workers, mainly Russians, Poles, Belgians and Italians.

This practical wiping out of unemployment is all the more remarkable when you consider that 110,850 workers were on the dole in 1919. A year later the number had been reduced to 91,225. As recently as last year, 90,000 were out of work. Following industrial readjustment to *de facto* stabilization the list went down to 26,000. Since that time it has gradually decreased until it has become almost negligible. With only 5,000,000 more of population, Great Britain has a chronic idle host of 1,250,000. Like the Germans, the French have both the capacity and the determination for work. They regard the dole as unwholesome diet.

A Campaign Issue

Why, then, does France evade a showdown on the American debt? Britain signed up long before she turned the economic corner. With the amiable state of mind that prosperity invariably begets, there seems no reason why the troublesome difference between two great republics should not be wiped out once and for all.

Up to the beginning of last year three obstacles stood in the way. One was, of course, the fiscal chaos growing out of the collapse of the franc. The second was purely mental. The French shied at a sixty-two-year vista of payments, but their reaction has nothing to do with the legality of an obligation, owed not to the American Government but to hundreds of thousands of American individuals who had put their money in Liberty Bonds.

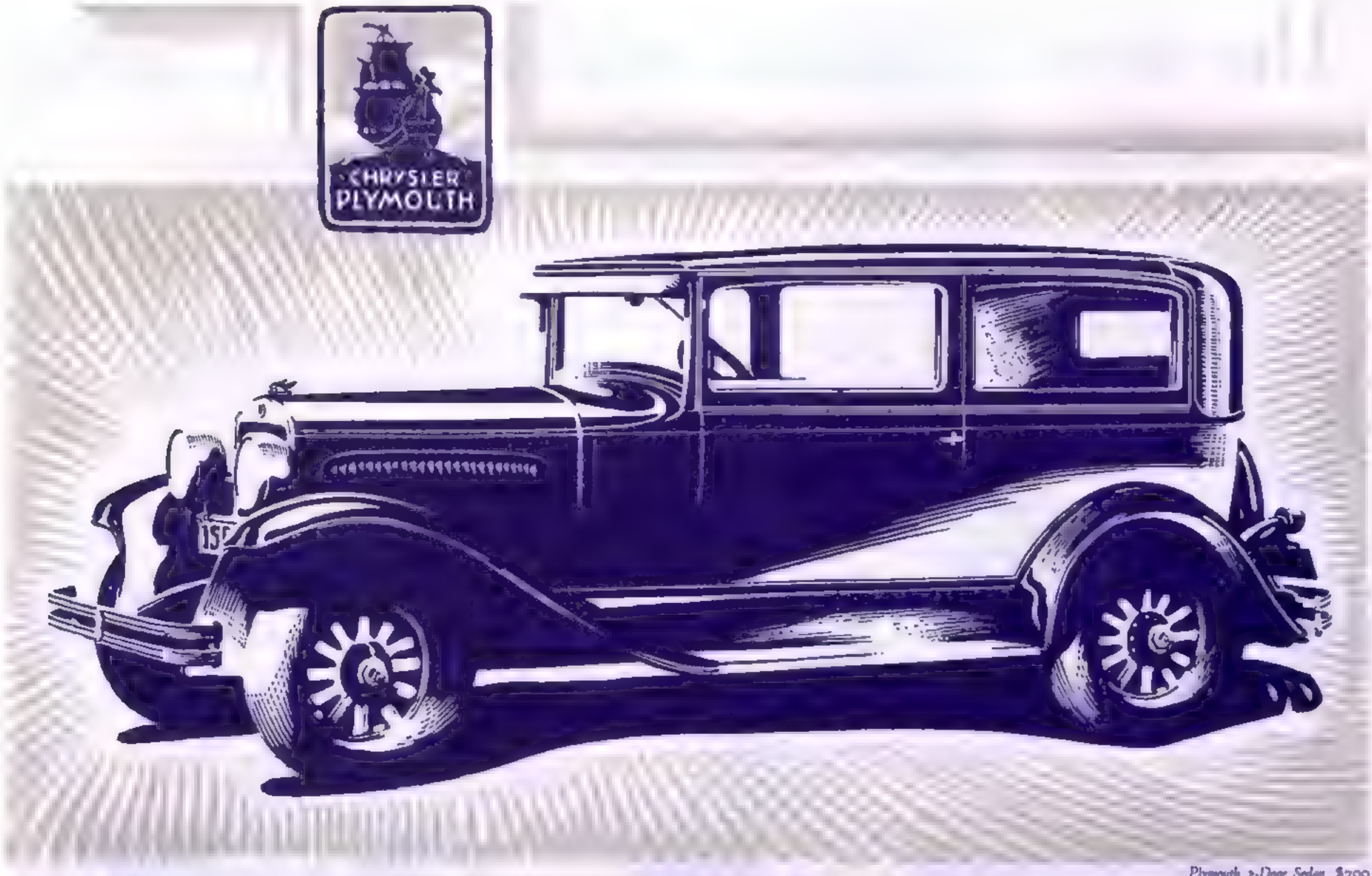
The third was political. Like reparations, the American debt became a campaign issue. Deputies won favor and votes by becoming professional opponents of ratification. This is why Poincaré could not even broach the subject in parliament without risking a defeat which would have overthrown his government.

With stabilization has come a new debt mood largely instigated by the premier himself. Until he was assured of the safety of his political position he could make no gesture in the direction of the debt. Now that he has a majority squarely behind him it is altogether likely that he will risk action. His eventual attitude is indicated by the fact that for two years he has paid the service on the debt to us as a sort of spontaneous and unofficial offering. The way, therefore, is paved to official ratification.

Financial and political stabilizations are not the only agencies that will bring the American debt settlement to a head before the end of this year. Circumstance will force the French hand. It grows out of the maturity next year of the commercial debt to us. In 1919 France purchased the war stocks of the American Expeditionary Force for $406,000,000, payment to be made on August 1, 1929. The annual interest of $20,000,000 has been faithfully met on the dot.

To meet such a big maturity France must prepare a considerable time ahead. No intimation has so far been made as to how it

(Continued on Page 69)



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Road performance tells an even more convincing story—generous power, speed, and startling smoothness from the new "Silver-Dome" high-compression engine, using any gasoline. And the safety of internal-expanding hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, positive in all weather.

See it! Examine it critically. You will at once know why the Plymouth, by proving through comparison its greater dollar value, is upsetting buying habits of many years' standing in the lowest-priced group.

$675
AND UPWARDS

Roadster (*with rumble seat*)	$675
Coupe	685
Touring	695
2-Door Sedan	700
De Luxe Coupe (*with rumble seat*)	735
4-Door Sedan	735

All prices f. o. b. Detroit

Plymouth dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments.

The new Radiola Super-Heterodynes

mark another great advance in radio acoustics

The RCA Super-Heterodyne, for five years the finest achievement in radio, has now been made a still finer instrument as the result of the continuous work of the 200 engineers in the laboratories of RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse.

The new Radiola Super-Heterodynes (Series 60) combine these points of superiority:

1. **The simplicity and dependability of A. C. electric operation, so successfully utilized in the nationally popular Radiola 18 type of receiver.**
2. **The unrivalled super-selectivity and high sensitivity of the Super-Heterodyne circuit—sharply separating nearby stations, and clearly bringing in distant stations.**
3. **Fidelity of tone and breadth of musical range never before achieved in radio.**
4. **A new method of high amplification without distortion.**
5. New control features never before used in radio.
6. Beautifully designed and finished cabinets selected by a special committee of artists and cabinet-makers.

The RCA Radiola Dealer near you will be glad to demonstrate one of the new Radiolas in your own home, and let you operate it. A touch of the finger brings in whatever program you choose.

Purchase of any Radiola or Loudspeaker may readily be made on the convenient RCA Time Payment Plan.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Buy with confidence where you see this sign

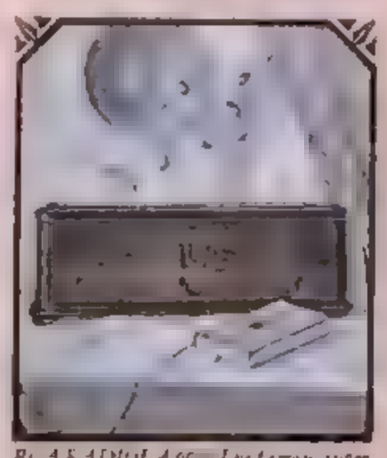
RCA RADIOLA 62—Cabinet model of the new RCA superheterodyne and electric Super Heterodyne. Enclosed Dynamic Speaker finest of all radio reproducing instruments. Superior fidelity of reproduction over the entire musical range never before achieved in radio. Illuminated triple dial. Beautiful cabinet of walnut veneer with maple inlay.
$375 (less Radiotrons).

RCA RADIOLA 52—The nationally popular set with A.C. electric operation in a specially designed cabinet with RCA Loudspeaker enclosed. All ready to connect to aerial and ground and bring in the best that on the air.
$175 (less Radiotrons)

RCA RADIOLA 60—Custom built cabinet made of the famous RCA Super Heterodyne with the RCA Loudspeaker 44 at the new price that is an unusual value in fine radio receivers. Operates entirely from the house current.
$285 with Radiotrons.

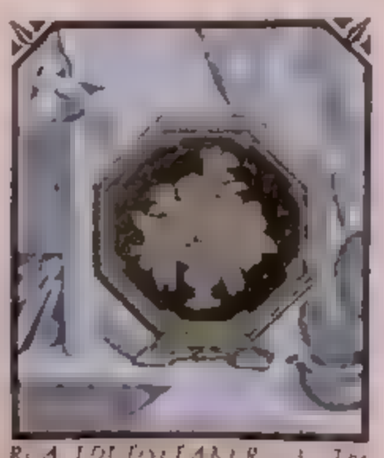
RCA DYNAMIC SPEAKER 104—The incomparable reproducing instruments of the type used in the new cabinet Radiolas now available as a separate unit. Operates on A.C. house current. A beautiful piece of furniture as well as a speaker of amazing range and tone.
$88.

RCA RADIOLA 64—De luxe cabinet model of new RCA Super Heterodyne, with improved RCA Dynamic Speaker. Incorporates new features never before used in broadcast receivers. Special automatic volume control. Amazing fidelity of reproduction hitherto unrealized in radio. Enclosed in a finely finished cabinet of rich design.
$550 (less Radiotrons)

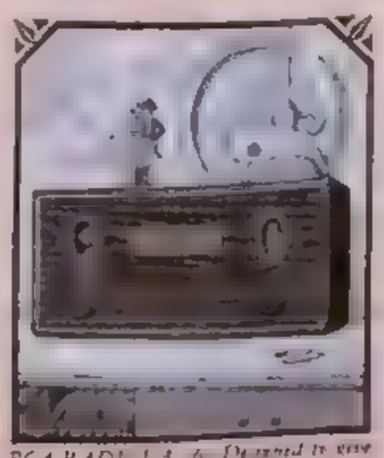


RCA RADIOLA 66—The famous superheterodyne and exclusive RCA Super Heterodyne now with 245 tubes for completely house current operation. Ideal for long-distance broadcasting. Also highly sensitive for place reception from broadcast stations.
$275 (less Radiotrons).

RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100—Over three-quarters of a million of this type of RCA Speaker are now in use. Their sturdy construction and unfailing performance have made them the most popular of all reproducers.
$30.



RCA LOUDSPEAKER 3—The famous RCA in a new dress. The speaker made a thing of beauty as well as utility. Tapestry covered.
$37.50.



RCA RADIOLA 67—Designed to give the finest radio entertainment in home not served by electric lines. Features perfected. A receiver known for its wonderful performance and long life in thousands of homes.
$82.50 with Radiotrons)

RCA RADIOLA 18—Most popular type of Radiola ever built. A beautifully designed set of broad range and capacity for operation on A.C. house current operation. A powerful performer with Mahogany cabinet and rich finish.
$95 (less Radiotrons)

RCA Radiola

Made by the makers of the Radiotron

(Continued from Page 66)

will be done. France must pay outright or make some funding agreement. In many quarters I gathered that, despite her accumulated wealth, she is not favorably disposed toward a cash settlement. To escape payment she must ratify what is called the political debt—that is, the $4,000,000,000 obligation—or risk repudiation, which is unthinkable.

The best summary of the Franco-American debt situation was made by Garrard Winston, who was Secretary Mellon's chief aide during all the European debt-funding negotiations. In view of his close association with our Government, what he says may be regarded as practically an official view. Here it is:

"In spite of the political agitation against the Mellon-Bérenger agreement in France, I believe that ultimately ratification will come. France is self-contained, saving and industrious. All things considered, France is one of the strongest countries financially in the world. The agreement is fair to France. The franc has been stabilized and the budget balanced.

"It is true that all this has come about without ratifying the debt-settlement agreement, but the budget balances only on the assumption that France is not required to pay in a year more than the Mellon-Bérenger agreement provides for that year. A budget balanced under such conditions is not conclusive evidence that France will maintain the stability of the franc without determining definitely her external obligations.

"France owes America some $406,000,000 for war supplies, due in August of next year. France is paying the debt incurred for a similar purpose to England. Without admitting bankruptcy she cannot repudiate this obligation to the United States. The Administration at Washington will not consider the funding of this $406,000,000, except as part of a complete settlement. It seems probable, therefore, that France will agree to the Mellon-Bérenger agreement which covers this so-called commercial debt, as well as the war debt, and thus avoid paying $406,000,000 in cash in August, 1929."

Fixing the Film Quota

Though debt harmony is less remote than at any time since the Mellon-Bérenger agreement was signed, American film freedom in France is still somewhat menaced. The value of our film exports is obvious when I say that 35 per cent of the gross revenue of the American motion-picture manufacturers comes from sales outside of the United States.

It comprises the difference between profit and loss. Hence the foreign market is essential to the well-being of one of our outstanding industries.

Out of the 500 alien films exhibited in France every year, we provide 400, practically the same ratio as in England and in Germany. For five years the French have been trying to build up a film industry without success. In February of this year a cinema control commission was set up to foster French-made films. It is so constituted that its regulations have the power of law.

The first important move was to formulate a decree providing that for every four foreign films brought into the country, one French picture must be bought and distributed outside French confines. With our export of 400 pictures we would have to buy 100 French movies every twelve months. It is just as if we required France to buy and wear one frock of American make for every four dresses that American women purchase in Paris.

Not only was it an attempt to enforce exports by internal legislation, for the first time in the history of commerce, but it was also physically impossible. The French do not make anything like 100 feature films a year. A little thing like this, however, cuts no ice when European governments set out to harass the American producer.

Our film industry, through its organization in France, protested against the decree. When the cinema control commission refused to budge, we threatened to pull out of the country. It would have meant the practical closing down of nearly 3000 movie houses, employing more than 8000 persons, to say nothing of the loss of millions of dollars that we have in French houses, equipment, and otherwise.

When the situation looked the darkest, Will H. Hays went to Paris as representative of the American film interests and conducted negotiations with Herriot, who, as Minister of Public Instruction, is the accredited head and spokesman of the film industry of France. After long discussion a temporary compromise was reached

A Contrast in Tariffs

Under the revised arrangement, for every French film produced, seven import licenses are granted, and they can all go to one country. These licenses are negotiable like shares of stock. The French producer who thus gets seven import licenses for each picture he turns out, can sell them where he pleases. If the French picture is distributed outside of France two additional import permits are granted. This makes it possible for us to get sufficient permits to bring in all the films required for export to France. A further concession was that 60 per cent of American pictures, based on last year's figures, come in free of restriction.

The compromise that I have just indicated is effective only until the end of 1928, when the whole proposition will be thrown open again. The French are dead set on some kind of film restriction and it is possible that further complications will develop. The irony of the whole business is that France, like Germany, agreed to the removal of trade barriers at the economic conference held in Geneva last year.

Franco-American tariff relations are even more unsatisfactory. Though Germany enjoys the benefit of a most-favored-nation treaty with her former foe, we pay the maximum schedule on most of our principal exports. The new French tariff on our products is four times higher, in many instances, than formerly obtained. We have no commercial treaty with France and are, therefore, subject to discrimination.

The existing French customs tariff is largely based on laws enacted in 1892, when a new customs policy, resulting from a protectionist reaction against long-established free trade, began to function. It was amended in 1919 and reached high tide last year with the conclusion of commercial treaties with many European powers, principally Germany. It is indicative of the deep-seated continental hostility to American goods that practically every treaty formulated in 1927 bestowed tariff favors elsewhere. We were left out in the cold, despite long diplomatic conversations and the writing of endless notes.

A curious situation has developed. When we had an elastic or bargaining tariff the French customs system was rigid. Conditions are now exactly reversed. We adhere to a single rate on the products of all nations, while France leaves the door open to manipulation of rates. Unfortunately, the rates do not manipulate to our advantage.

The new French tariff affecting the United States went into effect on September 6, 1927, coincident with the inauguration of the Franco-German treaty. The maximum schedule now applies to practically every important American export. The products hit the hardest are motor-car parts, which are subject to an 800 per cent increase; bathroom equipment, on which the rise is 600 per cent; insulators, 500 per cent; cardboard containers, 800 per cent; refrigerating equipment, 500 per cent; leather goods of all kinds, 100 per cent; and printing presses, 400 per cent. Chemicals, heavy and light machinery, hardware, knit goods, earthen and glass ware, and a wide range of specialty products also feel the heavy imposition.

Fisher Building, Detroit.
Albert Kahn, Inc., Architects.
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A Fitting Tribute to Bull Dog Products

In this—*the world's finest commercial building*—where no effort was spared to maintain the highest quality standards for even the minor details, it was inevitable that Bull Dog should be called upon to supply such important features as *Unit-Versal Metering and Lighting Panelboards, SAFtoFUSE Distributing Panels and Electrical Switchboards.* Bull Dog Products are known for their fine quality and for the advanced ideas in safety and convenience which they represent. With all their advantages they are priced with sufficient moderation to make their use practical in all types of buildings from modest cottage to monumental structure—industrial, public, commercial and residential.

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Byways of wealth and distinction

Leading to the entrances of world-famous estates, Bellevue Ave., Newport, R. I., is paved with concrete, as are many miles of residential and business thoroughfares in that fashionable colony

DISCRIMINATING communities, whose citizens appreciate beauty as well as pavement values, are building concrete streets. Investigations have repeatedly shown concrete pavements to be unequaled for distinction and fine riding qualities, as well as for durability.

The concrete street requires no surfacing. The same rugged, almost indestructible material which forms the base or foundation of most modern streets, takes a surface finish of distinctive beauty and provides safe traction wet or dry.

The concrete street is most adaptable in width, thickness, surface and color to all environments and traffic requirements from busy freight yards to quiet park drives or smart boulevards.

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A National Organization to Improve and Extend the Uses of Concrete
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More and more concrete pavements are laid every year by American communities. 1928 has again broken all previous records for contracts placed. If your street is to be paved or widened you should advocate concrete for safety, beauty and economy. We shall be glad to tell you how, as a taxpayer, you can go about getting the work done. Our illustrated booklet on modern street pavements will interest you. A copy will be sent on request.

PORTLAND CEMENT
CONCRETE
FOR PERMANENCE

The French maintain that this excessive tariff is in no sense a reprisal. They point to our uncompromising schedules and declare that they are only acting in economic self-defense. Americans who have long resided in France, however, argue that the maximum schedules now in operation are a gesture to force us into negotiating a favorable commercial treaty.

Despite the friction over the debt, films and the tariff, Franco-American relations are better today than at almost any time since 1920. Early this year, and as an evidence of friendship, President Coolidge lifted the ban on the flotation of French industrial loans in this country. It had been in force for more than three years because of the failure of France to fund her war obligations. Less than a month later we signed a new treaty of arbitration with France. The signatures were affixed on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the document, sponsored by Benjamin Franklin, which opened diplomatic relationships between the two countries.

What might be termed our external prestige will soon be enhanced. In August we began to emerge from the boarding-house class, so far as our embassy is concerned, with the acquisition of one of the prize sites in Paris, at a cost of $1,126,000. It comprises the building and land occupied for years by the Union Artistique at the corner of the Boissy d'Anglas and the Avenue Gabriel. The property faces the Place de la Concorde, heart of the capital and the center of what is perhaps the most beautiful vista in the world. On it will be built a structure to house our diplomatic representation including consular staff and naval and military attachés. In architecture it will conform to the original plans of Baron Haussmann, who achieved so much for the embellishment of Paris under the inspiration of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Another building that will do us cultural as well as practical credit is the American section in course of erection at the Cité Universitaire, one of the most unusual of all student-housing enterprises. It represents the first attempt of French universities to construct dormitories on a large scale in the midst of a campus reserved for student quarters and sports.

The need of such an undertaking in Paris is peculiar. Young men and young women go there from every part of the world to take advantage of the Sorbonne and other academic facilities. Most of them have limited means and have had to be content with lodgings in the Latin Quarter. Though the artistic atmosphere in this Bohemian area is high, the comforts are correspondingly low.

In Close Communication

The Cité Universitaire was planned to be an international-student colony. Nearly every one of the great powers has erected, or is building, a dormitory for its nationals. Seven French houses were donated by the late Deutsch de La Meurthe, whose generosity initiated the project. The cornerstone of the American House was laid in May with impressive ceremonies. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has lately given 2,000,000 francs for the central dining hall where all the students will gather socially. The Japanese, English, Canadian, Belgian and Argentine units are in various stages of construction. Contracts have been let for the Dutch, Swedish, Spanish and Indo-Chinese dormitories.

Communication between the United States and France is increasingly close. Colonel Lindbergh showed the aerial way. Since his historic flight the long-distance wireless telephone is uniting the countries by minutes instead of days. In March of this year telephone conversation between New York and Paris was inaugurated. In less than four months America received 2500 calls from France. During September one of the most spectacular of all the Wall Street operators did all his trading by telephone from Paris. His bill for one day was more than $7000.

A significant aspect of the new and stabilized France finds expression in the growing entente with Germany. Though self-interest largely dictates the procedure, there is no doubt that the traditional political and racial hatred is being sterilized to a considerable extent. Economic necessity remains the great leveler. Germany and France have natural commercial associations. Each produces what the other desires to consume. The commercial integrity of one is dependent upon the prosperity of the other.

The outstanding manifestation was the Franco-German commercial treaty to which I have referred. After more than four years of negotiation, it was concluded in August, 1927. Under it, French perfumes, wines, soaps, porcelains, silks, woolens, leather goods and several other manufactured articles get minimum rates. In return, German dyes, chemicals, cotton goods and electrical machinery receive reciprocal advantages.

A Horse-Drawn Goodwill Flight

As you will see in a later article of this series, big industries in France and Germany are getting closer together every day. This is particularly true of chemicals, steel, rails and potash. Though Germany initiated these and other international combines, she has invariably found a ready ally in France. It means a union of Teutonic technical and selling skill with French finesse and imagination. One deduction is obvious. It relates to the growing economic isolation of Great Britain from the European continent. The British have kept out of most of the international combinations and are devoting themselves to the development of empire consciousness. In other words, they are leaning more and more upon an imperial trust made up of dominion units.

Trade and tariff are not the only manifestations of Franco-German understanding. A gathering of Allied and German soldiers—all war veterans—at Luxemburg in September, indicated that one-time embattled enemies are now gathering together in friendly intercourse. The Franco-German congress at Baden-Baden reunited the savants of the two countries for common research effort. In August twenty German senior-high-school students were the guests of the city of Paris. When Stresemann arrived to sign the Kellogg Antiwar Pact, he found the German flag flying in the capital for the first time since the outbreak of the war. One of the greatest of the Parisian department stores has organized a German branch and will erect an imposing building in Berlin.

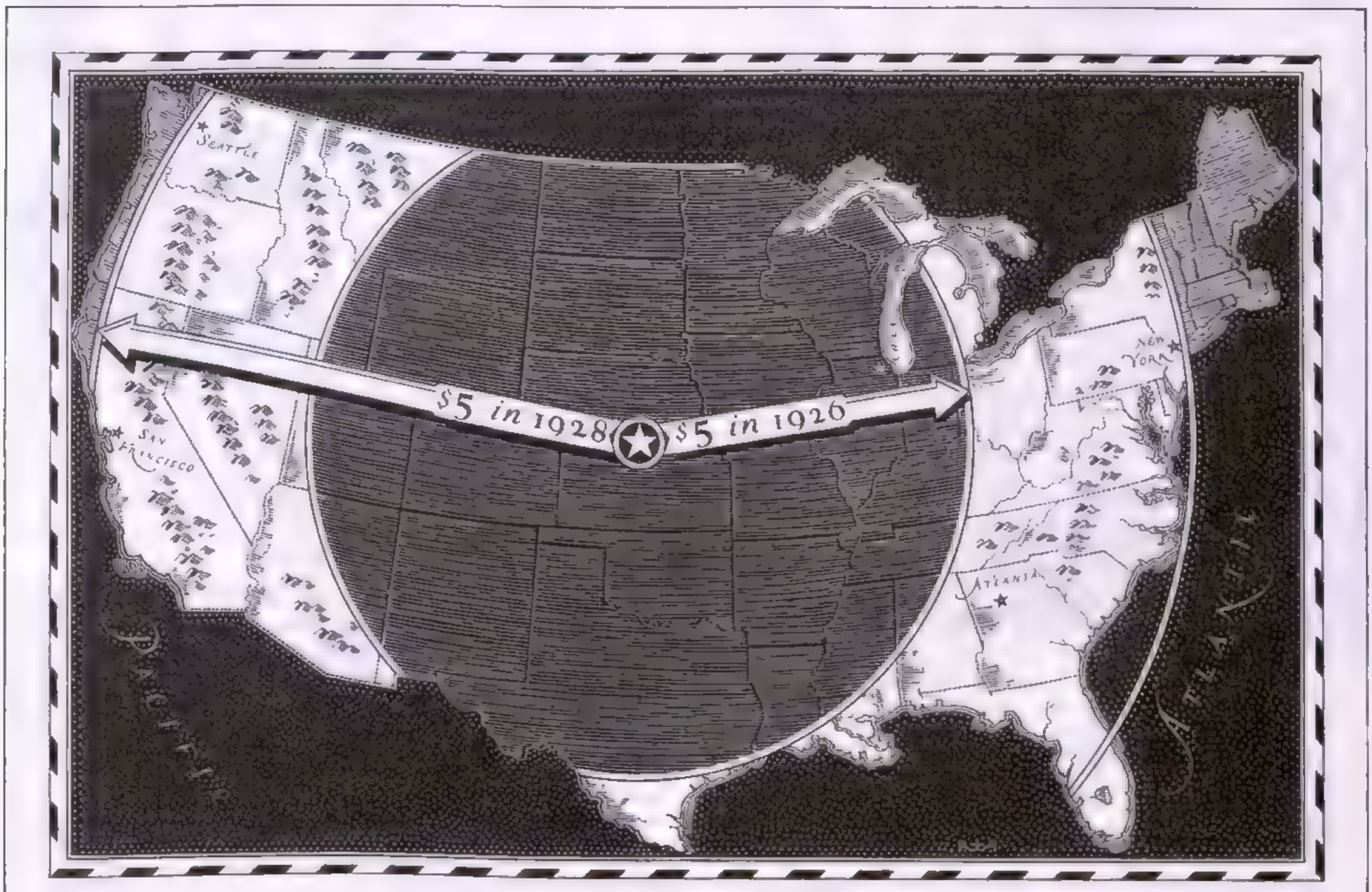
All this accord has not been without its element of human interest. In May, Gustave Hartmann, one of the last of the old type of Berlin cabmen, drove his ancient vehicle all the way to Paris to round out his life on the box. The French not only dubbed him "Iron Gustave" but fêted him on every side. His entry became a triumphant procession and the old jehu had the time of his life. His horse Grasmus almost became a national figure. As a return courtesy a French traveling butcher, Robert Harpeaux, made the journey to Berlin with a full load of choice cuts. He did business on the way and thus earned his expenses.

On the French side the man behind stimulation of Franco-German relationships is Herriot. Being the Socialist leader, he was among the first to plead for restoration of good feeling. Among other things, he attended the exhibition held at Cologne last summer which showed the rôle that printing art has played in world cultural development. Herriot has been mayor of Lyons for twenty-three years and twice occupied the post of premier.

I had a long talk with him at the office of the Minister of Public Instruction in the Rue de Grenelle. In France few politicians indulge in the luxury of being well-dressed; Herriot is no exception to the general rule. His huge bulk almost overflows his chair. Unlike most Frenchmen, he is a confirmed

Continued on Page 72

Now only $5 to telephone half way Across the Continent



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

NEXT to how much may be accomplished by long distance telephone calls, and the speed with which they are now being put through, the most surprising thing about them is: How little the calls cost.

Picture a man in Smith Center, Kansas, geographical center of the United States. Under the new station to station day rates he can now "travel" to the Atlantic or the Pacific coast and return for $5. From Chicago one can go to New York and back for $3.25. To Los Angeles and return for $6.25. To Dallas and return for $3.25. All the way to London and back for $48.

Every long distance call is a round-trip journey. In a long distance call a man not only speaks what is in his mind but gets the answer. From his office in any city, a man whose time is valuable can speed from one concern and market to another, regardless of distance, in few minutes and at small expense.

A Nashville lumber company relies on long distance calls for collecting slow accounts.

A Portland, Oregon, fruit company figures its sales overhead, where the telephone is used, at 2%. Where personal solicitation only is used, 7%.

A Chicago miller, by a telephone call to Philadelphia, costing $3.10, sold 60 carloads of flour for more than $100,000.

Why not let Long Distance help your business? What distant places could you profitably reach by telephone, now? . . . . . *Number, please?*

W.... W...., a successful baker, is interested in any new equipment which will lower his costs. Recently he ordered a 3 bbl. High Speed Dough Mixer with 20 h. p. Motor Power Dumping Device—price $3,500. The manufacturer who made the sale extended time payment facilities.

For a fair cash payment and by giving instalment notes maturing at the rate of $200 monthly the baker has materially improved his plant without depleting his working capital. Using C. I. T. finance service the machinery manufacturer has made a time sale without tying up his own resources or drawing on his own credit lines to finance his customer.

Why Shade Your Profit on Your Credit Sales?

IF you make or sell income-producing equipment, long term credit to enable the customer to buy out of income is logically part of your sales policy. Time sales can and should be made to yield your regular net profit. Leading firms in more than fifty lines are using C. I. T. finance service and experience to determine the correct markup, provide the funds, and attend to credit, legal, collection—profit cutting details.

C. I. T. offers a ready market to firms having on hand suitable purchaser paper, in any amount, which they may wish to convert from "notes receivable" into "cash on hand".

Inquiries invited from all interested in offering their customers new equipment on sound instalment terms

Ask about C. I. T. Plan for

Automobiles	Radios
Bakery Machinery	Physicians' Equipment
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Capital and Surplus $30,000,000

(Continued from Page 70)

pipe smoker. He lacks, however, the British knack of keeping a pipe lighted, for he is forever striking matches. He has also struck a good many political sparks.

With Herriot I had the usual experience with most men in French public life. Many can make a good stab at English, especially Tardieu. Their invariable greeting, however, is: "Of course you speak French and we will employ my language." After you have struggled for an hour, frequently with technical economic subjects, and are about to leave, your man bursts forth in more than possible English. In most cases it is far better than your French.

In the course of our conversation Herriot said: "There is every reason why the Franco-German rapprochement should grow. We need Germany and Germany needs us. Only last week the mayor of Leipsic sat in the same chair which you are now occupying and we discussed a reciprocal arrangement between the Leipsic and Lyons exhibitions."

Like the Jumping Frog

"One of the tasks to which I have dedicated myself is the uplift of the French peasant. He is probably the thriftiest and most industrious worker in the world, yet he is woefully lacking in education. I propose to establish a series of farm schools and institute the publication of agricultural journals that will put our rural population on a higher mental plane."

This allusion to Herriot brings us to a lamented colleague, Maurice Bokanowski, who was Minister of Commerce and Aviation. The youngest and a most brilliant member of the Poincaré cabinet, the way to the premiership was open to him. His tragic death in an aeroplane accident on September first was a distinct national loss. He was rich, handsome, eloquent and efficient, combining the best qualities of the Latin and the Slav. As his name indicates, he was of Polish descent.

Bokanowski had served his country well both as politician and soldier. At the outbreak of hostilities he was a deputy. He went to the Front and soon rose from sergeant to lieutenant. His first post of importance was as Minister of Marine in the Poincaré government of 1924. When the National Union was formed two years later, he assumed the post that he held until his untimely demise. He visited the United States last year as guest of the American Bar Association—he was a lawyer by profession—and made a most favorable impression.

I had what I believe was the last extended talk that he had with a foreign journalist. Since his views voiced the opinion of official France on a variety of timely subjects, they are of value now, even though he has passed from the picture.

It was in the old Hôtel du Ministère in the Rue de Grenelle that I interviewed Bokanowski. He received me in his private bureau hung with priceless Gobelin tapestries. The chamber reflected the highest artistic taste and looked more the perfectly appointed salon than the office where an immense amount of routine passed across the desk each day.

I was immediately impressed with the charm of Bokanowski's manner and speech. After the usual exchange of formalities—I had brought an introduction from Ambassador Claudel—he said:

"Here you see me in the old house of Argenson, and later of the Marquis of Rothelin, whose initials may be seen in the wrought iron of the balustrades. His neighbor across the garden was Mademoiselle Desmares, the charming comédienne. Her house on the Rue de Varenne has become the Ministry of Agriculture. The work of my colleague, Monsieur Queuille atones today for the sweet follies of the eighteenth century."

My first question related to the effects of stabilization. The minister's reply was:

"In your survey of France you have found no idle people. Instead, you saw a whole population whose exertions are directed toward the security of tomorrow, a sentiment indispensable to us on this side of the Atlantic. Not that initiative and daring have been lacking in our captains of industry. You are acquainted with many of them, I know. Due to the fluctuations of the franc they have had a bad time. That period has passed. It is said that countries which are the victims of monetary inflation derive certain benefits therefrom in the matter of exports. It is a precarious advantage and soon dearly expiated. For my part, I compare a country swelled up by depreciated money to the Jumping Frog of your great Mark Twain. After a bad joke he is made to swallow his weight in lead and can no longer stir. Escape is impossible.

"From now on French industry will profit by the indispensable assurance of financial safety. Capital returns can be firmly regulated and the perpetual adjustment of prices and salaries is over. There has been no perceptible increase in prices, and none is imminent. By the application of rationalization we will make our factories and offices more efficient. The France of tomorrow will be strong and courageous.

"Stabilization further fortifies our international trade. Our commercial treaty with Germany is only one evidence of a new world relationship that is bound to increase consumption of French products everywhere. It allows the powerful industries of both countries to exchange their goods under the control of moderated protection and marks the end of prohibitive tariffs to such an extent that certain journalists have compared it to an economic Locarno. The Franco-German treaty has peculiar interest for me because I participated in the long and difficult negotiations. After an all-night conference, I signed it only a few hours before I left for the United States."

On the subject of Franco-American trade relations Bokanowski made this comment:

"Although the United States is fourth among the buyers of French merchandise, what she purchases does not correspond either to our potential industry or her purchasing power. How can a Minister of Commerce resign himself to such a deficit in our commercial balance? He could do it before the war, when French foreign investments brought back to us, good years and bad, two billions of gold francs which made up for the shortage of our actual exports. Today our convalescing money, our heavy budget, our program of industrial development, all demand that imports and exports should balance."

Increase and Reduction

"French prosperity is of value to the United States. I can best illustrate with the automobile, which with us is still more or less of a luxury. If our business declines, then our imports of American gasoline decrease in volume.

"There is another obstacle to French exports to the United States. I refer to your very high tariff, which is applicable to a large percentage of our merchandise. When I urge our industrialists to increase their exports they point to your tariff schedules and say that they can make no headway against them."

At this point I said that we had the same grievance against France, in view of the new and drastic customs impositions on our goods; whereupon I got the following retort:

"While the tariff on certain American products was raised coincident with the promulgation of the Franco-German treaty, there was also enforced, at the same time, a minimum rate on various other American commodities. This meant reduction. France has the most friendly attitude toward America and all that she produces. I regret that there is dissatisfaction over our tariff increase. I feel, however, that with further conference and mutual concession we can arrive at a commercial treaty which will leave both sides thoroughly satisfied."

There is one flaw in this otherwise cheering picture of the stabilized and progressive France. The restored province of Alsace is developing into the Ireland of the French. Autonomy has reared its head with disturbing ramifications. In April three autonomists were elected to the chamber from the disaffected area, despite the fact that they, with thirteen comrades, were under arrest on the charge of conspiracy against the republic. The two leaders, Ricklin and Rossé, were subsequently given prison sentences.

Language and religion lie at the root of the movement for an independent republic of Alsace and Lorraine. The Alsatians contend that their liberties are restricted and there is too much government from Paris. Having been under Berlin rule for more than fifty years, they mainly speak German dialects. France naturally insists that they adopt French. Though German propaganda has had no small part in this agitation, the insurgents maintain they have no desire to return to the Teutonic fold.

Little Causes of Anxiety

Poincaré's first trip after his triumph at the polls last spring was to Alsace. In every public utterance he maintained that France would never stand for any variation from the slogan "The French Republic—One and Indivisible," promulgated during the revolution of 1789. He indicated, however, that a larger degree of localized government will be permitted. Amnesty for most of the convicted autonomists followed.

To those who know the well-nigh frenzied sentiment that the French have always had for Alsace and Lorraine, this outbreak in the north will appear all the more remarkable. From the close of the Franco-Prussian War until the Armistice registered victory, the heroic figures symbolizing Metz and Strasburg in the Place de la Concorde in Paris were always draped in mourning. I well recall the tumult of joy that attended removal of the crape and the substitution of flowers.

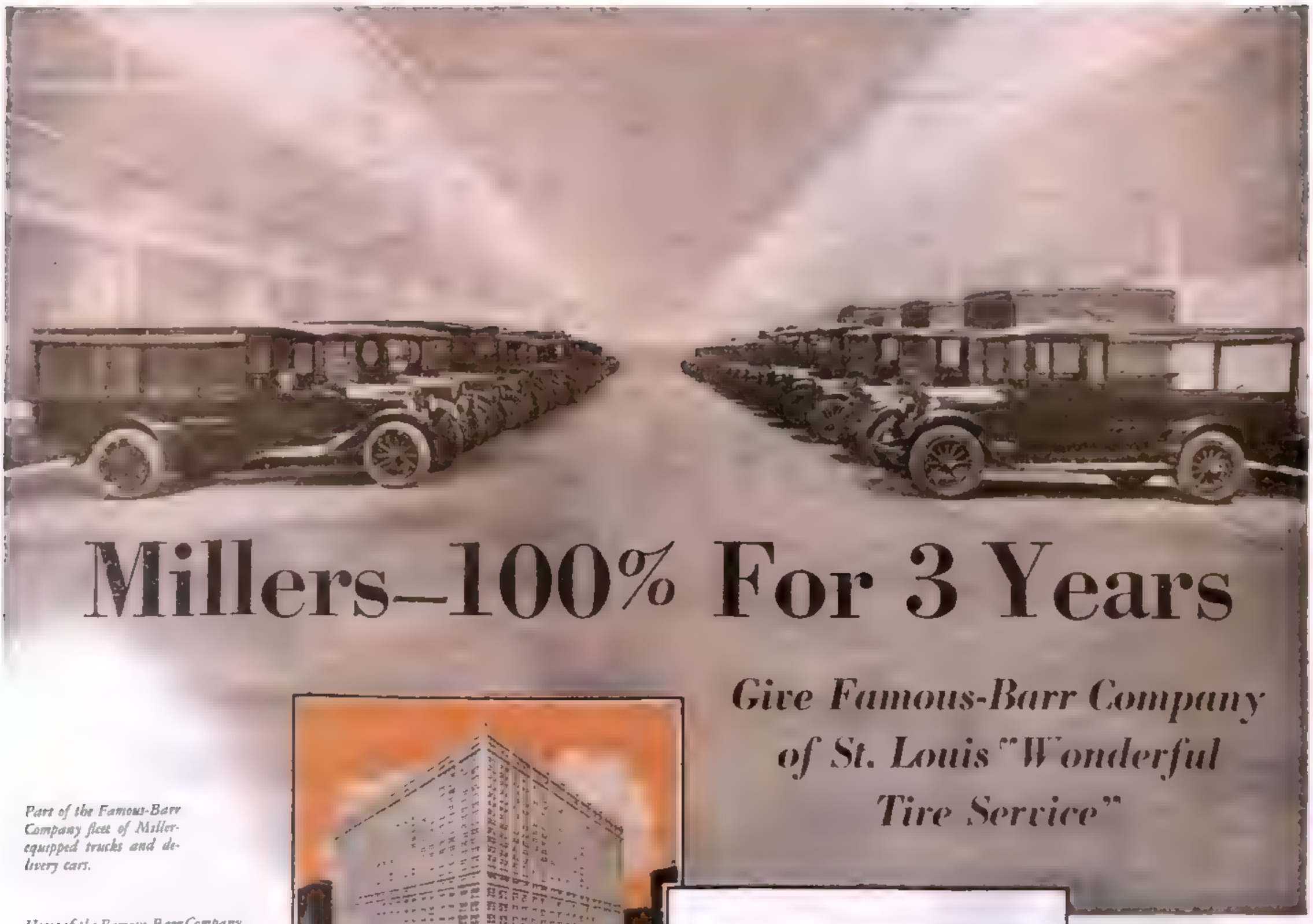
In passing it may be of interest to note that Europe is sprinkled with Alsaces which give cause for increasing anxiety in various quarters. Italy's cross is the Southern Tyrol, detached from Austria under the Treaty of St. Germain, which took no cognizance of ethnic and nationalistic claims. The region, racially Teutonic, is in constant friction with Rome. Spain has a large handful of trouble in Catalonia, which prefers its own language to Castilian Spanish and periodically revolts against what is termed the Madrid yoke. Practically the same state of affairs exists in Upper Silesia, which Germany lost to Poland. It remains a hotbed of dissatisfaction. Bohemia is restive under Czecho-Slovakian rule. If the Saar plebiscite in 1935 goes against Germany, there will be another lost province.

French upheaval at home has no counterpart in political friction abroad. You have already seen how economic bonds are inspiring a new understanding with Germany. Compromise on Rhineland evacuation, which seems possible at the time I write, will further fortify the relationship. France and Italy have become more friendly. Again you have the leveling influence of the economic factor. Mussolini is too wise to risk a serious difference, whether it be over his colonial aspirations in Africa or his penetration of Albania as a base for war operations in Central Europe.

France is taking no chances on being isolated in the event of another European outbreak. She has concluded defensive treaties with Belgium on one hand and Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland on the other. Whatever German bloc may be devised is caught in pincers. The much-discussed Anglo-French naval accord shows that Britain is an ally.

Thus the year 1928 may be said to mark the beginning of a new epoch for France. With physical and financial security assured, she is again mistress of her destiny.

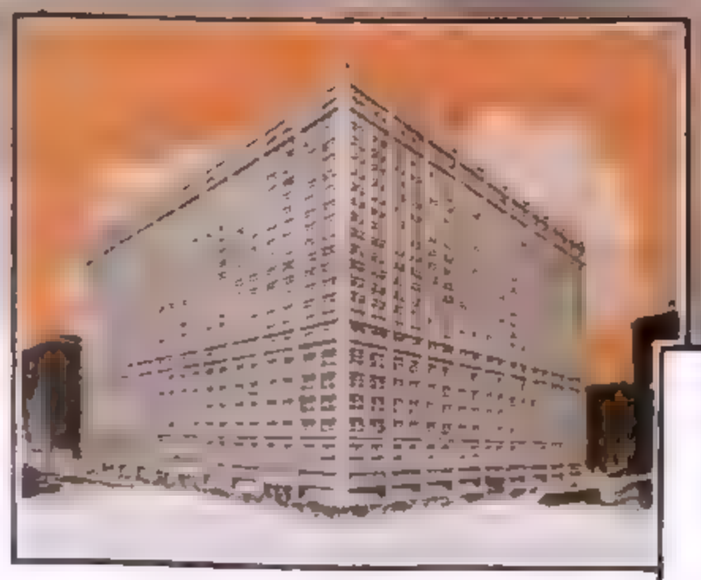
Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Europe. The next will be devoted to the Irish Free State.



Millers—100% For 3 Years

Give Famous-Barr Company of St. Louis "Wonderful Tire Service"

Part of the Famous-Barr Company fleet of Miller-equipped trucks and delivery cars.



Home of the Famous-Barr Company, St. Louis, largest distributors of merchandise at retail in Missouri and the West.

Fishell Tire & Battery Co.,
3456 Lindell Blvd.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Attention: Mr. Arthur S. Fishell

Gentlemen

In looking over our delivery department tire records we find that we have been doing a 100% business with you on Miller Tires for the past three years, during which time your tires and service have both been entirely satisfactory.

Believing that you would be interested in knowing that we appreciate the wonderful tire service rendered us, we take this opportunity to especially commend you on this service.

Sincerely yours,
FAMOUS-BARR COMPANY
Per
Purchasing Agent.

IN this letter of commendation from a great mercantile institution is a forceful message to thousands of motor car owners who are not quite *sure* of their tire equipment.

The Famous-Barr Company of St. Louis does no gambling with tires. They cannot afford to—nor would they choose to—with the way to complete satisfaction so clearly charted.

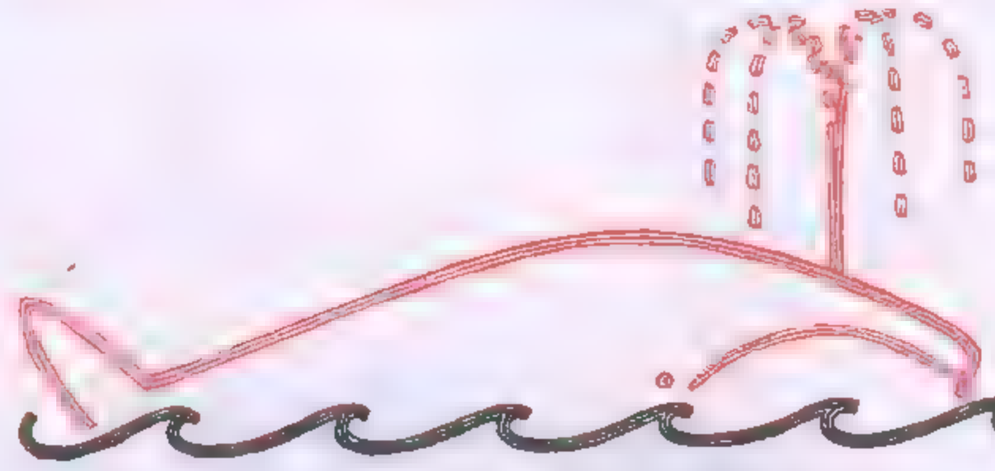
Miller Tires were given the responsible job of carrying these 90 trucks day in and day out because this fleet-owner considered them equal to the task. They have *kept the job* for three years, thus proving their own grit and stamina. They have *delivered the goods*—kept the trucks in service—given their owners economy and complete satisfaction. That, according to the Miller standard of manufacture, constitutes honest tire value.

This is a message to industry and individuals—to all owners of automobiles. Millers are demonstrating today, as never before, that tire worry and trouble need not enter into automobile ownership. And whether you have a car that is four years old—or the latest custom creation—or a fleet of 90 trucks—there is this one way to be *sure* of 100% tire economy and satisfaction—use Millers—100%. The Miller Rubber Company of N. Y., Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.

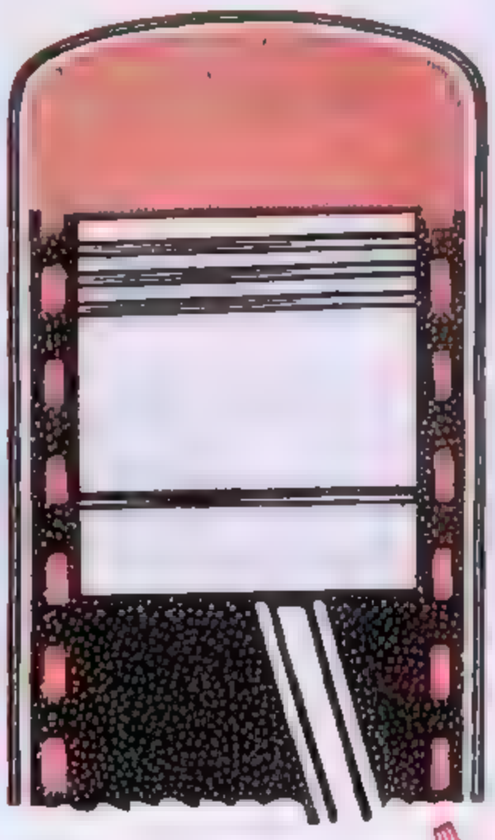
The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

Miller

TIRES · TUBES · ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS · DRUG SUNDRIES
BATHING WEAR · SHUGLOVS · RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS · MOLDED RUBBER GOODS



"thar She Blows!"



. . . . the power blows by the pistons in your engine . . .

. . . . . the best engine in the world *leaks power*—unless the right grade of motor oil is used to fit and seal the space between each piston and cylinder wall! If the oil is too heavy, it doesn't get into the space—if it's too light, it runs out—and power blows by on every stroke of the piston!

When your car is new the space is smallest. After 2,000 miles the space has increased due to wear. At 12,000 miles it is still larger. There is a correct grade of Opaline to seal this space and *prevent your power from blowing by,* both before and after pistons are refitted or new rings installed.

That is *why* the Sinclair Law of Lubrication* is so important to the smooth, superior performance of your engine.

To get *precision* in your lubrication, tell your Authorized Opaline Dealer the mileage reading on your speedometer—he will consult the Sinclair Recommendation Index and give you exactly the right grade of Opaline to seal the power in your engine at its present degree of wear. That is *how* you get an *extra service* from Opaline. You will find this method of buying motor oil sound, simple and satisfactory.

Having the correct *grade* of oil is just as important as having the correct *quality.* It is the responsibility of the Authorized Opaline Dealer to see that you get *both* to prevent your power from blowing by! Opaline is all that a good motor oil should be to meet the demands of present-day engines and does what you have a right to expect from a good motor oil.

30c a quart is a reasonable retail price for Opaline in bulk (slightly higher in the Far West).

**The Sinclair Law of Lubrication: For every machine, of every degree of wear, there is a scientific Sinclair Oil to suit its speed and seal its power.*

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Seals power at every degree of wear

SINCLAIR REFINING COMPANY, INC. • • NEW YORK ATLANTA BOSTON CHICAGO DETROIT HOUSTON KANSAS CITY OMAHA

Use Sinclair H-C Gasoline, the better, all year, High Compression, anti-knock fuel for all engines.

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THE MIDDLEMAN

(Continued from Page 4)

and his descendants farmed successively in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Pennsylvania. Shortly after 1800 my Great-grandfather Draper moved out to what was then called the Western Reserve. I was born there on the family farm in 1880.

Perhaps I should qualify the word "accident" in explaining why I abandoned the traditional occupation of the family, because there was considerable foolishness on my part connected with it. It happened that our farm was only two miles from the town of Sparta, which was a disruptive situation for a boy, because it tended to give what might be called a divided consciousness. Had we lived farther out I might have been entirely contented with the lot of a farmer; but being so close to town, going to school there and associating with town boys, I always had in the back of my mind the feeling I was not having so good a time as I was entitled to. Since I got out into the world I have talked to a great many men who grew up on farms that were close to town, and all have confessed they had something of the same feeling.

In my particular case there was an added reason for discontent. We were not so prosperous as some of our neighbors. During the good times of the early 80's father had been tempted to put all his surplus money into a fourteen-room house and two enormous barns—buildings altogether too elaborate for a one-hundred acre farm—with the consequence that while everyone regarded us as very well-to-do, we really had to practice the most rigid economies. For one thing, we never kept a driving horse; and foolish as it was, this was a lively cause of discontent on my part. Other farmers who lived in far less pretentious houses than ours had horses that were never hitched to a plow or harrow; and occasionally even a young hired man would own an animal for evening and Sunday diversion. In the village, also, nearly every well-to-do family owned a driving rig; but for us the work horses had to do for road service, and these fat, heavy-footed animals did not, to put it mildly, lend style to travel.

But this was not the worst of the transportation problem. Father was an extremely humane man and would never allow a horse that was worked during the day to be driven in the evening. Even on Sundays, during the busy season, none of our horses could be taken out on the road except for the journey to morning service at the Presbyterian church in the village.

There was in our community, as I suppose in every country community of those days, an unwritten rule that no person of social consequence should walk along a country road. To do so was a mark of utter plebeianism, stamping one as of the day-laborer class—or, worse still, as a foreigner. Even father, naturally the most democratic of men, never once, in my recollection, walked to town. As for my mother or any other farmer's wife doing so, it was not even considered. Occasionally I walked in, but shamefacedly and with elaborate precautions. Just where our country road joined the village street, there was an abandoned old house with a board fence in front, and behind a loose board I kept hidden a piece of cotton cloth. When I came to this place on my way to town I would make sure no one was looking, surreptitiously reach in for my rag, carefully wipe off the telltale country dust from my shoes and then proceed down Elm Street with an air of having merely left my horse and carriage at some near-by residence.

Nowadays, when I hear the younger generation criticized for its faulty conception of life, I wonder if things are really worse or if there is merely a different set of faults in vogue. Certainly I don't know any youngster at the present time who is as snobbish over nothing as I was back in the 90's.

During the summer school vacation of my fifteenth year another thing occurred to bruise my *amour propre* and to set me against my position in life. We always kept one hired man the year around and engaged an extra one for the busy summer season, but that year father decided I was strong enough to help out and save the extra man's wages. I didn't particularly mind the work. Most of the town boys took jobs in their fathers' stores or elsewhere during summer vacations, so I felt no social inferiority from the mere fact of working. But there was a subtle distinction regarding the sort of work to be done. It happened that season we did our threshing early in August, and toward the latter part of the month father returned from town one day to say he had sold his wheat and the hauling of it to the railway station in Sparta must start the next morning.

Usually late August was a slack time, and under ordinary circumstances our hired man, Jim Kinney, would have done the hauling. It happened, however, that on account of recent rains we had already started fall plowing, and father announced that Jim was to continue plowing with one team while I should take the other team and lumber wagon and transport the grain from our barn to the station. I was rather panic-stricken at these orders, for the route to the station took in the entire length of Sparta's Main Street, and the idea of driving down that thoroughfare in a lumber wagon, dressed in work clothes, was no less than revolting. I made every excuse I could think of, but to no avail; next morning I had to set to work upon the horrid task.

There were perhaps a dozen loads to be hauled, which under ordinary circumstances would have taken three days; but the thought occurred to me that by branching off at the edge of the village and taking a series of back streets and alleys I could skirt the business section and arrive at the railway station without making the embarrassing trip down Main Street. This meant considerable extra travel, so instead of four trips a day, I could make only two. Father remarked on my slowness, but I made some excuse or other and might have escaped detection except for the fact that on the second day one of our neighbors chanced to see me drive out of an obscure and weedy alley on the far side of town. Coming past our house that evening he took occasion to ask father the meaning of this odd proceeding

Father said nothing to me, but when I started out with next morning's load he remarked that he would go along as a passenger. I suggested in a panic that if he intended to go I might as well stay at home. He replied that he had business with a number of merchants and wouldn't be able to take the time to go to the station. Naturally, I couldn't take my roundabout route under such circumstances, and when we came to the head of Main Street father got out and told me to meet him in front of Gillett & Haskell's hardware store upon my return from the station. I can still recall how humiliated I felt on that slow drive down and back through Sparta's business section, how I saw in the big plate-glass store windows the reflection of my heavy-footed team, my lumber wagon, and myself perched upon the high spring seat at the front, and how I imagined the entire world of Sparta must be amusing itself at my expense.

Foolish as all this appears, I know I had merely the feelings of an average boy of the period. Many times since I have had men confide to me their reasons for leaving farms, and often it was some similar circumstance that impelled their action. One executive of my acquaintance ran away from home because he had to drive to town mornings with milk for a creamery. Another, now a highly prosperous lumberman in St. Louis, forsook farm life on account of the unfortunate circumstance of driving

(Continued on Page 77)

The Abbey Artlarm, mahogany finish,
$3.50
Other models in smaller and larger sizes with square and Gothic dials at same price

Utility made beautiful—
Artlarms by New Haven

Beauty and color have come into the modern home. Today, home furnishings must be decorative as well as dependable. And so New Haven offers "Artlarms"—modern, attractive alarm clocks—replacing the old-fashioned, often ugly alarms at even lower prices!

Artlarms are made in a variety of styles and sizes with many exclusive features. Pictured above is the Abbey. Its graceful Gothic case, mahogany-finished, is worthy in every way of your finest furniture. It has a silver dial, genuine Krack-proof Krystal and a bell that is inconspicuous but effective.

The three Artlarms shown below have octagonal metal cases finished with lustrous, lasting Duco. They come in colors to match the scheme of your bathroom, bedroom, kitchen or breakfast nook. And they, too, are fitted with Krack-proof Krystals, rust-proof back bells and unusually reliable 40-hour movements. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations

$3.00
Tattoo Artlarm, 4¼" dial
In green Duco only

$2.50
Tick Tock Artlarm, 3½" dial
Red, blue, green and yellow Duco.

$3.00
Tattoo Junior Artlarm, 2¼" dial. Red, blue, green and yellow Duco.

A Savory New Dish

One that will give to the dinner or the party luncheon that touch of daintiness which insures success. Besides, it's original and new—right from our own experimental kitchens—and as appetizing as it is simple to prepare.

Of course it is a cheese dish—Kraft Cheese, with all its delicious healthfulness, exquisite flavor, perfect texture and all else that combines to make Kraft Cheese such a universal favorite. And Kraft Cheese you can buy anywhere, in any size or amount, either in the original one-fourth or one-half pound cartons, or sliced from the five-pound tin-foiled loaf.

Our beautiful new recipe book—just off the press—will teach you how to prepare this dish and a hundred or more others equally as tempting. The recipe book is free. Send for it. Address Kraft-Phenix Cheese Co., 406 Rush St., Chicago.

KRAFT CRAB DELIGHT

2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon mustard
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Dash of cayenne pepper
1 cup stewed and strained tomatoes
1 cup Kraft Grated Cheese
1 egg, slightly beaten
¾ cup milk
1 cup crab meat

Cook green pepper in butter for 5 minutes, blend in flour; add seasonings, tomatoes, cheese and egg; cook a few minutes. Heat the milk before adding the other ingredients, then crab meat. Serve in patty shells, or on rounds of toast. Save 1 tablespoon of cheese to be sprinkled on top when serving.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company

(Continued from Page 75)

past a young ladies' seminary with a load of fertilizer just as the students were coming out of the dormitory for their afternoon promenade.

I have at times tried to analyze the reasons for my own silly snobbishness about farming, and a certain incident comes to my mind that I think was the beginning of it. Once, when I was about fourteen, the family drove to town and chanced to hitch at a vacant post in front of Caldwell's grocery. Next to our carriage was the democrat wagon of an old fellow from the other side of the village named Israel Matthews, reputed to be one of the richest farmers in the community, who had called Mr. Caldwell out of his store to bargain over a market basket full of eggs. Old Israel was a tall lanky individual with funny side whiskers and protruding chin, and he cut no attractive figure as he stood there balancing his market basket on the rear wheel of his democrat wagon, intent on getting the best possible price for his merchandise.

"Them's mighty fine eggs, Caldwell," he chirped finally, "and if you won't do no better than what you say, I'm going to take them down to Maloney and see what he'll offer."

Mr. Caldwell went back into his store and old Israel trotted off toward Maloney's with his market basket on his arm. From that moment, foolish as it was, I began to have a distaste for farming. Old Israel had a perfect right, I realized, to look for the best price, even on a couple of dozen hens' eggs; but he did it with an ugliness, a lack of grace, that somehow revolted me. The fact that my father and others of our neighbors led dignified lives as farmers made no difference; always thereafter I wondered dismally if I should grow up to cut so sorry a figure as old Israel Matthews.

I offer no extenuation for my attitude except that I was young, and that all youth loves attractive ways and customs, and hates ugliness. I assume that the youth of the present is no different from the youth of the 90's. With no desire to moralize, I wonder sometimes: Do those who criticize the present generation for its impatience with age, for its readiness to break with old-time tradition, always try to make age and tradition attractive?

At sixteen I finished my schooling at the Sparta Academy and was face to face with the question of a career. By then father had, I am sure, given up the idea of making a farmer out of me, and, indeed, farming as a career offered few attractions at that period. Prices had sunk lower than at any time since the Civil War. Even the best-situated farmers in our section had a hard time to make ends meet, and father was in a more difficult position than most because so much of his capital was tied up in uselessly elaborate buildings. He was like so many merchants I have known since, whose store fittings count too heavily in their inventories. He was, however, a man who set a tremendous value on education, and in spite of his difficult position decided I should go to college. It was not until long afterward that I knew how closely he had to figure to do this. At that time I had no very clear idea of what I wanted to be; when anyone asked me I usually said vaguely that I expected to become a lawyer.

That September I enrolled as a student at Liberty College in Statesburg, a little more than a hundred miles from Sparta, which was the greatest distance I had ever been away from home up to that time. Both college and city have vastly changed since that time. Then the school was distinctly in the suburbs, half a mile from the center of the business district, with open ground all around. An enterprising real-estate man had already laid out streets and tried to popularize the section, but his efforts resulted only in a few lonesome houses that looked as though they might be happier elsewhere. Back of the main college building there was a cow pasture. Today the college plant is surrounded by ten-story buildings, practically in the heart of a roaring city of nearly half a million people. Nor has the change all been physical. When I entered Liberty College there was no such thing as a boy working his way. Education was for those who had money. Of the three hundred students I knew only one who even attempted it, and he was a man twenty-six years old. Henry is a prominent attorney in Cleveland now. I see him occasionally and always he speaks with a rueful laugh of the pangs of humiliation he experienced during the years he rang the chapel bell and tended furnaces to pay his way through Liberty College. Such things simply weren't done in the best circles during the mauve decade.

My own college career is hardly worth speaking of, because it came to an end at the close of my freshman year. It is important to me mainly because it led to my getting into the business life of Statesburg. During the Easter vacation I went home for a visit. The montha I had been away had put me on a different basis, and for the first time I could really talk to father as one man to another. From what he said I knew he was worried, and one day when I pinned him down he confessed that the farm had paid him less than eight hundred dollars net the previous year. My expenses were paid up to the end of the college term, so I went back to Statesburg when the Easter vacation was over, but I knew it was time for me to begin earning money; for even in those days it cost between five and six hundred dollars a year at Liberty College. Someone had told me there might be an opening with the Empire Wholesale Company. In June I went to see Mr. Thaddeus Carpenter, with the result that the day after school closed I was put to work. The pay was five dollars a week.

III

WHEN I went to work for the Empire Wholesale Company all its printed stationery carried the words "Established 1804," but this claim was only partially valid. In the beginning it was not a hardware business. Two brothers named Redfield set up a general store in 1804 at the crossroads settlement that afterward became the city of Statesburg, and presumably handled plowshares, logging chains and other hardware items along with their stock of groceries, rum and dry goods; but it did not become an exclusive hardware establishment until much later. The business changed hands several times, until it finally came into possession of a man named John Hartwell, a shrewd merchant who worked up a big retail hardware trade and bought in such quantities as to be able to sell some stuff to the small hardware retailers in surrounding towns. Most of the wholesale houses that I know of throughout the country have had similar beginnings.

After old John Hartwell's death his son took over the business, but was unsuccessful and in 1880 made an assignment. A group of Statesburg citizens bought it, discontinued the retail department and organized to do an exclusive jobbing business under the name of the Empire Wholesale Company.

At the time I entered its employ the company still occupied the old John Hartwell premises, a four-story brick building at the foot of Main Street, near the union railroad station. Above us Main Street had four or five blocks of stores and out beyond that was the plant of the Western Steelworks, the principal manufacturing industry of Statesburg. The steelworks employed nearly three thousand men and paid off every Saturday afternoon at four o'clock. Standing in front of our place at that hour, one could see the stream of workmen begin to pour out of the big gateway and turn cityward, and this was the signal for intensive salesmanship all along Main Street. Eager purveyors of men's clothing, hats, shoes and general merchandise hovered in front of their shops to tempt the workmen with their offerings. The swinging doors of saloons were propped open so the moving crowd could see the hospitable interiors. The banks were closed, but every saloon keeper displayed a sign stating that he was not only willing but anxious to change bills of every denomination. Old Fritz Kauffman, who had the leading resort just above our place, regularly drew three thousand dollars in small change from his bank account each Saturday noon in order to take care of his clients.

The Empire Wholesale Company sold a great deal of stuff to the steelworks, and this was a cause of considerable growling from the local retail hardware dealers, who thought we ought to let them have the business. One or two of the dealers refused to deal with us on this account. I might mention in this connection that times have changed, and now the Empire Wholesale Company is somewhat in the fix of the retailers of that period. The Western Steelworks, like so many modern corporations, now eliminates the jobbers' profit and buys direct from manufacturers.

During my first few weeks with the Empire Wholesale Company I worked in one of the stock rooms under a man named Carter, filling up the shelves from the duplicate stock. Then I was made an order clerk and began to learn the business as I handled the orders the traveling men sent in by mail. However, these mail orders constituted a small part of the total business of the house, because in those leisurely days the travelers never mailed in an order except in cases of emergency. Frequently a salesman would cover his entire territory, being gone a month or more and perhaps selling a hundred bills of merchandise, without writing a line to the house. When he got back he would himself fill these orders with the help of a couple of clerks. Hand-to-mouth buying and one-day shipping service had not been invented then.

I like occasionally to go over the old files and compare the nature of the merchandise we sold in those days with what is selling now. In effect, the articles on the shelves of a hardware establishment from one decade to another constitute a history of the changing trends of civilization. For example, thirty years ago the Empire Wholesale Company was doing scarcely one-fifth the volume of business it does today, yet then it was no unusual thing to ship to dealers in a single year a thousand dozen shovels. Now we do not sell a third of that number. Power machinery has taken the place of human muscles. In the old days the old-fashioned kerosene lantern was an immensely popular item and we sold them by thousands, where we sell hundreds at the present time. The reason is easy to understand. Farmers have their own electric-light plants, and where this is not the case, the public-service companies supply current, and electric flash lights do the work the lantern used to perform. Pickaxes, too, have given way to drills. Handsaws are replaced by carborundum wheels.

My own principal problem of those days was that of making ends meet, for my five-dollar-a-week pay exactly equaled the amount I had to pay for board and room. To piece out, I took a night job in a retail hardware store kept by a Scotchman named Duncan Christie on Market Street, the principal cross thoroughfare. Like all the other stores, Christie's kept open until nine o'clock every evening except Saturday, when closing time was midnight. Fully half the retail business in those days was done during these evening hours. I went to work there at seven and stayed until closing time, for which I earned three and a half a week.

I kept this up for two years, until my salary at the Empire Wholesale Company grew to the point where I could live on it. It didn't hurt me any and it was good experience. My main recollection of Christie's is the fact that the store always carried a remarkably fine stock of cutlery, and it was no unusual thing, even in those low-price times, to sell pearl-handled pocket knives at eight dollars apiece.

One day, after I had been with the Empire Wholesale Company about six

(Continued on Page 80)

for
Every Home~

WE are now at that season of the year when homes without a Colonial Clock seem to want the cheery friendliness of this companionable timekeeper more than ever. Your home, perhaps, is imploring you to acquire such a clock so as to round out its completeness.

If you will but heed the urging of your home and visit the Colonial dealer, you will find that he has anticipated your coming. Right now his display of Colonial Clocks is most complete. In his collection you will find the right size, style and price for your particular home, whatever its type may be. To assure you that you are getting a genuine "Colonial Clock", he will open the door and show you the "Colonial" nameplate—a mark that says the case is of Solid Honduras Mahogany, the movement Imported, the finish of Duco.

Colonial Manufacturing Co.
Zeeland, Michigan

COLONIAL
CLOCKS

Goodrich Presents in Moiré

A wet cloth and a little soap. That's all you need to remove the grime from these Shower Boots

7 ounces! That's all they weigh. Shower Boots are no heavier than your dainty evening slippers

A NEW IDEA IN OVERSHOES . . . SHOWER BOOTS WITH EVENING SLIPPER WEIGHT

A REMARKABLE new type of Zipper has been perfected. Shower Boots! A smart new overshoe made of moiré rubber. As light as your dainty evening slipper. Washable. And trimly tailored to meet the mode.

You'll feel the difference the moment you slip them on. So light . . . so dainty . . . so chic and smart . . . you hardly notice them at all.

Just seven ounces, that's all they weigh. You can wear them for hours at a time without the customary fatigue experienced with heavy overshoes.

How smart they look . . . in the fashionable new colors. So slim . . . so flattering to the shapeliness of ankle and foot.

And they're washable too! A wet cloth and a little soap. That's all you need to remove the mud and grime. A quick rub, and Shower Boots regain their dainty freshness and that lovely satiny sheen.

The Zipper below is finished in Brown

Below—Shower Boot in Black Moiré Rubber

Above—Instep Shower Boot with snap fastener

You can obtain Shower Boots in all the new smart colors.

Select these dainty overshoes in the color to match your costume. Brown, blond and black. Or two-toned combinations of blond and brown and white and black.

Light-colored linings not only protect your stockings but make Shower Boots slide easily over your shoes.

Shower Boots are now being displayed by the best shoe stores and shoe departments. Look for the name Goodrich.

Smart New Zippers

Rubber and Dainty Fabrics . .

Beautiful Brown Tweed Zipper shot with Yellow —A Smart Pattern

Smart Fabric Overshoe Red Brown shot with Green—Snap Fastener

NEW FABRIC ZIPPERS TOO · · SMARTER, WITH DAINTIER LINES · · IN COLORS TO MATCH YOUR COSTUME

NOW FABRIC ZIPPERS, too, are presented in new colors. With new patterns . . . and a new note of smartness in their trim tailored lines.

Today you can select overshoes to complement your costume. There's no need now to sacrifice smartness on rainy days.

These new-style Zippers are sensible and fashionable too. Smart looking . . . slim and glove-like . . . flattering to the shapeliness of ankle and foot. But one word of caution before you buy. Remember, all overshoes that close with a sliding fastener are not genuine Goodrich Zippers.

Zip! And it's on. Be sure to look for the name Goodrich before you buy

Look for and find the name Goodrich on the shoe . . . only in this way can you be sure of authentic Goodrich style, as well as the famous HOOKLESS FASTENER which cannot rust, stick, loosen or cause trouble.

Don't wait for stormy weather . . . get your Zippers now. Thousands of stores everywhere have them on display.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, *Established 1870*, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Company, Los Angeles, California. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.

Goodrich Zippers

In Moiré Rubber and Dainty Fabrics

Cunningham
RADIO TUBES

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E. T. CUNNINGHAM, Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco

(Continued from Page 77)

months, Thaddeus Carpenter, the president of the concern, came up to the third floor, where I was working as order clerk, and told me he was going to take me down into his office as general assistant. He gave no reason for this and I asked no questions. I was in hopes it would mean a raise in salary, but when the first Saturday night came around there was the usual five dollars in the pay envelope.

If I were to write a book about the successful men I have met, I would give Thaddeus Carpenter the leading chapter. But it would be a chapter puzzling to the reader who expected the conventional success formulas. Judged by his appearance and his usual deportment, one would be led to believe Mr. Carpenter's rightful place in the business world should be about that of assistant shipping clerk. He was around fifty years of age at the time I went to work for him, small and shriveled in appearance, though he was one of those people whose age never seems to make any difference and who look the same at forty as at seventy. He was a great joker, almost to the point of buffoonery, and he worked the same jokes year in and year out. For example, if a stranger came to the office and asked if he were Mr. Thaddeus Carpenter, he invariably made the same answer, saying in his queer high-pitched voice, "Yes, Carpenter is my name—anyhow, that was my name before I was married." When he said this he not only expected his visitor to laugh but peered around at any employes who might be present to make sure they were joining in the merriment.

Dignity was not one of Mr. Carpenter's strong points. Like so many confirmed jokers, he was vain of his humor and often went to the greatest lengths merely to raise a laugh. I recall once in my order-clerk days that he was showing some visitor through the premises, and just as the party came to the top of the third-floor stairway a young employe named Charlie Chadwick was leaning over into one of the big wooden bins trying to reach some merchandise at the bottom. Mr. Carpenter motioned the visitors to stand back, picked up a loose board lying handy and tiptoeing up to the unsuspecting hireling, administered a resounding whack. Having done this, he burst into a perfect torrent of laughter.

One would naturally think that with such characteristics on the part of its president there could not have been much discipline in the Empire organization, but Mr. Carpenter seemed to have a native ability for handling men that was not nullified by his unconventional ways. He was fair toward everyone, and in cases where anything went wrong he never failed to put the blame where it belonged. He was exceedingly cautious in hiring people, but once a man was on the pay roll it was a lifetime job if the man showed anything like the proper spirit. One day, shortly after I was transferred to the downstairs office, the manager of the cutlery department, Eugene Redmond, came to Mr. Carpenter for permission to discharge one of his helpers, a little Irishman named Jim Kernigan. There was quite a long story about the man's mistakes with figures and general inaptitude for the work he was on, to all of which Mr. Carpenter listened attentively, hunched down in his swivel chair. At the finish he suddenly straightened up with an air of great alarm.

"Goodness gracious, Eugene," he ejaculated, "I'm amazed to hear all this! This fellow you're complaining about—this Jim Kernigan—he's been working in your department here nearly six years, hasn't he?"

Mr. Redmond said with some bitterness that such was the case.

"That's too bad," Mr. Carpenter remarked sympathetically. "It must have been pretty hard on you. But how in the world did you ever come to make such a terrible mistake?"

Mr. Redmond blinked at this, but managed to ask, "What terrible mistake do you mean, Mr. Carpenter? I don't see where I've made any mistake."

Mr. Carpenter assumed his most confidential and disarming manner.

"It's the most obvious thing in the world, Eugene," he said. "Here you've let this Jim Kernigan draw a salary from the Empire Wholesale Company all this time, and now you say he is no good. We must have lost a lot of money on him!"

"Probably so," Mr. Redmond answered defensively. "But that's no reason why we should lose any more."

"I agree with you there, Eugene," Mr. Carpenter said warmly, "and I'll even go you one better. We're business men, you and I, and it seems to me we ought to find some way to make this fellow pay back all the money that has been lost on him."

Mr. Redmond could only look his astonishment, and Mr. Carpenter went on:

"I'm not putting any blame on you, Eugene, though, strictly speaking, you ought to have seen he was no good during the first year and let him out then. But as you didn't, it's only fair that you find some job where he can earn a profit for the house. Of course we can't fire him after all this time. He's your problem from now on."

The upshot of this amazing conference was that Jim Kernigan was tried out in various jobs and finally installed at a desk at the front door to receive visiting buyers—a position that proved exactly fitted to his talents.

Hardly a day passed during the next twenty years but that some pleased visitor spoke of the courtly manners and expansive cordiality of James Kernigan, diplomat of the reception desk.

After my first few months in the downstairs office I gradually drifted into the position of unofficial private secretary to Mr. Carpenter and had a chance to study at close range the peculiar genius of his that made him a remarkably successful business man in spite of his many eccentricities. Along with his ability in the matter of handling help went a remarkable talent for finance. At first I thought he was merely stingy. Each morning when the mail came in he would clip off the ends of the envelopes with a pair of scissors and extract the letters. Later in the day, when talking with heads of departments or other employes, he would take the envelopes, slit them around with his pocket knife and flatten them out on his desk to be used for scratch pads. Most of them eventually found their way into the trash baskets and I thought it represented considerable waste energy until one day he took me into his confidence.

"I guess you think it is funny to see the president of the Empire Wholesale Company doing things like that," was his remark, "but I figure it sets a good example. When the boys in the house see me being so economical it makes them economical too."

I have never known any business man who disliked to pay interest on money as much as did Thaddeus Carpenter. I don't know how it was in other places, but in the Statesburg of those days there was considerable scheming among business men to avoid undue enrichment of the bankers, and Mr. Carpenter was one of the leaders of the movement. He and two other local business men—Henry Madison, who had the largest dry-goods business in town, and Mr. Barton, of the Barton Wholesale Grocer Company—had a private and informal system for beating the banking game. By the nature of their business, each required cash for meeting merchandise bills at different seasons, and at such times the three men frequently borrowed from one another. The procedure was always the same. Some morning, for example, Mr. Madison would come into our office in his Prince Albert coat and high silk hat and hoist himself on one of the tall bookkeepers' stools.

"Hello, Thad," he would say. "How's business?"

"Pretty tolerable," would be Mr. Carpenter's reply. "How's yours?"

"Oh, about the same, I reckon. Got any useless money lying around, Thad?"

"I guess there's a little. How much do you want?"

"Oh, about ten thousand dollars, I reckon."

At this Mr. Carpenter would consult his bank book and go over a list of bills payable that he kept in a small ledger in his desk.

"All right, Henry," he would say at last, "I guess it won't crowd me any. Thirty days, I suppose?"

"Yes, thirty days," Mr. Madison would respond. "Maybe less if the weather keeps good."

Then Mr. Carpenter would make out a check and receive from his visitor an I O U slip. As Mr. Madison went out he would always say, "Well, good-by, Thad. Come and see me when you're short."

And Mr. Carpenter would respond with his stock joke: "Good-by, Henry. Don't take in any plugged nickels!"

With all their casualness, these men never failed to come up to their promises, and more often than not the money would be returned in half the time stipulated. For these mutual accommodations they charged each other about half the current bank rate.

For regular banking transactions Mr. Carpenter depended on two local banks, the Western Reserve and the Second National, and it was a constant game with him to see how little they should earn on the Empire Wholesale Company's account. During the fall season, when farmers were getting in cash from their crops and paying their bills with the retail merchants, we would get in a great deal of money, and Mr. Carpenter always worried when his bank balances began to mount up. To keep this idle money at work he always tried to anticipate payment of merchandise bills. One of our buyers, for example, would place an order in the summer with some Eastern cutlery house, the goods to be shipped October first. The bill would be payable November first. But on the first of October Mr. Carpenter would write the manufacturer that we wished to pay the bill immediately and would do so if the manufacturer would grant a discount of one-half of 1 per cent. When this concession was obtained—which it usually was—Mr. Carpenter was always in an extra-jovial humor and would go around pinching the ears and poking the ribs of any of his employes who chanced to be handy. He was never so happy as when his bank balances were just at the vanishing point.

Naturally, the local financiers resented a bit these schemes to eliminate their profits on the Empire Wholesale Company's account, though there was no real cause for complaint, because he was scrupulously exact in carrying out any agreement once made. I think I can best illustrate the banker attitude toward him by an incident that occurred during the second year I worked under him.

Whenever Mr. Carpenter wanted to borrow for any purpose in an amount greater than was usual between himself and his two friends, he dealt with the banks in a frankly bargaining spirit, and usually made me the go-between.

"If I go to a banker myself to ask for a loan," he used to tell me, "they think it is something serious and up go their rates. But when I send a youngster like you, it looks as though I didn't care whether I got the money or not."

On this occasion he wanted twenty-five thousand dollars for some purpose or other and instructed me to go to Mr. Heber Arkwright, of the Second National, and inquire the price on that amount of money for sixty days. At that time the Second National was at Main and Market streets, with the entrance on the corner at the top of three or four stone steps, and as I approached the building I could see Mr. Arkwright glaring out at the world from behind the bars of the front wicket. He was not noted for his courtliness of manner, and when I had made known my mission he growled:

"So that skinflint Thad Carpenter really wants to borrow money and pay interest on

(Continued on Page 82)

Filmo...A Gift

that turns back the pages of Happiness

Filmo Home Movie Camera and Projector
Made by Bell & Howell specialists

For the individual . . . for the entire family, especially the family blessed with children . . . no gift can afford more pleasure and pride than a Filmo Movie Camera and Projector. They record permanently and in action those scenes everyone loves to remember.

Most of the movies featured in the finest theatres during the past twenty-one years have been made with Bell & Howell professional cameras costing up to $5000 each.

Filmo *personal* movie cameras, made by the same Bell & Howell specialists, bring you many of the features and *all* of the precision characterizing these costly professional instruments. They are so simple a child can operate them, yet they are so overwhelmingly superior in design and construction that they stand alone in results.

There are two styles of Filmo Camera for amateur movie use.

One is the well known Filmo 70 which for five years has been standard among amateurs all over the world. The other is the new pocket-size Filmo 75 which costs one-third less and is ideal for field, travel and sports use. Both have the valuable interchangeable lens feature and 100 foot film capacity. Both are entirely automatic. Simply look through the spy-glass viewfinder and press the button. *What you see, you get . . . in movies of theatre depth and beauty.*

Both Filmo 70 and 75 use Eastman Safety Film (16 mm.) in the yellow box, obtainable at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. First cost covers developing and return postpaid. Then the film is ready for showing in the compact, precise Filmo Projector.

Filmo Projector, shown above, has no equal in the brilliance and clearness of pictures projected. It, too, operates with greatest ease. Attaches to any electric light socket.

Filmo *Libraries* contain thousands of carefully selected films which are available at a low rental or purchase price to supplement personal movies made with the Filmo Camera.

Plan now to make somebody happy with this splendid gift. See your Filmo dealer. Send coupon now for our new book "What You See, You Get." It explains all.

Filmo Accessories include many devices to aid in gaining professional effects in home movies. Each is a fine gift in itself. Write for Filmo Accessory Catalog, a wealth of gift ideas.

♣ ♣ ♣

Kodacolor, the natural color process for the amateur, is also available to owners of Filmo equipment under a license from the Eastman Kodak Co.

Filmo 70 *The finest and most flexible movie camera ever built for amateur use. Especially designed to meet all conditions of light, speed and distance. Price $180. Other models for making slow-motion movies available at slight additional cost. Please send us free booklet "What You See, You Get." Send coupon for copy.*

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Ideal for field, travel, vacation and sports use. Available in three rich colors, Walnut Brown, Ebony Black and Silver Birch. Price $120, including luxurious plush-lined carrying case of genuine Scotch grained embossed leather.

BELL & HOWELL

Filmo

There is also EYEMO, *using standard (35 mm.) film, for those desiring to commercialize their movies*

BELL & HOWELL CO., 1811 Larchmont Ave., Chicago, Ill. - - *New York, Hollywood, London (B. & H. Co., Ltd.) Established 1907*

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Please send your descriptive Filmo booklet, "What You See, You Get."

Name .....

Address .....

City..... *State* .....

Many happy returns!

Lost keys come back through the exclusive Buxton Service

Two CARDS, bearing the same number. One you send to Buxton with your name and address. The other, without your name, remains in the Key-Tainer, offering a reward for its return to Buxton. Then Buxton forwards it to you.

Thousands of Key-Tainer owners have recovered their lost keys in this safe way—exclusive with Buxton.

KEYS LOST on a key ring or in an ordinary key-carrier are usually gone for good. It's hardly safe to have a name and address attached!

But keys lost in a Buxton Key-Tainer can be recovered without risk or expense, through the exclusive Buxton Key Return Service. (See illustration above.)

And that valuable feature is only one of several which account for the Key-Tainer's widespread popularity . . .

It's *extremely easy to handle*, because the patented one-piece key hooks revolve freely yet keys can't cross or tangle.

It *always holds its shape*—flat and compact—due to an extra reinforcing pocket flap that prevents keys from spilling out.

And it's the strongest, *handsomest* leather accessory that ever fitted into a gift list. Buxton hand workmanship throughout. A variety of beautiful leathers, including ostrich inlay, alligator calf, suède, morocco, pin seal, pigskin. Models from 50c to $15.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Also ask to see the new Buxton Bill-Tainer, Money-Tainer, Cigarette-Tainer and Tobacco-Tainer. Booklet on request.

Buxton, Inc., 100 Main Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada: The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*

Exclusive one-piece revolving hooks of tempered steel! Keys can't tangle hooks won't break

Exclusive leather reinforcing flap keeps Key-Tainer in shape—prevents keys spilling out

BUXTON KEY-TAINER

(Continued from Page 80)

it, does he? Suppose I should say I didn't have any money to lend."

Personally I didn't care much for Mr. Arkwright. He had a disagreeable habit of shoving a pass book back at one if it was not handed to him right side up and making one turn it over before he would receive it. He had done this to me several times and scolded me into the bargain. Remembering this, I answered him independently:

"You want me then to tell Mr. Carpenter that you can't lend him any money?"

"I didn't say that," he replied testily. "This bank always has money to loan, but we like to loan it to people who keep a decent balance. Thad Carpenter never lets a dollar stay here if he can help it. I ought to charge him 10 per cent for this money he wants."

"All right then," I said, making as if to go, "you want me to tell Mr. Carpenter that you'll make the loan at 10 per cent?"

"Not so fast," Mr. Arkwright growled. "Wait till I do a little figuring." He made some calculations on a piece of paper and finally remarked more agreeably: "Thad Carpenter is tight as the bark on a tree, but he's always on the spot when his obligations fall due and he has never asked us to renew a note. Regular bank interest on this loan would be two hundred and fifty, but you can tell him he can have it this time for two hundred dollars."

When I delivered this message to Mr. Carpenter he chuckled delightedly, vain as a peacock over his victory. But he did not do his borrowing until he had sent me to the Western Reserve Bank to learn if they would beat the Second National's figure.

I am not recommending Thaddeus Carpenter's peculiar ways to aspiring students of business success. If I ever write my book, I shall, as I say, give him the leading chapter; but the point of it will be that it isn't much use for one man to try to ride to success on another man's ways. Of course there are certain fundamentals that apply everywhere; but when all is said and done, every individual is born into the world with certain characteristics and he simply nullifies his efforts when he tries to copy someone else. If it is your nature to bat right-handed you don't improve your game by trying to bat left-handed, even though the best hitter on the team does it that way.

IV

THE longer I live, the more I am impressed with the truth that it is impossible to get something for nothing. I have observed, too, that when someone thinks up a scheme to get around this disagreeable truth, his scheme usually amounts to no more than shifting the cost from one place to another place.

When I first went to work for the Empire Wholesale Company I lived at a boarding house kept by a woman named Mrs. Freeman. There was also a Mr. Freeman, a comfortable middle-aged man who had lost his position in one of the local banks some ten years before and had never afterward worked at anything in particular. Mr. Freeman was a great student of affairs. I remember once he was intensely interested in the comparative strength of the world's navies, and for several weeks when I went to meals I would see him sitting in front of the parlor stove with a sheaf of papers, figuring out the probable results of wars between the United States and various foreign nations. At another period he worked out an elaborate plan for reducing the high cost of living. He proposed that all merchants, both wholesale and retail, should be legislated out of business and that the Government should establish a warehouse in each community where people could go and purchase whatever they needed at actual cost of production. Once, when he was expounding this plan to me, I asked him who would pay the expenses of the government warehouses. He considered a moment and then answered patriotically:

"Don't you worry about that. You can bet your bottom dollar that your Uncle Sam is able to pay the expenses of anything he goes into!"

I know quite a few business men, even today, who seem to share Mr. Freeman's belief that an expense can be eliminated by shifting it from one place to another place. A good many retail merchants, for example, figure they can escape the wholesaler's profit if they buy their goods from manufacturers. I hope I am not unduly prejudiced because I happen to be a wholesale merchant, but in a good proportion of the cases I am familiar with this has merely resulted in shifting the expense from one place to another. The expense is there, only they hide it from themselves.

Shortly after my nineteenth birthday the Empire Wholesale Company advanced my pay to ten dollars a week and I quit night work at the Christie retail hardware store. So far as physical fitness was concerned, my two jobs apparently agreed with me, because at nineteen I was six feet tall, hard as nails and had not yet learned how it felt to be tired. Mr. Carpenter had given me some advice, when I first told him about my night job, that I believe had a good deal to do with this.

"Cooped up indoors so many hours a day," he said, "you want to get into the habit of taking long breaths whenever you go out to your meals or on any errands. Draw in air just as long as you can stand it, and then hold the air in your lungs while you count twenty. If you do that you needn't worry much about inside work."

I acted on his advice, and after a while it became such second nature for me to take these long breaths that I did it without thinking. I could expand my chest nearly four inches—an attainment that gave me considerable pleasure to show off to my fellow employes. To this day I unconsciously do the deep breathing whenever I step into the open air.

About this time I had my first chance to try my hand as a traveling salesman. The Empire Wholesale Company did business within a radius of about three hundred miles, employing about a dozen travelers, and these men were the heroes of every youth in the establishment. One of them, who especially captivated my fancy, was George Haskins, whose territory comprised a part of West Virginia and a number of river towns. Mr. Haskins was a man of fifty-odd, large, jovial and just a trifle wall-eyed, which latter peculiarity gave him a strange fascination as he told stories of his travel adventures and triumphs. One eye looked straight at you; the other eye slanted off into the distance and somehow gave you the impression that it was actually seeing the things Mr. Haskins was recounting at the moment. Whenever I thought of the road, George Haskins always figured prominently in my mental picture. I visioned him, alert and masterful, walking up strange business streets, chatting with important people on railway trains or talking earnestly to the proprietors of leading hardware stores. He was a sort of commercial hero in my mind.

One day word came that Mr. Haskins was laid up with an attack of rheumatism that might keep him off the road for some time, and Eugene Redmond, who had graduated into the position of sales manager, came to discuss with Mr. Carpenter how best to meet the emergency. I heard them plan how some of the other travelers might temporarily take over certain of Mr Haskins' towns, and of a sudden I resolved to put in a word for myself. There were two or three river towns that were awkward for any of the travelers to reach from their regular territories, and I told Mr. Carpenter I would like to call on George Haskins' customers in these places. At first the two men made light of my pretensions, saying I had no selling experience; but I countered with the statement that I had sold goods for nearly two years in the Christie retail establishment and knew what people bought as well as anyone. My insistence finally induced them to let me show how I would go about it in case they should accede to my wish.

(Continued on Page 84)

Be sure your furniture is sturdily made *inside*

Living Room Suite No. 782

Coxwell Chair No. 347

Choose a "make" that is known for quality-construction

FURNITURE may have a charming exterior—but unless this beauty is supported by strong *inside* construction, its charm will not last. It soon sags, shows wear, often becomes unsightly. Money spent on such furniture—even though the price is very low—is money wasted!

The beauty and life of your furniture depend on its maker—on the kind of construction he builds in the parts you cannot see.

Your investment is protected when you buy furniture with a *quality pedigree*—with the name of a manufacturer *known for building "honest quality" all the way through. Kroehler is such a name.*

The Kroehler Assured Quality label is a pledge to you that the *inside* construction is built to highest standards—that all materials used are of superior quality—and that the beauty of your furniture will endure, through many years of service.

Hidden Qualities

A new improved Spring-Steel Underconstruction replaces the old-fashioned webbing. It never sags or breaks and yet it makes a much more comfortable seat.

All frames are of selected, kiln-dried hardwood, firmly glued, doweled, and corner blocked. *Not soft wood merely nailed.* This construction is *permanent.* Cushions are made more comfortable by many small fine flexible springs—interlocked to form a single unit. The padding is of clean, white felted cotton and the filling is of high-grade moss. No second-rate materials are ever used.

Coverings are of finest quality, chosen according to the latest vogue. You may select from beautiful silk damasks, rich tapestries, fine mohairs, Chase Velmo, jacquard velours, Ca-Vel velvets, linen frieze and moquette. Also leathers of exquisite softness.

Yet Kroehler Assured Quality furniture—because it is built in the ten great Kroehler factories where modern ideas of construction, modern manufacturing practices and tremendous volume reduce the cost of making—offers this *finer quality* at very moderate prices.

If you do not know the name of your nearest Kroehler dealer, write us. We will send his name and a free copy of our booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms."

KROEHLER MFG. CO., Chicago, Illinois, or Stratford, Canada

Factories at: Chicago, Illinois; Naperville, Illinois; Kankakee, Illinois; Bradley, Illinois; Dallas, Texas; Binghamton, New York; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif.; Cleveland, Ohio. *Canadian Factories:* Stratford, Ontario

KROEHLER

This Kroehler Label

identifies the genuine

Gets dark early

and

light late

—these *are*

Radiolite nights

and mornings

Two watches in one . . . a day watch and a night watch . . . time service during every hour of the twenty-four . . . that's what you get in an Ingersoll Radiolite. It tells time in the dark, besides having the Ingersoll qualities of sturdiness, dependability and good looks. Now that nights are long and mornings dark your Radiolite will be more useful than ever. If not at your dealer's, sent postpaid

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco

Ingersoll

RADIOLITES

Tell Time in the Dark

Yankee
Radiolite, $2.25

The "Old Reliable." Sturdy — dependable with many [illegible] features. Plain dial [illegible]

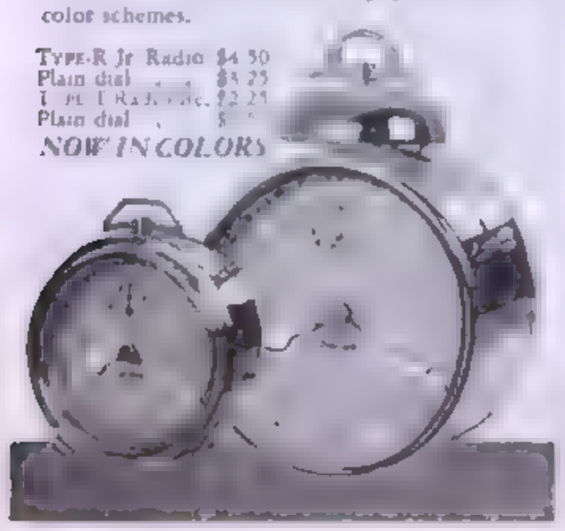
Wrist
Radiolite,
$4.00

A wrist watch made to keep its dependability and good looks under conditions of hard service. Millions in use. Plain dial model $3.50.

Alarm Clocks, too

Ingersoll alarm clocks have the Ingersoll qualities of sturdiness, dependability and good looks. The TYPE R Jr., as illustrated, is a dainty bedroom clock, and now comes in jade green and rose pink moire finish as well as nickel. The TYPE-T in plain dial at $1.50 comes in four charming colors to harmonize with the popular kitchen color schemes.

TYPE-R Jr. Radio $4.50
Plain dial $3.25
TYPE T Radiolite $2.25
Plain dial $1.50
NOW IN COLORS



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Mr. Carpenter was in one of his most facetious moods and planned an elaborate rehearsal. I went upstairs to get one of the company's catalogues, and as I passed through the cutlery department I remembered how George Haskins had once told me that a salesman should always have some special sample in his pocket to interest buyers. We had recently taken on a line of fine table cutlery, imported from England, and I took from the stock a little red flannel roll containing half a dozen beautifully finished dessert knives with polished steel blades and pearl handles—quite the most attractive merchandise we had in the house. Sticking the roll in my inside coat pocket and taking my catalogue under my arm, I went downstairs to the office, where my trial was to take place. While I was gone Mr. Carpenter and Eugene had moved a couple of desks to one side of the office to represent the counter of a retail store, and they stood behind this barrier, pretending to be the store owners. They instructed me to go out in the hallway and then come back into the office as though I were a real salesman come to offer them my line. News of what was going on had somehow spread about, and a dozen or more order boys and clerks were bunched in the hallway to watch the show.

I did as I was directed, walking briskly into the office and up to the pseudo hardware partners, to whom I spoke as I imagined George Haskins would have done.

"Good morning, gentlemen," I said. "I represent the Empire Wholesale Company and I hope I can do a little business with you."

As I said this I laid one of the company's cards on the counter, but neither of them picked it up or even looked at it.

Instead, Mr. Carpenter turned to his confrere and said solemnly: "I never heard of any concern called the Empire Wholesale Company, partner. Do you know anything about it?"

"Not a thing," Eugene replied with equal seriousness. "It must be some little fly-by-night outfit, I reckon."

There was a loud guffaw from the direction of the hallway, which must have been music to Thaddeus Carpenter's ears, for he prided himself tremendously on his talent as a comedian. As for myself, I would have liked better than anything else to distribute a few punches among the crew in the hallway behind me. Like most amateur actors who succeed in raising a laugh, the two men tried for more. They set up a humorous argument as to the identity of the Empire Wholesale Company, Eugene claiming it must be located in California and Mr. Carpenter insisting that it was in Jug City—a much derided crossroads settlement near Statesburg. They were half turned away from me, and as they went on with their dialogue I remembered my roll of imported dessert knives. I pulled it out of my pocket and flung it on the counter, where it lay unrolled.

"You gentlemen may not know the Empire Wholesale Company," I said importantly, "but at least you know fine merchandise when you see it. Will you please look at these samples?"

They turned quickly at this interruption. Mr. Carpenter was first to come down to earth. He laughed appreciatively and spoke to Eugene:

"I guess we can take a chance on the boy, can't we? Suppose we let him see what he can do in those river towns."

Eugene Redmond took me in hand for some serious instruction in traveling salesmanship, and I started out the following Monday morning for a three-day trip, my first point being Hulsboro, about three hours from Statesburg.

I arrived there at ten o'clock in the morning. The railway station was close to the river and a cobblestone-paved street led from there up to the business section. The Empire Wholesale Company had two customers in Hulsboro, but one of them was behind in his account and Mr. Redmond had instructed me to call only on the other, H. L. Pond. I inquired my way to Mr. Pond's store. It was a prosperous-appearing establishment with large plate-glass show windows, and inside there were two counters running the length of the store, buggy whips and horse collars hanging from the ceiling on one side, and down the center aisle was a row of splendid base-burner coal stoves with fancy nickel trimmings. A youth of about my own age was squatting on a box in front of one of these stoves, polishing the nickel with a piece of cotton cloth, and when I inquired if Mr. Pond was in he looked me over critically and inquired if I might be a drummer. When I said I was, he smiled disagreeably and pointed to a gentleman at the rear. To this day I recall that this youth had lost one of his front teeth, a circumstance that gave him a permanently cynical expression.

I went back to Mr. Pond with my catalogue and a grip in which I had some padlock samples and a line of the Sheffield table cutlery that I had used so successfully in my rehearsal a few days before. Mr. Pond sat on a stool behind a counter, going through the pages of a ledger, a severe-looking man of middle age.

He paid no attention to me and after waiting a few moments I ventured to say, "Good morning, Mr. Pond. I represent the Empire Wholesale Company."

He looked up then and demanded, "Well, what of it?"

In none of the talks Eugene Redmond had given me before starting out was there any instruction as to the proper answer to such a question as this. I floundered about and finally managed to state that I hoped Mr. Pond was in the market for a little merchandise. He looked at his watch.

"It's most eleven," he said. "Come back at one."

Having no other customer to see, I would have liked to leave my catalogue and grip, but Mr. Pond's attitude did not inspire one to ask favors and so I carried them out of the store and down the street to a Chinese lunch counter, where I got a bite to eat. That finished, I wanted to get out and see the town a little, but my luggage was too heavy to carry far and it didn't seem quite safe to leave it with the Chinaman. I sat in the place as long as it seemed proper and then took my things outside and stood on the sidewalk until it was time to go back to Mr. Pond's store. I began to see that life on the road was not a constant round of fun and hilarity.

I found Mr. Pond in a slightly more urbane humor after his luncheon. He got out his want book and named the different items of which he was in need while I wrote them down on my order blank. When this was done he asked me for the carbon copy I had made. I begged him to wait a moment. George Haskins had always told me boastfully that no man was a real salesman who let a buyer off easily, and I proposed to do a bit of high-powered selling worthy of Mr. Haskins himself. I dived into my grip and threw out my padlock samples. They were of a new line we had taken on and Mr. Carpenter had told me I could quote special prices. Mr. Pond looked them over and gave me a small order, then said very decisively that he was through.

If I had been more experienced I would have known by his air that this was the time to stop, but obsessed with my super-salesmanship complex, I grabbed my Sheffield cutlery samples out of my grip and urged him to put in the line. He said indifferently that it was too high priced for his trade and started to walk away. I followed him, arguing. He turned on me and said with some heat that he knew his business better than any cheap drummer could know it; and I made the unfortunate reply that he was no merchant if he couldn't sell my line of Sheffield cutlery.

At that Mr. Pond exploded. In violent language he told me to get out of his store, and in his indignation applied to me an epithet that was the signal for a fight in all social circles that I knew of. He stood with his face close to mine as he spoke the fighting word; forgetting everything else, I leaned across the counter, grabbed him by the two coat lapels and shook him viciously. Then I threw my samples into my grip and left. The cynical youth grinned impishly as I hurried past him.

I went down to the railway station and sat on a bench in the waiting room. There was plenty of time to think over what had happened, because my train was not due for two hours, and the more I thought, the more I became ashamed of myself. The Empire Wholesale Company had given me a chance to go on the road and I had violently assaulted my first customer. The thing was my own fault. As a salesman I had no right to tell a client what he ought to buy. Worse than all this, I had laid hands on a man twice my age.

Hard as it would be, I decided I must go back and apologize. I left my baggage with the ticket agent and climbed the hill to Main Street, past the Chinese lunch room and into Mr. Pond's store. The cynical youth, still squatting in front of one of the base burners, threw back his head and whistled at the ceiling when he saw me coming. Mr. Pond was at the rear as before, and as I approached him he came out from behind the counter. I had an apprehensive moment in which I thought this might be the signal for another physical set-to, but to my pleasant surprise he said quite amiably, "Well, do you feel better now?"

I said I felt much better and that I had come back to apologize.

"You needn't do that," he answered. "I guess we were both to blame, and the best thing we can do is to forget it." Then with a wry smile he added, "You went away in such a hurry that you forgot to leave me the carbon copy of the goods I ordered."

I gave him the carbon copy and we parted friends. Many times after that I met him when he visited our office in Statesburg and neither of us ever mentioned the unpleasantness again. I was always ashamed of my part in it, but probably it saved me a good deal, in later years, to be taught, right at the beginning of my career, that high-pressure salesmanship is a weapon to be used with discretion. Another thing for which I am profoundly grateful is the fact that, sitting on the settee in the railway station, I whipped myself up into going back to the H. L. Pond hardware store.

I was out three days on this initial trip. One of the towns I made was Yardley, a railroad center, where I had instructions to call on only one concern, the Yardley Mercantile Company. I took a small order from them. The buyer was a man named Janes, and after I had finished with him I asked him if he would have any objections to my calling on another firm, Daniel Hosmer & Son, whose store I had noticed on my way up from the station. Mr. Janes said he had no objection at all; in fact he quite urged me to do so. In the light of what happened, I think perhaps he was not averse to playing a little joke on a young traveling man.

The Hosmer store was just around the corner from the main street and had been established there for many years. Daniel Hosmer was dead and the business was run by the son Thomas. When I went in and inquired for him the clerk said Mr. Hosmer was in his private office and if I would send in my card perhaps I might have an interview. I thought this was odd, because in the Empire Wholesale Company all the executives, including Thaddeus Carpenter himself, always saw visitors without this formality, but I did as I was told, and the clerk went back to a door at the rear, where he knocked and then handed in my card, returning to say Mr. Hosmer would see me directly. In a few moments this door burst open and a short bald-headed man of perhaps thirty-five, who looked like a young Horace Greeley, came toward me with a funny little shuffle that was between a walk and a run. He talked rapidly, running his sentences together. Without a pause, he said:

"I may be able to use a few items—of course you're from a jobbing house and I

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Burroughs

ADDING

BOOKKEEPING

CALCULATING

BILLING

SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

Typewriter-Bookkeeping Machine

Combines standard automatic features of Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines with ordinary typewriting. It posts statement, ledger and proof-journal—or other combinations of records—*all in a single operation.*

Burroughs

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
6101 SECOND BOULEVARD DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Never Before, Men
Underwear Like This

An utterly new kind . . . Light enough for Comfort . . . Heavy enough for Warmth . . . Elastic enough for Perfect Freedom and Fit

Allen A

Underwear for men and boys only

HERE is a new suit of underwear that has completely pacified men's revolt against wearing winter underwear.

It keeps you comfortably warm whenever you step out-doors—*without making you uncomfortably hot in your office or at home.*

It molds to your body, yet it is so amazingly elastic that you are totally unconscious of having underwear on. It fits as perfectly after washing as it did before. *It is everything you think winter underwear can not be.*

We developed a new fabric for this garment. A feathery weight worsted with just enough fine wool to keep the cold out. Absorbent enough to keep your skin dry and cool at all times. Then we cut it to a new design. Note the short sleeves. They never show, bunch or cramp your arm movement. The collar molds softly. The military shoulders allow ample play. You'll find this garment gives you a new idea about winter underwear.

Try a suit and see how comfortable you are *at all times.* Ask for this Allen-A underwear by style number—1615. Full or short length. Only $3.50 the suit. If your dealer doesn't carry it, simply send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wis.*

Allen-A
Underwear

New Styles In Men's Hosiery

These new styles are the smartest in Men's Hosiery. In vertical stripes, diamonds, plaids and solid colors. In silk, silk and wool and worsted. Priced from 50c to $1.50 the pair

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don't buy much from jobbers, but you never can tell—come on back, anyhow."

His office was a small square room with a desk and two chairs in the center and shelves all around the walls on which was stacked a regular library of manufacturers' catalogues. I was puzzled at Mr. Hosmer's actions. The first thing he asked me was my price on shovels. At that time the Empire Wholesale Company was featuring a certain popular shovel made by a Connecticut manufacturer, and I turned to my price book and quoted him our regular figure on the item—twelve dollars a dozen. At once he leaped to his feet and reached down from a shelf the same Connecticut manufacturer's catalogue, which he consulted, and then said:

"Can't buy shovels from you—your price is too high—ought to be ten-fifty a dozen."

Then he asked for a price on lanterns, and the same thing occurred, as was also the case with a number of other items. In every instance he had the catalogue of the manufacturer that the Empire Wholesale Company itself bought from. After a while he quit consulting his catalogue and merely told me each time I named a price on any item that I was too high. He did this so many times that at last I thought I would try him out. He asked me my figure on spading forks. I looked in my book and saw the price was nine dollars a dozen. I told him my figure was six dollars a dozen. This made no difference. As before, he simply repeated his formula:

"Can't buy spading forks from you—you're too high."

It was such a queer sort of interview that I remember every little detail after all these years. Presently I got up to go, having sold him nothing. I happened to glance at his desk, where I saw one of his letterheads, and printed on the top in large letters were the words WHOLESALE JOBBERS OF HARDWARE.

Mr. Hosmer bowed me out cordially and his parting words were, "Sorry I couldn't buy anything—maybe better luck next time—come and see me whenever you're in town."

When I got back to Statesburg I told Mr. Carpenter of the experience. He laughed and explained what had been so puzzling to me.

"Tom Hosmer is afflicted with jobberitis," he said. "I've known that some time. He writes to all the manufacturers for their catalogues, which they send him under the impression that he is a regular jobber, like his letterhead says. When a salesman for some wholesale house comes along Tom likes to show how clever a buyer he is by asking for prices and then saying everything is too high. It's just a game with him."

Then Mr. Carpenter indulged in prophecy.

"Old man Daniel Hosmer was a good merchant," he went on, "but his son Tom isn't going to last long. What happens is this: He gets some New England manufacturer's catalogue and orders some stuff in half dozen lots. The manufacturer ships it, thinking it is the beginning of real business, and Tom is all puffed up at the idea that he is saving the wholesaler's profit. But it takes a month or six weeks for these orders to be filled and meanwhile Tom runs out of stock and loses a lot of sales. Besides this, he is paying in freight about four times what he would pay if he bunched his purchases with some near-by wholesale house. Tom thinks he is escaping the wholesaler expense, when in reality he is only hiding it from himself. He is going to go broke one of these days."

Thaddeus Carpenter's prediction came true a couple of years later, when the house of Daniel Hosmer & Son fell into the hands of the sheriff, a victim of the theory that if you hide an expense it isn't there.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE DECANTER OF PERUSA

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where the Perusa came from, and neither did Alfred. Alfred said that he had waited on the party and had then, at his employer's request, gone out to see a motion picture. He was a man of average height, but small boned, with a sallow face and expressionless green eyes—servile, collected, poker faced, with an imported accent. He produced the original bottle from a cellaret.

The police took the chance that the Perusa was at fault and set out to find where it came from; it was easier to trace, even in those days, than a bottle of beer. Still, they were lucky.

At eleven o'clock that evening Sanford was in his room in the university dormitory when his door opened in a highly technical manner. Never having had his door opened in anger before by a New York City detective, he didn't recognize the technic—the silent turning of the knob, the sudden drive.

With the detective, who kept his hat on in the best tradition and who was therefore unmistakable, was a chubby man whom Sanford recognized as the proprietor of the family liquor store at Broadway and 110th Street—antiquarians know that a family liquor store was one that sold organic poison strictly by the bottle.

To every man upon this earth there comes sooner or later a great moment; his had come to the chubby liquor dealer. He pointed, his eyes blazed, blue and yet fiery, like burning brandy.

He said, "Officer, there's your man!"

II

AMONG the eight million people in the metropolitan area before whom, on March 22, 1916, was laid the glad information that a promising murder had been done was Miss Jane Emeringe, an Omaha schoolteacher. Miss Emeringe received the tidings at half-past eight in the morning, but did nothing about it until afternoon of the twenty-fifth. She had on her mind two affairs of her own of major importance.

She had come to New York to see a Mr. Tugend, who had informed her by mail that she was an heiress to a large New York fortune and had requested her to come and get it, and she had to buy a suit and hat befitting an heiress.

From the twenty-second to the twenty-fifth inclusive, she called Mr. Tugend's number at least a dozen times, wishing to beg off until she had assembled the dramatic unities, but she was consistently informed by a female at the other end of the wire that Mr. Tugend was not there anyhow. The delay was not unwelcome to Miss Emeringe; she was not prepared to talk of large sums with self-possession. The hat wasn't so hard; there are only so many cocks that can be knocked into a hat. In almost no time, as ladies measure time when trying on hats, she had found a dozen of the silly things that made her large and sensitive mouth into the conventional and inhuman rosebud, and that took the honesty out of her snub nose, and that gave aristocratic hauteur to her large and friendly blue eyes. But the suit was innumerable trials.

It was her fault; she wasn't built right. She was tall and straight, but not as the modish bean pole is tall and straight; she was robust as a springing fir, and money to pay suit makers is too rarely in the hands of robust girls to make their aggressive contours other than ordinary. But she finally got a heart-stopping bargain, buying for fifteen dollars in a bargain basement a suit that had failed dismally among the bean poles and that was on to her curves at once.

With supreme confidence, where there had been distress verging on despair, she

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at the first sign of SORE THROAT

Listerine, *quick!*

It has amazing power against germs

Kills test bacteria in 15 seconds

YOUR youngsters and you are likely to have colds and sore throat this winter. Wet feet, bad air, sudden changes of temperature bring them on.

Using simple means, why not do your utmost to prevent such ailments?

Millions of mothers have found that the systematic use of Listerine full strength as a gargle keeps the mouth so hygienic that germs make little headway. They have further found that once sore throat does develop, Listerine is a very effective means of checking it before it becomes serious.

This is easy to understand. Colds and sore throat are caused by germs. Listerine, full strength, as shown by countless tests in laboratories of national repute, has amazing power against bacteria.

For example, it kills even the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

So, at the first sign of throat irritation use Listerine. Keep it up. If improvement is not rapid, consult your physician, as many serious diseases manifest themselves first with sore throat symptoms. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Prevent a cold this way? Certainly!

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs, carried by the hands to the mouth on food, attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate, it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

DIE SCHWEIZ HAT DIESEM KÄSE IHREN NAMEN
GEGEBEN UND, WAS NOCH WICHTIGER IST, DEN GESCHMACK,
DER NICHT NACHGEMACHT WERDEN KANN.

Switzerland gave this cheese its name and of even greater importance the flavor that can't be copied

Cheese-makers all over the world have tried to produce this matchless flavor. But it seems that the secret will never be discovered. Apparently it is born of Alpine pastures . . . scented grass and hay . . . pure, soft water from everlasting glaciers.

How religiously the maker of Switzerland Cheese appreciates this gift of Nature is reflected in the patience, interest and exactness with which he makes each cheese. Never does he take a short cut in the process. Never does he let a single cheese leave his country unless he knows that it measures up to every standard set by his honorable forefathers, who have made cheese since the Roman Empire.

Words can merely give you an idea of the wonderful goodness of Switzerland Cheese. Rich as a nut Delicately piquant. Appetizingly fragrant. If you eat Switzerland Cheese by itself you get but one phase of its intriguing flavor. A sandwich surprises you with a new shade. With fresh fruit you taste another. For Switzerland Cheese blends with all foods to make delicious contrasts that amaze your taste.

You will find Switzerland Cheese served in great hotels, and famous restaurants. Accomplished cooks pronounce it the most versatile of all cheeses. It makes a cheese fondue with a flavor exquisite and elusive. In a salad . . . with cold cuts . . . with fresh fruit . . . with the demitasse it speaks to your taste in terms of goodness that cannot be forgotten. At the formal dinner, the afternoon function, the midnight supper, Switzerland Cheese is not only welcome but distinctly appropriate.

To identify this rare cheese, look for the numerous imprints of the word "Switzerland" on the rind. Switzerland Cheese sometimes varies in color from a cream to a butter-yellow depending upon whether the milk is produced in winter or summer. The size of the eyes also varies. Every cheese, however, has the same wonderful flavor. Buy Switzerland Cheese by the pound, half-pound, quarter-pound or ten-cent cuts, instead of sliced thin.

Write to the Switzerland Cheese Association, 105 Hudson St., New York City for the illustrated booklet, "Switzerland Cheese—How to use and how to serve." Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland.

The Swiss recommend that you buy Switzerland Cheese in pound or half-pound cuts instead of sliced wafer-thin. Then you will get all the fulness of its rich, nutlike flavor

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

Preparing to ship the cheese

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.

Swiss cows graze on mile-high pastures

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stopped telephoning and went to heard Mr. Tugend in person. She found the address he had given her; it was that of a shabby little rooming house on 9th Street off University Place.

Mr. Tugend was out. He had been out. He hadn't been there in a week. He was barely known; he had taken a room there, it seemed, merely to have an address at which to receive mail. There was no telling if he would come back at all. So much the landlady told Miss Emeringe, and then cross-examined her to try and discover for herself something about Mr. Tugend, whose month was up. That was discouraging.

To cheer up, Miss Emeringe went down to the corner for a drink of soda at the drug store.

"Irreproachably dressed and no destination," she murmured, endeavoring to see fun in the awkward situation. "Also, Julie, alone in a great city."

By a correlation of ideas that her pedagogy should have made familiar to her, her next thought was of the name Sanford Emeringe Watt. In her own country her family were the only Emeringes. Judging New York, rashly but inevitably, by her own dear little town, she expected to discover kinship in the young man of whom she had read—an undesirable relation perhaps, since he was accused of murder, but still her own.

"What is the Tombs?" she asked the soda clerk.

"That's what they call the city prison down on Centre Street."

"I thought it was something like that. I saw the other day that the man who poisoned those two people was lodged in the Tombs."

"Not now, he isn't, lady. I see by the paper just now that he was taken out with a habeas corpus. Those birds know something. They get a lawyer before they start, and this one's got the best in the business. Do you know who he got? He got Little Amby himself."

"Little Amby?"

"Ain't you never heard of him, lady? He's the biggest lawyer in New York. Say, that Tombs don't mean no more to him than a grab bag does. When he wants a prisoner he just puts his hand right in. You must have heard of Counselor Ambrose Hinkle."

"I wonder if he'd talk to me on the telephone."

"Absolutely, lady. Go in there and give him a ring. You'll see he'll say hello to you. He's like that."

She looked up the name in the telephone directory and went to a booth.

"This is Miss Emeringe," she said when the connection was made, "one of the heirs of the wealthy Emeringe estate. I'm told that you are the lawyer for Sanford Emeringe Watt, and as I'm very anxious to get news of the family ——"

"Who are you?"

"Miss Julie Emeringe. I'm told you are the lawyer for Sanford Emeringe Watt, and I imagine he is some relation to the Emeringe family."

"You want to help him?"

"Well, yes, if he's related. It's not a very common name, you know."

"You want to talk to him?"

"Oh, no, thanks. I thought you could tell me."

"You say the family is wealthy."

"Oh, very."

"What's your number there? Hang up and you'll be called back in a minute."

She hung up and waited.

She was signaled. A new voice spoke, one that—as it seemed to the girl—was naturally staccato and querulous, but was carefully urbane.

"Yes, Miss Emeringe. Mr. Hinkle speaking."

"I am an heir to the very wealthy Emeringe estate," she explained patiently. "You must know of the very wealthy Emeringe estate. We thought there were only us three, out in Omaha, but just lately I saw the name Emeringe in the paper—Sanford Emeringe Watt—and I'm very anxious to know if he's related to us."

"You wish to do something for him?"

"Well, it wasn't that exactly, but I would do what I could."

"I'm glad for his sake that you got in touch with me, Miss Emeringe. The young man is in serious trouble, and what I have done for him was done to spare the family name, for which I have the greatest respect, but I do feel—and I know you'll feel the same—that the family should bear the burden. Where are you now?"

"I'm at—just a moment, please—I'm at University Place and 9th Street."

"I suggest that you come right up here. I'm in the Debrett apartment in the Hotel Emeringe on Seventh Avenue. You'll come at once?"

"But, really, Mr. Hinkle, I had no notion of going to see you. It's really quite unnecessary. I simply wished to know——"

"I'm sorry, Miss Emeringe, but in order to protect my clients, and more particularly the family name, I never give information of any nature over the telephone. A matter of principle. I'm sure you understand. May I expect you?"

"I'll come."

"Told you he'd say hello to you, didn't I?" snickered the soda clerk, pleased with his little joke. "Don't go away looking mad, lady. Always leave them laughing."

III

"WAS Mr. Debrett's man in the apartment while you were here that night?"

The notorious criminal lawyer who was known as Little Amby was addressing Sanford. They were together in the suite that had been recently tenanted by J. Harry Debrett.

"I didn't see him," said Sanford. He was attentive, but weary and depressed.

"Did you look in the bedroom? Can you say that nobody was in the apartment but the three men who were dining?"

"I can't say. I didn't look."

The dapper little shyster pulled a chair alongside Sanford, sat down with care for the sharp creases of his checked trousers and patted Sanford's knee cajolingly.

"My boy, you know me pretty well, I imagine, by reputation. You know what you were doing when you sent for me."

"Mr. Hinkle, I didn't send for you of my own volition. The attendants down in the prison told me to send for you. They told me they wouldn't send for anybody else."

"That's absurd. What influence have I with the people in the Tombs? But we'll suppose that out of friendship for you they pressed you to retain me; and for my part I took a shine to you as soon as I saw you. I recognized right away that you were a very superior type to what one generally meets down there. Still, it was optional with you, and they could only advise you for your own good. But they must have told you how I handle a client—that before I talk to him at all I buy him his return ticket to go home. Then I ask him, for my own private information, if they have the goods on him or not. If he says yes, I don't quit him. That would be unethical. The morality of what he has done is between him and his conscience; my business is on the legal side: whether or not he's committed a crime. And that's not for me to say. It's up to me to prove that what he has done is not a crime according to the law of the state of New York. You know that some of the meanest and most immoral men—men whom you and I would send to the chair with pleasure—never do anything for which the law can punish them. It's my duty to battle for a client, right or wrong, according to the legal maxim *audi alteram partem*, meaning the evidence alters the case. It's up to me to see that it does. Come, my boy, when did you first find out that Debrett had squandered the money that was in trust for you?"

"This morning, when you told me the trust company that took Mr. Debrett's place was unable to find the trust fund."

"Now, Watt, don't try to do your own thinking. Be your own lawyer and have a fool for a client. I know what's in your mind; you heard that talk about the motive when we were arguing the habeas. Well, you heard me stake my professional reputation that there was no motive, didn't you? I'll tell you now that at that time I had already heard from the trust company. When was your monthly payment due you?"

"On March first."

"And you mean to tell me you didn't ask for it or inquire between the first and the fourteenth, and then you let Debrett tell you to come around next week? Oh, no, that's not human nature. If I owe a man money on a day certain and I hear a knock in the dark that morning, I don't go downstairs and expect to find the milk; I know it's my creditor with his hand out. You certainly knew at the time you bought that bottle that this man Debrett had beggared you."

Sanford arose, spreading his arms in appeal. "Mr. Hinkle, I've told you that I didn't know anything about that."

Little Amby's black eyes held Sanford's bewildered gaze with grim insistence. The little shyster nodded dissatisfiedly.

"Very well, we'll proceed on that basis. Sit down, Watt. Here's another angle of the matter: I must have five thousand dollars, and at once. I don't practice law for the sake of the money, and therefore I don't want to have it on my mind. I like to dispose of the subject right in the beginning and forget about it. Nobody does more charity work than I do. I never closed up a case yet without feeling that I could have got more out of it. You must get me five thousand dollars by one o'clock Monday."

"I don't know from where, Mr. Hinkle."

"You don't appreciate your situation, Watt. Don't think for a moment that I'm trying to frighten money out of you, but I can tell you that people with less against them than you have, have been found guilty of murder in the first degree. They weren't clients of mine, it's true. But I'm willing to meet you more than halfway; make it fifteen hundred cash, and a good guaranty for the balance. The cash is for the bondsman who took you out. Fat Ben—Mr. Ben Finkel—obligated himself personally on your account because I told him you were reputable and responsible. If he doesn't get his money he's going to surrender you as sure as we have Saturday."

The telephone rang in the kitchenette. Little Amby answered it. When he returned, the scowl was gone from his narrow, triangular face; the diamonds flickered on his scrawny hand as he passed it caressingly over his polished black hair. It was still caressing when it slapped Sanford on the shoulder.

"That's Fat Ben," said Little Amby. "If you're not ready to meet his terms on Monday I'll have to take care of him for you. As I said, I don't practice law for money, and while it's unusual to advance fifteen hundred dollars cash for a client —— But we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. Tell me, Watt, are you related to the well-known Emeringe family? Your name suggests it."

"Yes. My grandfather was an Emeringe."

"There's been quite a piece of money in the family off and on, I imagine."

"One branch of the family was quite well-to-do."

"If you should be out of funds, Sanford, don't hesitate to call on me for an advance. We'll adjust that when you get a final statement for professional services. You understand that the five thousand dollars I mentioned a while ago is in the nature of a retaining fee; I'd like that paid as soon as is entirely convenient. I'm not worrying about my fee. The estate of Debrett owes you something like seventy thousand dollars, being the trust fund and interest, and I dare say that assets of the estate will turn up. Young Wilbur Debrett has shown a very good spirit in offering to turn everything over to us pending the settlement of your claim. It is true that we could seize everything if he fought us, and he may be lawyer enough to realize that."

There was a knock on the door.

"Come in!" called Little Amby.

He rose and went quickly forward and received Miss Julie Emeringe.

She gave him her hand and smiled amiably into his eyes. She was always at ease with men; they felt that she was admiring them when she didn't tell them so.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Hinkle. I've heard so much about you."

"Slander, every word of it, Miss Emeringe. Allow me to present Mr. Watt."

"Oh, yes," said the girl, regarding Sanford offishly.

"Mr. Watt, let me say," said Little Amby, "is not a murderer."

"But you must pardon me, Mr. Watt," she exclaimed, jumping from her chair. "One of the family though, I suppose? I'm afraid that I thought you were that unfortunate Sanford Emeringe Watt."

"Please don't apologize," said Sanford, confused.

"Oh, but I must," she insisted, holding his hand tightly. "It was a perfectly dreadful mistake to make. Now that I look at you I can see that you're not at all the type. You're more romantic and dreamy and poetical."

"You know the murderer type when you see it, do you, Miss Emeringe?" said Little Amby. "I'm glad to have expert testimony to corroborate what I told you just now. We are agreed that our friend is not a murderer, although his name happens to be Sanford Emeringe Watt. Speaking of his family, he is a lineal descendant of that famous old-time New York family, the Emeringes."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Emeringe quickly. "I was down to see Mr. Tugend just now, but he wasn't at home. Do you know where I can find him?"

"Tugend?"

"William J. Tugend. Is it possible that you don't know him?"

"I'm afraid that I don't."

"Well, I declare. But at least you know about the big estate that's come to the Emeringe family? You must know about that, since you're one of the heirs."

"I wish I could help you, Miss Emeringe. I would certainly be delighted to learn of an estate in which I had an interest. The only estate that I know of is the one left me by my father, and I've just lost that. Mr. Hinkle can tell you."

"But you wouldn't know if you weren't in touch with Mr. Tugend," said the girl, with some lightening of her perplexity. "It was Mr. Tugend who discovered that a great estate was coming to the Emeringe family. Oh, there's no doubt about it; he advertised all over the country for Emeringe heirs, and that cost him time and money. I saw his notice in the Boxelder Champion—we used to live outside of Boxelder. Is it possible that he didn't advertise in New York?"

"I confess I devote very little time to the newspapers. An advertisement might be displayed there with prominence and yet pass unseen by me."

"Where did you say you used to live, Miss Emeringe?" said Little Amby, and in his voice was the note that had been carefully extracted when telephoning.

"Oh, perhaps you've been there," exclaimed Miss Emeringe gaily. "Our farm was about nine miles outside Boxelder; that's on Willow Creek, in Redwillow County."

"And all you know of this big estate is what you learned from the Boxelder Champion?"

"But it's not a joke, Mr. Hinkle, really. I thought it was when I read it in the Champion—we're the only Emeringes in Redwillow County—but Mr. Benoit, the editor, said it wasn't, and that it was being published in newspapers all over Nebraska and the West. So I answered it and told of how dad's folks came from New York away back in 1815, and went to Michigan

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E
Q U

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

PROGRESS

—that the public may be better served

During the past two years, Chevrolet has been the world's largest builder of automobiles, producing and selling more than 1,000,000 cars annually. This accomplishment represents one of the most spectacular examples of industrial progress during recent years. And it has been largely made possible by unswerving adherence to the manufacturing policy expressed in the slogan "Quality at Low Cost".

In carrying out this policy, Chevrolet has produced a low-priced automobile providing not only utility but offering also advanced design, modern features and the acknowledged distinction and beauty of bodies by Fisher.

By thus meeting the demand of the vast majority of motor car buyers, Chevrolet has enjoyed ever-increasing public acceptance and tremendous success—has been able to expand its manufacturing resources until it stands today in the forefront of the world's great commercial enterprises.

It has erected fourteen mammoth factories at strategic points of distribution throughout America. It has installed in these factories the most advanced equipment and machinery known to engineering science. It has been able to elevate its manufacturing processes by employing standards of accuracy and precision once undreamed-of. And finally, it has built up an organization of over 10,000 authorized dealers and service stations to provide the widest possible service to the public.

Thus, in a period of a comparatively few years, Chevrolet has created a new standard of what the buyer of a low-priced automobile could expect. It has made luxurious transportation the pleasure of the many rather than the privilege of the few. It has made progress an automotive watchword. And, by the creation of tremendous facilities, has laid a firm foundation for the continuance of its policy of progress in order that the public may be even better served in the future.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY

Division of General Motors Corporation

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LITY AT LOW COST

Summer Temperature *for Winter Driving*

LET the outside air crackle with cold. You won't feel it inside a car that's insulated with Protectahood! And your engine will zip with power.

Protectahood keeps cold air out and engine heat in. Some of this retained heat enters car under dash—insuring driving comfort on coldest days. No need to readjust carburetor, with Protectahood—a saving on gas.

Protectahood is custom-built for your car. It hugs the under side of hood—out of sight. No drilling to attach. No disfigurement to car. Needs attention only twice a year when you remove leaves in spring and coat each in fall.

Have your dealer install a Protectahood on your car. It costs but a few dollars, lasts the life of the car. If you want more facts, write direct for our pamphlet, "The Silver Lining."

Approved by Leading Car Manufacturers

Manufactured by the
PROTECTAHOOD CORP.
Auburn, N. Y.
Sold by leading dealers in U. S. and Canada.

WARMS MOTOR QUICKLY

HEATS INSIDE OF CAR

MAKES STARTING EASIER

PROLONGS MOTOR LIFE

PROVIDES BETTER LUBRICATION

PROTECTS HOOD LUSTER

PROTECTAHOOD

The Silver Lining FOR ALL CARS

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and stayed there until dad went and homesteaded in Nebraska. Well, they had a grand time laughing at me—they all have me down for answering every piece I see in the newspaper—but, I'll tell you, they laughed on the other side of their darned mouths when Mr. Tugend wrote me to come on with my proofs."

"And you came on and couldn't find him?"

"That's about the size of it, Mr. Hinkle."

"Did he write you anything about this great estate?"

"In a general way. As dad said, there were some things the man would want to keep to himself if he was going to make on it. First off, dad wouldn't hear of it, but he took hold when I kept on prodding at him. Dad's that way. First off, he throws cold water on the proposition, but just let him go on and he will turn around and argue like fury the other way. 'Why, hell, Julie,' he said—dad has his own way of expressing himself, Mr. Hinkle—'a five-acre lot in New York is worth more than your whole damn farm.' My farm, of course; that's dad."

"What address did this fortune teller give you?"

"A house in 9th Street; I was just there. It's a small poor-looking house where they let rooms."

"Do you know anything about this, Watt?"

"Nothing, Mr. Hinkle."

Little Amby stared bleakly at the girl. She rose springily, went to the cellaret and picked up the decanter that had held the Perusa.

"Well, I declare! What's this? How did this get here?" She turned it over, scrutinizing it as if to assure herself against a mistake.

The vessel was made of dark blue, milk-white and clear glass. The original vessel, it would seem, had been clear glass; upon the clear glass had been imposed a coating of the white, and upon the white, in turn, a layer of the blue. Broad areas of the blue glass had then been cut away, exposing the white. The white had been so cut away as to leave white figures in bas-relief standing out from the clear glass. When the decanter was filled the background of the white bas-relief was the color of the contained liquor.

An odd piece and an old one; because of its age and oddity, one would readily believe it unique. And yet Miss Emeringe, having studied it in mass and detail, cried, "Why, this is our old water bottle! I don't know when I saw this last, but then it was standing where it has always stood—on the whatnot in the parlor back home."

"You have such an article?" Little Amby took the decanter and looked at it with interest. "I don't know much about these things, but I think this is handmade. It doesn't look like stock goods. Is it possible you have a mate to it? I can imagine that there might have been a pair."

"I know it so well," said Miss Emeringe. "It's always been in dad's family."

"Do you know where Debrett got this?" asked Little Amby of Sanford.

"I don't. I never saw it before that night."

"What did your father have to say about your old water bottle, Miss Emeringe?"

"Mother and he brought it from Michigan. He knew it had been in the family for generations, but he wasn't quite sure that it came originally from the Emeringe side of the house. He thought it might have come from my great-grandmother, whose name was Ryan—she married into the family when they lived at a little place called Lapeer, in Michigan, about 1850."

"Did the Ryans come from New York?"

"Oh, no. The father was an emigrant from Ireland. He couldn't have lived any time in New York, because he was quite old when he came to this country; we have letters written him by a married daughter in Ireland."

"Let's not get lost in the mists of antiquity. The weight of evidence is that your water bottle traces from New York through the Emeringes. Was Debrett related to you, however remotely, Sanford?"

"No. He was merely a friend of father's."

"But he didn't get this decanter from your father?"

"Not to my knowledge. I saw it here for the first time."

"You said that one branch of the family had money."

"My great-uncle, Sanford Emeringe; I'm named after him."

"Where is he?"

"He's dead. He had no children."

"What happened to his money?"

"He willed everything to his wife. He owned this hotel, Mr. Hinkle. That was the only property he had and he left it to his wife."

"And where is she?"

"I believe she has an apartment or bungalow up on the hotel roof, but I don't know if she is there now. I never saw her. She married Uncle Sanford only a few months before he died, and father quarreled with Uncle Sanford for marrying at his age."

"She must be here if she owns the hotel."

"No, it's leased to a professional hotel man. He pays her so much a month for it, I understand. She travels quite a little."

"Did she have any money of her own when she married your Great-uncle Sanford?"

"Nothing at all. She was a dancer on the stage."

"And she stepped in, and stepped out with your great-uncle's money, leaving you the empty name. That disposes finally of Uncle Sanford's estate. Then what was this mysterious Tugend driving at? I'll have the Emeringe family traced back by a title company and see if we can find any unclaimed property along the route.

"Your recognition of that decanter interests me, Miss Emeringe. Discovering it here suggests that Debrett was hooked up somehow with the Emeringes, and it wasn't with any branch of the family that we know about. And here's an individual named Tugend looking for someone to claim Emeringe money. I'm inclined to think he knew something, since he went to such trouble. And it was a secret too. Why did he vanish into the unknown? Bought off, perhaps. By whom? We'll have to draw him back into daylight. Here's how: Since he's vacated, we'll step into his place and assume his identity."

Sanford hooked a long forefinger over his chin reflectively.

"We'll advertise in his name," said Little Amby. "We may find people who came to New York as you did, Miss Emeringe. Or we may excite the curiosity of Mr. Tugend himself, or bring down on us the people who bought him off, if such there be. But let's not anticipate. We're bound to learn something."

"But isn't there an element of deceit in this?" said Sanford with hesitation. "You'll pardon me, Mr. Hinkle, I'm sure. I don't mean to insinuate that you'd suggest doing anything that wasn't entirely honorable."

"Don't apologize, my boy," said Little Amby in a round tone. "Your feeling in the matter was mine precisely when I was mulling this thing over. I resolved it by asking myself if I would do in my own case what I'm advising you to do in yours; and the answer was yes. I trust that disposes of your scruples?"

"Entirely, Mr. Hinkle," said Sanford gratefully.

Wilbur Debrett entered the apartment. "I trust I'm not intruding," he said, seeing Miss Emeringe.

"This is Mr. Debrett, Miss Emeringe," said Little Amby. "Mr. Debrett is the real victim of this shocking business, as he's the nephew of the lately departed. Being the next of kin, we went to him for permission to survey the premises and he's done everything possible to aid us."

"A relative of Sanford's!" Wilbur bowed deeply and gracefully, but there was a bold stare in his bright brown eyes. Sanford had known this slender and elegant chap for many years, but had not found him congenial, being overawed by Wilbur Debrett's *savoir-faire* and repulsed by his cheerful indifference to intellectual matters. "I'm sure Miss Emeringe knows that we all recognize how ridiculous this charge against Sanford is, if we can dignify it by the name.

"I suppose Sanford has explained all about it. There's the chair Uncle Harry was sitting in, Miss Emeringe—that chair right there. Sitting right in the chair; he gave me a terrible shock. Where's the decanter, Sanford? Did you show Miss Emeringe the decanter that the poisoned wine was in? She'll want to see that above all."

"She found it for herself," said Little Amby, holding it up. "We were wondering where Mr. Debrett came by it."

"A friend brought him that from France," said Wilbur promptly.

"From France!" ejaculated the girl. "Why, I —"

"Miss Emeringe finds it warm here," cut in Little Amby. And he got up and opened a window. "These hotel rooms are so infernally hot." His glance told the girl not to volunteer anything.

"Yes. There's a letter that Uncle Harry was writing. It's hardly important enough to interest the police."

Little Amby stood at the desk with his back to the company and scanned the lines that had been written on the hotel's stationery:

MARCH 21, 1926.

My Dear Girl: Ever so much obliged for the pretty cameo decanter you brought me from France. Haven't had a chance yet to christen it with anything worthy ——

"This is Mr. Debrett's writing?" Sanford was the only one in a position to observe what the lawyer was doing. He saw Little Amby drop the unfinished note on the desk, face down, and pick up a blank sheet of stationery instead and carry it to the open window.

"Yes, he wrote that," said Wilbur. "I've been his clerk."

Little Amby was scrutinizing the blank sheet. He turned to Wilbur and was about to speak, when the paper slipped from his fingers and floated out into the void.

"How clumsy of me!" he cried vexedly. "I dare say you valued that paper. I'll call up and have men run out and look in the street for it." He bustled through the room and into the kitchenette and made a clattering with the telephone. "Hello, hello! . . . They don't seem to answer. Sanford, my boy, you run down by the stairs while I try to get them here. We must get that paper back, if Mr. Debrett wants it. Pardon me, Mr. Debrett?"

Wilbur had not spoken, but he felt obliged to declare his sentiments now. "Don't fuss so much, please," he said. "Let the paper go, Mr. Hinkle."

"But it might have been something you valued," said Little Amby, who would not so readily forgive himself.

"But about this decanter, Mr. Debrett," he continued. "May I borrow it until I have a chance to discuss it with Mr. Sargent? The sight of it may refresh his memory. Just one thing more—how long was Alfred Bonney with your uncle? Something over ten years, eh? I understand that he has disappeared since Wednesday morning, but that can't mean anything, since his character is established."

IV

THE following public notice was inserted in four New York newspapers of Monday, March 27, 1916:

EMERINGE. Interested parties please write. Tugend, Box 114 this paper.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, Sanford made the rounds in quest of replies. There was only one, and it requested a personal interview. By Little Amby's direction, Sanford wrote to the respondent and told him to call at the Emeringe and give his name at the desk. Sanford arranged for the use of a room; the hotel was quite full, and

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Spur Tie

All tied for you

50¢ - 75¢

$1.00

Dorothy Mackaill
and
Jack Mulhall
Co-starring in the new First National film production, "Waterfront."

The Modern step in Evening smartness

TYING your own dress bow is as out-of-date as cranking your own car. Spur Tie is now the thing with all smart dressers. It's all tied for you—with the touch men envy, and the neatness women admire. Spur Tie *is* hand-tied—but *you* don't have to tie it. Your choice of plain or self-figured blacks, white piqués, or white silks.

Gay stripes, fancies and polka-dots, too, in the newest colorings for sport or business. For Spur Tie has made bow-tie style as popular for fall wear as it always has been for summer wear.

Displayed on haberdashery counters everywhere. Styles for men. Styles for boys.

HEWES & POTTER, Inc.
65 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.
Pacific Coast Stock:
120 Battery Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Made in Canada by TOOKE BROS., Ltd., Montreal

Insist on seeing this red label. It is tucked in the knot in the back of every genuine Spur Tie.

The Spur Tie worn above is the Mulhall pattern, a 75¢ band bow. The Spur Tie shown actual size is the Mackaill pattern, a De Luxe Dollar Bow. Always fresh and new-looking because the patented invisible feature keeps it from rolling, curling or wrinkling.

FREE BOOK! . . .

The new 48-page rotogravure book, "Off the Lot," filled with photographs and stories of leading film stars has set everybody talking. The first book of its kind. Write to Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

SPUR GARTERS, SPUR SUSPENDERS, SPUR BELTS—QUALITY HIGH AND SMART AS SPUR TIE

The makers of
STROWGER
P-A-X
PRIVATE AUTOMATIC EXCHANGE

pioneers in the field of automatic telephony, have now adapted the same time-proven switching mechanisms to a wide range of equipment that is proving indispensable to industry and commerce. Typical among such developments are those described below—all having as their background years of research and sound engineering practice.

CERTAINTY

THERE is no place for guesswork in modern business; only through constant definite knowledge can the production and operating economies necessitated by present day competition be maintained. The *absolute certainty* with which information is obtained, instructions transmitted, and general routine handled by P-A-X, the modern system of automatic interior telephony, is but one of the factors that have made it supreme in its field. In every line of industry, both great and small, it has become the world's standard of comparison.

And the same certainty of performance, regardless of conditions, applies equally to all other Strowger Automatic Communication and Signalling Equipment—for the same essential switching mechanisms are used in the systems here described, and in many others covering a wide range of industrial and commercial needs:

The Strowger Fire Alarm System—A system so sturdy and so simple that it is being adopted by industries throughout the country. The fire boxes have no moving mechanisms. The system cannot be put out of service by "grounds", "shorts" or broken connections; it gives both visual and audible signals; its functioning is entirely automatic. Bulletin 1016, which gives full details, will gladly be sent on request.

The Strowger Tele-Chec System—Primarily developed as a signal system for theaters to regulate the flow of patron traffic to various parts of the house, the Strowger Tele-Chec System is indispensable wherever there is necessity for the rapid and accurate transmission of numbers or codes by means of visual signals. Its applications are unlimited and many of them are described in Bulletin 1019, sent on request.

Strowger Railway Communication Equipment—Includes push-key senders for dispatchers' lines, trainmen's telephones and pole jacks, linemen's test sets, repeating coils, relays and allied equipment. Descriptive literature on application.

STROWGER AUTOMATIC
Communication, Control and Signalling Systems

Strowger Automatic Equipment includes Public Automatic Telephone Systems, P-A-X (Private Automatic Exchange), Watchman Supervisory Systems, Tele-Chec Systems for Theaters, Industrial Fire Alarm Systems, Supervisory Control Equipment for Industrial and Commercial Devices, and Railway Signalling and Communication Systems.

Engineered, Designed and Manufactured by

Automatic Electric Inc.

Factory and General Offices: 1015 West Van Buren St., Chicago, U. S. A.

Sales and Service Offices in the Following Cities:

Atlanta, Ga.	Detroit, Mich.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Boston, Mass.
Los Angeles, Calif.	Cleveland, Ohio	St. Paul, Minn.	St. Louis, Mo.
Dallas, Tex.	New York, N. Y.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Seattle, Wash.

Export Distributors:
For Australasia—Automatic Telephones, Ltd., Sydney
For Canada—Independent Sales & Engineering Co., Ltd., Vancouver
Elsewhere—Automatic Electric Company, Ltd., Chicago

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since he did not want living accommodations he was assigned to a two-room suite on the twenty-third floor that was incompletely furnished and not ready for general renting.

"The idea of that little rooster telling us that there was nothing in the story of the Emeringe fortune," exclaimed Miss Emeringe. She and Sanford were in the living room of the suite, awaiting their caller. "I do lose patience with some people. Though I suppose one reason is because it is just about what dad said. I showed him Mr. Tugend's letter and he didn't want me to come on."

"Alone and unprotected, you mean. Well, a father can't be too careful," Sanford said.

"The father of an innocent and beautiful daughter, you mean. It's lovely of you, but that wasn't what dad said. He thought it was just a trick to get me to New York, and he said, 'Julie, you put that blank—just—ad in that blank—just—paper yourself!' Dad stutters like fury when he's excited, and then he puts in 'just' to stop it. One word he can't say is Oklahoma, so we always lead him on to it to hear him say 'Okla—just—homa.' But dad doesn't care, so long as he can talk. Dad loves to talk. Mother says his tongue is hung in the middle.

"Poor dad. He and mother are alone on the farm now, except for the Polacks—he's had to hire Polacks. First Frank went away and then Bertha got married, and finally I quit on him and went in to Omaha to teach school. I can't stand life in the country; I'm too delicate."

"Pardon me, Miss Emeringe?"

"I said delicate, Sanford. And please don't call your own forty-second cousin 'Miss Emeringe.' It's very stilted. Julie will do, unless you think of something special. I know I don't look delicate—that's the bane of my existence. I'm not strong, Sanford, except in a way. Oh, I can wrestle and ride standing up bareback—Frank was eighteen before he could put down either Bertha or me—but dancing used to fag me out in no time, and I love to dance. The work I didn't mind so much, even four in the morning to get through and go to a dance, but when dancing became too much for me I just decided to go in to Omaha. Have you a brother or sister, Sanford?"

"I have no living relatives, so far as I know, Miss ——"

"We've been introduced, Mr. Watt."

"Julie." The amendment was ungraciously tardy.

"Mother warned me of this, but I wouldn't listen," said Julie in accents of sad enlightenment. "She told me New York men get familiar with the least encouragement."

"You are unjust to us, Julie," said Sanford, with a bland smile. "I have lived in New York all my life, and I give it as my candid opinion that we New York men are not more given to gallantry than men elsewhere. After all, you must remember that we are men, and by biological law we are the pursuing sex, always on the offensive. Biology enjoins on the female a defensive attitude. Modesty, reticence, even an engaging timidity, characterize the female; the male virtues are boldness and even audacity. I could lend you a good book if you are interested in understanding the relation of the sexes."

"Oh, I'd love that," said Julie cordially. "What you say explains a feeling I've always had about fellows—that they wanted to kiss me. Now, Sanford, will you answer me a question in a sensible and biological way—I must have the book, of course, but you can give me an illustration. Am I right in having that feeling about men—nice men, I mean? Here's the question: Would you like to kiss me?"

He stared at her. Her chin was on her hand; her clear blue eyes looked back at him soberly.

"Ah, I see," she said. "You must look in the book."

He got to his feet. His round face had gone pale and his breath came agitatedly, but his eyes were stony with resolution. He strode toward her.

She threw out warding palms and he stopped several paces away. "Thank you," she said. "I guess I won't need that book. Well, I wonder why that gentleman doesn't come! Isn't somebody at the door?"

"I beg your pardon, Julie," said Sanford in a low but triumphant voice. He could be generous; he had been grossly insulted and he had compelled an apology.

He went to the door. Outside it was standing a ruddy-faced and square-built man in a black derby hat, black clothes and impressively large and square-toed shoes.

"Mr. Tugend?" queried the man.

"Come in, please," said Sanford.

The man saw Julie, twisted a tail of his mustache, and asked, "Which of you two parties is Mr. Tugend, pray?"

"Don't you think," said Julie winningly, "that it would be nicer if you told us first who you are?"

"True enough, miss. The name is Dorrity—James A. Dorrity."

"This is Mr. Watt. My name is Julie Emeringe. May I ask why you come here?"

"You may indeed, miss, and I'll tell you, too. I come here to give you information of the very first importance. Remarkably important, you'll find it. To show you that I know whereof I speak, I'll write down two names Nothing said, nothing mended, miss."

Mr. Dorrity scribbled, and exhibited his result to Sanford.

"'J. Harry Debrett—Einar Ginsbert,'" read Sanford aloud.

"Sh-h," warned Dorrity with a nervous look about.

"But what earthly connection do you suppose we have with those names?" gasped Julie.

"A fair question," nodded Dorrity. "Not meaning, I suppose, to insinuate that this young man is not the party who provided the bottle of Perusa?"

"Certainly not. But our affair is another matter."

"That's what we want to get at. And why did you put that ad in the paper? Tell me that and I will give you the information I have promised. It's going to be mighty fetching, miss."

"We are Emeringe heirs, that's why, Mr. Dorrity. I came on from Omaha to meet Mr. Tugend and couldn't find him, and so I got in touch with Mr. Watt, who is a distant relation. We put the advertisement in the papers hoping to learn more about Mr. Tugend and his proposition. Now, can you tell us anything?"

"I can tell you this," said Mr. Dorrity, raising a stubby finger: "You're going to be arrested, both of you."

"Arrested? What for? When?"

"Almost right away, miss. In a matter of minutes. That's worth knowing, I think. Being that you are so frank with me, I'm tipping you off. So if you want to make any preparations, make them quick, because an officer will be here directly. Don't you want to give somebody a ring?"

Julie looked hard at Mr. Dorrity. She said to Sanford, "He seems to mean it. Perhaps you'd better call ——"

"By all means," exhorted Mr. Dorrity earnestly. "And quick."

Sanford took up the telephone and called Little Amby's number. Dorrity jumped up at once and shut off the connection. "No, no," he said imperatively. "Don't be always thinking of yourself. Isn't there somebody else that ought to know?"

"Pshaw, I don't believe we're to be arrested at all," snapped Julie, resenting the interference.

"You don't, eh?" grumbled Dorrity. "You don't? Well, what do you think now—both of you?" And he opened his square hand and exposed a police shield. "Though, between you and me," he added amiably, "I think your story's on the level. Still and all, the chief would like a talk with you. So get your hats."

Detective Sergeant Dorrity brought Sanford and Julie down to police headquarters

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In one month 610 owners wrote us that they found this the — perfect way to take care of the *litter of smoking*

No mess or fire risk from smoking in the Hotel Astor in New York! Smokadors (Model 1) take care of all that

For offices the Smokador de Luxe is frequently selected
Model 2—semi-rocking
Model 3—non-rocking

A popular choice for the man's den is the new semi-rocking Smokador (Model 4)

LESS THAN FIVE YEARS AGO, wherever people smoked, you found the open ash tray—unsightly, at best, and filling the air with the fumes of stale tobacco—at worst, a constant and really serious fire menace.

TODAY, in homes, clubs, offices, hotels, steamships, private yachts and railroad trains, you find a new receiver for smokers' refuse that does away altogether with untidy litter, eliminates the fumes of stale tobacco, and removes all danger from fire.

Delighted owners praise this new ASHLESS *ash receiver*

FROM all over the country, smokers—and people who have to provide for the convenience of smokers—write us that this ashless ashstand that *can't spill* is the first really satisfactory device for taking care of all smoking litter.

All the untidiness that we have thought inevitable to smoking is swallowed up by Smokador *as fast as it is created.* Ashes, stubs, burnt matches, pipe cleanings—down the hollow stem they drop into the receptacle in the base, where, for want of oxygen, they are instantly smothered and all odor killed.

No danger of fire from glowing match-ends or unextinguished stubs! No ashes blown about! No upset ash trays! Bump against your Smokador—its contents cannot spill—cannot burn holes in your fine rugs.

So *easily cleaned* too! Just unscrew stem, empty receptacle, and your Smokador is ready for use again.

Six models in various colors enable you to match any scheme of decoration.

Always look for the name on the bottom and for the patented snuffer-grip on tray, to be sure you are getting a genuine Smokador. You can get Smokadors in Department, Furniture, Housefurnishing, Sporting Goods and Office Supply stores. Mail coupon below for free descriptive leaflet.

MODEL 1—Original "Rock-a-by." Tray fitted with snuffer-grips; match-box holder on handle. Eight colors. Price $10.50—West of Mississippi, $11.00.

MODEL 2—Smokador de Luxe—semi-rocking. Snuffer-grips on tray; cigarette and match-box holder on handle. Easily emptied glass jar concealed in base. Six colors. Price $13.00—West of Mississippi, $13.50.

MODEL 3—Flat non-rocking base. Easily emptied glass jar concealed in base. Six colors. Price $12.00—West of Mississippi, $12.50.

MODEL 4—New semi-rocking Smokador at a popular price. Easily emptied glass jar concealed in base. Six colors. Price $7.95—West of Mississippi, $8.45.

MODEL 5—New de Luxe "Rock-a-by." Ornamental handle with holder for Swedish or book matches. Easily emptied glass jar concealed in base. Two snuffer-grips and special screen on tray. Eight colors. Price $12.00—West of Mississippi, $12.50.

MODEL 6—Flat, non-rocking base. Open bottom. Snuffer-grips. Glass jar. Six colors. Price $6.50—West of Mississippi, $7.00.

TRADE MARK
Smokador
REG U.S. PAT OFF

The Ashless Ashstand

SMOKADOR MFG. CO., Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. A
Send me your folder. I enclose check for ( ) for model ( ) color( )

Name

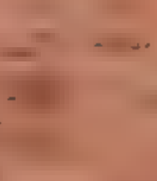
No. and St.

City State

© S. M. Co. Inc., 1928

Time destroys most things....

but not the enduring beauty *of* REAL TILES



TILE-SETTING is a true craft, requiring a high degree of skill and workmanship

In your community there is an experienced tiling contractor, who can show you the different types of Keramic Tiles, answer your questions, make practical suggestions, and see that your tile job is efficiently and skillfully handled Consult him if you are building or remodeling. *Associated Tile Manufacturers*

THE BEAUTY of Keramic Tiles — *real tiles* — is almost indestructible.

Thousands of years Keramic Tiles have been known to last—and their colors with them. The deep, lovely colors that Egyptian potters of 6000 years ago burnt into their tiles can still be seen today, fresh and brilliant and untarnished.

It is because of this quality of permanence that Keramic Tiles in your home will give you such ever increasing pride and satisfaction.

Where other materials have to be repaired or renewed, at a cost of time and money that often equals, or even exceeds, the first cost of installation—Keramic Tiles, after a generation of use, are as lovely as when they were first laid.

There is none of the gradual deterioration, the growing shabbiness, that sometimes disappoint one in other materials. Rather, they seem to gain a more beautiful mellowness and harmony with time.

Keramic Tiles are fire-proof—the materials used in setting them are also fire-resistant. Water does not harm them, severe friction does not scratch or mar them, chemicals do not stain them. They are wonderfully easy to take care of—requiring no wax, oil, shellac, or other finish. An occasional washing with water and a good cleansing agent is the only care they need.

IF YOU are building or remodeling—consider the possibilities of Keramic Tiles! The beautiful colors, the lovely texture, the true, even surface of Keramic Tiles will give your dining-room or entrance-hall wonderful distinction.

Keramic Tiles in your sun-room will make it impervious to dampness, to heat, to frost.

A tiled kitchen, a tiled bathroom or bathrooms will be a lasting delight and satisfaction because of their beauty, cleanliness, the ease of caring for them.

Let us send you our beautifully illustrated booklet, *Enduring Beauty in your Home through Keramic Tiles*. You will find in it wonderfully interesting facts about Keramic Tiles; how they are being used in beautiful homes throughout America: how you can use them in *your* home. Mail the coupon today!

ASSOCIATED TILE MANUFACTURERS

This beautiful entrance hall, designed by Ludlow and Peabody, shows how lovely color can be built into your house with Keramic Tiles, giving an effect of combined richness and simplicity

SEND TODAY *for this interesting booklet!*

Associated Tile Manufacturers, Dept. S-11,
120 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed 10 cents—please send me your booklet, *Enduring Beauty in your Home through Keramic Tiles.*

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

KERAMIC TILES

(Continued from Page 94)

on Grand Street and left them in the forbidding presence of Inspector Conlin, the commanding officer of the detective bureau.

"Is that man Sargent outside? I'll see him in a few minutes." The inspector turned his buttonlike black eyes on the two prisoners.

"I'll hear you," he said. "And so that we're all starting equal, I'll tell you what I know first. I know that the man whose name you've been signing to advertisements—Tugend—is the same party as Einar Ginsbert. And that's one of the gentlemen who died suddenly last week in the Hotel Emeringe. What's the idea? Tell it, Watt, and if I catch you even mispronouncing a word I'll run you back in the Tombs so hard that all the crooked lawyers in New York won't be able to pry you out. You keep your mouth shut, miss, until you're asked."

V

THE commanding officer of the detective bureau of the New York police was in physical appearance well favored by Nature for his job; on first glance one would not care to meet him in a dark alley with a pay roll. He was a massive chunk of a man, with a scowl that seemed as ingrained as the beard that colored his square and shining chin a livid blue. The top of his head shone, too; and refusing to have baldness thrust upon him, he had had the willing remnant of his hair cut back to the roots. His eyebrows had been let grow wild; under them, like robbers looking from ambush, lurked his little black eyes. A beauty specialist could have done quite something for Inspector Conlin in the direction of making him sweet and appealing, but such amelioration, however much to be desired by those who were compelled to view the inspector, would not have furthered his peculiar work. As a prominent thief said when haled down to headquarters for a chat vis-à-vis with Conlin: "Now I know why they call this getting down to hard pan."

"I fear I don't quite understand you, sir," mumbled Sanford. He was pale and subdued; he knew, from his sparse reading of criminal trials, that the police were brutal and lawless, and that, instead of bothering to find real criminals, they dragged innocent bystanders and first comers into the station houses and thrashed them until they signed confessions. He expected the worst now, and it must be said that Conlin did not seize the opportunity to prove to this particular citizen that the police were really perfect gentlemen whose chief care was the interest of a putative criminal.

"Don't start that way, young fellow!" rumbled Conlin, and he lurched up and shouldered over to Sanford. He thrust his sneering face up to Sanford's and shook a heavy and suggestively closing hand under his nose. "This is your chance to talk! If you don't talk we'll make you talk, understand? We've got the goods on you birds. Sit down there!"

He didn't exactly throw Sanford into a chair, but he did put an urging hand on him and the disparity in their strengths was such that the gesture looked like a blow. Sanford sat down heavily, at any rate. He looked up at the inspector; the effort to keep from cowering was evident.

"I protest emphatically," he said, from lips that were strangely numb. "I do not know what right you have to question me, but I have not refused to answer. One thing I insist upon saying: Whatever law I have broken in advertising under an assumed name, it was entirely on my initiative, and this lady had nothing whatever to do with it. I assume all the—the onus, as it were."

"That's not true," said Julie. She was pale, too, but her eyes were dark and bright.

"We'll hear from you later," growled Conlin. "Take her outside, Dorrity!"

"You'll hear from me now, you ruffian," said Julie. "I don't know what your job is, but I'll see that you lose it darned quickly if you don't mend your manners. Don't talk to him at all, Sanford. You threw that boy down and I saw you do it. You may think you're a big man, but you look like an insect to me. It's lucky for you I didn't have a fly swatter in my hand when you shoved him. We won't talk to you at all now. You may be able to bully New Yorkers, but you can't do it a cent's worth with me."

Conlin strode up to her menacingly. She looked straight into his eyes, scornfully. "You won't, eh?" he rumbled.

"We won't."

He turned from her and went to the wall and brought a chair. "Sit down, miss," he said with a twinkle. "We seem to have started off on the wrong foot, but I guess we can get in step. Only, don't get the New York police wrong, miss. We deal with hard cases, and if they don't speak when they're spoken to, we just knock them galley-west. Anyway, that's been the tradition as long as I'm on the force, and that's since Walling's time, and I don't want any rumors spread to the contrary. So you're a stranger in New York, eh? Where do you come from, may I ask?"

"Nebraska."

"Well, well. I know half a dozen men on the force from Nebraska, from Redwillow County—but you wouldn't know where that is. Mostly vacant lots, I hear—O'Brien, Flanagan, Cassidy——"

"Well, I declare! Redwillow? I might know them, but they seem to be all Irish. We haven't so many Irish names in Redwillow."

"Well, miss, there's an old saying that every Irishman has a policeman's uniform in his trunk. Ha, ha! You heard that one. They say you can always tell a cornfed girl, but you can't tell her much. . . . Right, eh, son? What a whale of a policewoman she'd make. But I don't suppose that's what you come to New York for."

"Oh, no. I came to New York—well, I don't see why we shouldn't tell him. Do you, Sanford? Six from Redwillow—think of it."

"If I may," interposed Conlin. "You're here, miss, because you've been found in suspicious circumstances. If you don't make some satisfactory explanations I'll have to hold you for the district attorney."

"What do you wish explained?"

"Let me ask the questions, please. If you get eight out of ten, you pass. When did you come to New York, and why?"

"I think I have the ad here that was in the Champion," she said, looking in her hand bag. "Yes, here it is."

And then, with little leading, she told him her story to date. His eyes never left hers.

"You know Einar Ginsbert."

"No."

"Never heard the name before?"

"Never. Well, I heard some days ago that that was the name of one of the men who were poisoned in the Hotel Emeringe."

"Your name, miss."

"I can't explain that. It seemed funny to me too. Sanford tells me it's named after his great-uncle."

Conlin turned the inquisition to Sanford, who had regained his power of lucid thought after Julie's demonstration that the government of New York was one of laws and not of policemen. Conlin pondered, his assumption of friendliness departing and his face falling into the forbidding grimace formed by policy that had become habit.

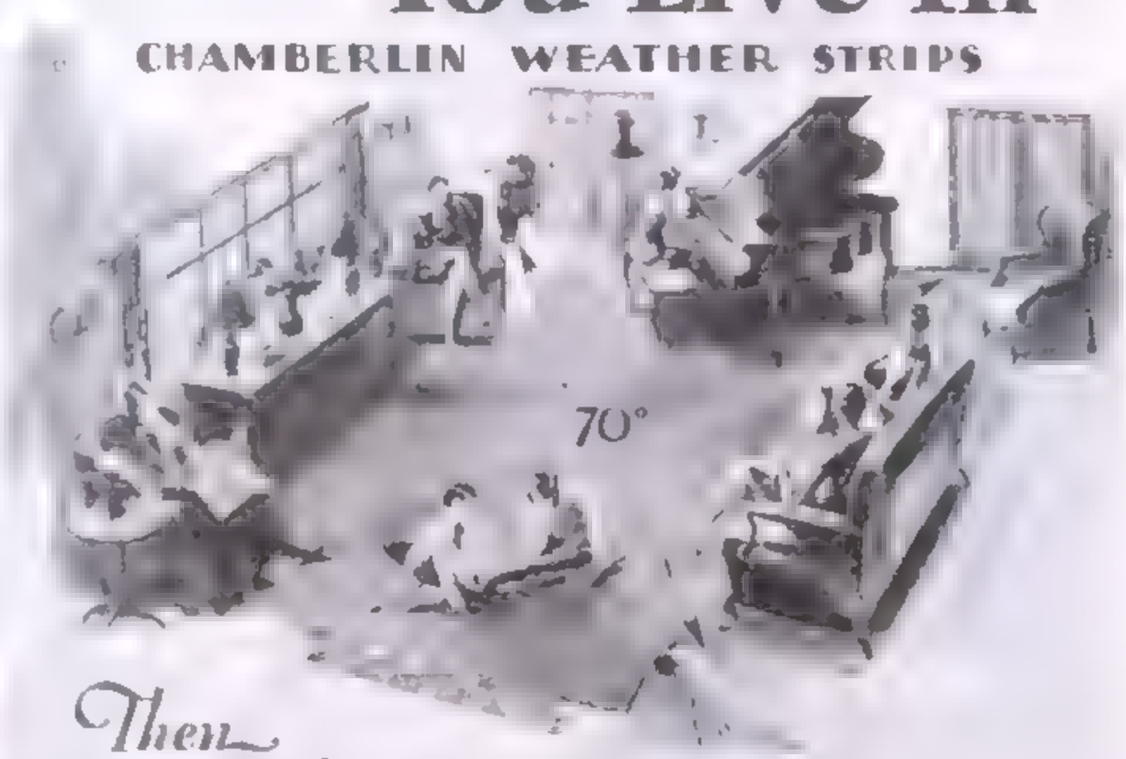
"And now that we've told you all we can," said Julie directly, "will you please tell us how you know that Mr. Tugend is the same as this Einar Ginsbert? You see how important it is for us. Gosh, if I'm to stay in New York I'll have to find that fortune mighty soon, or another one just as good."

"You have a right to know," conceded Conlin. "Ginsbert's brother saw your ad in the paper. He has charge of his dead brother Einar's affairs, and he found among Einar's papers several letters addressed to Tugend. One of those letters was from J. Harry Debrett, and, odd enough, it was

(Continued on Page 99)

Nothing too good for the Home You Live In

CHAMBERLIN WEATHER STRIPS



Then However Cold or Windy There'd be comfort in Every Corner

YOU can make no greater comfort investment than a Chamberlin Weather Strip installation. The cost is within the reach of every home—yet the benefits are actually astonishing, 20 to 40% in fuel saving, to say nothing of comfort. You may have wondered why your home is draughty—warm in one spot, cold in another. The answer is obvious. Around every unweather-stripped window there are cracks equivalent to a hole the size of a brick. The wind drives the cold air through these cracks causing draughts and general discomfort and making it necessary for you to frequently force the furnace to maintain a proper temperature. This condition can only be remedied by effective weather stripping. Yet to obtain effective results it demands the best weather strips and the best installation service that human ability can provide. For a possible small difference in price, therefore, you can't afford to deprive yourself of Chamberlin protection. Have real comfort this winter by having Chamberlin Weather Strips installed now.

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP CO., INC.
West Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

Over 100 Sales-Installation Branches throughout the United States

CHAMBERLIN WEATHER STRIPS
SINCE 1893 - THE STANDARD

Manufacturers and Installers also of Steel Window Weather Strips—Roll Screens—Automatic Interior Door Bottoms—Interlocking Brass Thresholds—Window, Door and Masonry Calking—Window Vents and Brass Kick Plates
Genuine Chamberlin installations carry the Chamberlin name or trademark—Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co.
West Lafayette Boulevard—Detroit, Mich

Give me some idea how much it will cost me to Chamberlin Weather Strip my home,
windows_____ doors_____
Also send me Chamberlin literature.

Name_____

Address_____

Graybar has always meant reliability in everything electrical ~ and *now*

RADIO

You can have confidence in the Graybar radio set you buy. The name Graybar (successor to Western Electric Supply Department) is a guarantee of quality in everything electrical.

You can check that statement with anybody who has a Graybar Clothes Washer, a Graybar Ironer, a Graybar Vacuum Cleaner or any other Graybar product.

You can take for granted tonal quality, range, selectivity, sensitivity and the technical details of correct engineering—when "Graybar" is on your receiving set.

You can just sit back and enjoy it!

Note to Dealers: A valuable Graybar franchise may be available in your territory. Write to Graybar, Graybar Building, New York—or the nearest Graybar House.

"Air Magic" as interpreted by Everett Henry, the artist. Get the most out of the constantly better entertainment being put on the air. Get a Graybar.

Graybar 330. Eight-tube, all electric, super-heterodyne, $175. The famous Western Electric loudspeaker . $35.

Graybar 320. Six-tube, radio frequency, all electric set, in console with built-in speaker . . . . . $175.

Graybar 340. All electric, super-heterodyne; dynamic speaker. A triumph in design and cabinet work . . $375.

GraybaR

ALSO DISTRIBUTORS OF *Western Electric* RADIO APPARATUS

(Continued from Page 97)

a letter of inquiry showing that Debrett didn't know who Tugend was either. It was addressed to 9th Street. Our Ginsbert went down there and verified that Einar had been going under the name of Tugend. When he saw your ad he brought the whole thing in here for investigation. I sent Sergeant Dorrity to interview you and bring you in."

"May we see the letters written to Tugend?"

"No, that's not necessary. One of them is from you, miss—from old Redwillow County. You see we had a check on you."

"Oh, that was mean," protested Julie, coloring—"about those six policemen."

"I'll square that," said Conlin, rising in dismissal. "If my men don't dig up the dope on Tugend for you, I'll send them out to old Redwillow to look for jobs, and more than six of them. Leave your addresses outside."

He rang when they were gone. Dormty thrust in his head. "Mr. Hinkle to see you, sir. Yes, sir."

Little Amby entered, carrying the cameo decanter in a cloth bag.

"And to what are we indebted?" grumbled the inspector.

"Social work, Conlin," said Little Amby flippantly. "I'm investigating life among the lowly. I see you have Sargent outside."

"I see the underground wire to your office is still working."

"No such thing, Conlin. By vigorously minding our own business we manage to keep posted."

"You came up here on the jump because you heard a client of yours had been brought in."

"Conlin, I don't know whom you're talking about, but I can tell you that if you think young Watt had anything to do with that job at the Emeringe, you're no longer the best chief of detectives that New York ever had."

"If he's so blamed innocent what does he want with a lawyer?"

"The same thing he would want if he did the job—to prove he didn't."

"I don't believe he had any part of it—not that he knew about. He seems to be a dope. I was prepared to find him pretty dumb, when I heard he didn't have his working papers yet, at his age. I had mine when I was thirteen. But I must see Sargent. Stay here, if you wish. I think you're with us this time, for a wonder."

"I can't always be right, you know. Tell me, did you have that Perusa analyzed? And was it loaded?"

"You can say so. The laboratory said there was enough ammunition in it to win the war. . . . Hello, Mr. Sargent," he said, rising with a cordial smile to greet the portly and black-bearded man who had come in. "Sorry to have kept you waiting."

"Not at all," said the portly man in a soft rich voice. "I've rather enjoyed my look about your shop. One of your clerks has been exhibiting your gallery of criminals' photographs. Quite a variety, and not all of them repulsive, I must say."

"Much like other people, the late ones. In the old days, before we took to finger-printing them, they used to pull faces so as to disguise themselves. But that doesn't save them any more, and they know it."

Sargent shook hands, with a flash of strong white teeth. His light brown eyes, soft as a woman's, went casually to Little Amby, who, with back to the room, was scrutinizing with rare interest an old chromo of the Statue of Liberty.

"You had a close call, Mr. Sargent," said Conlin later.

"It was unpleasant, sir. Sitting there at the table, I felt giddy, as if I was going to faint. The perspiration came out on me. I knew at once that I'd taken something noxious, and I thought it was the salad. I got up to go to the kitchen, and I think I had some notion of telephoning. That's all I recall. And I didn't piece that together for days; my memory of what happened was misty."

"What was the object of the dinner?"

"Pardon me?"

"Was it just a social affair?"

"Yes," said Sargent with judicial hesitation. "Purely social. I knew Debrett quite well. I had met him in California during the oil boom, and when I came to New York, with some idea of making an investment, I looked the chap up. He was a very knowing fellow and could give me pointers, I thought."

"Did you do any business with him?"

"Well, yes!—that is, he acted as attorney. He arranged for me to take a second mortgage on the Hotel Emeringe for six hundred thousand dollars."

"You weren't exactly short of money."

"No, thank you. I had made quite a little on options in the oil fields. I had losses, too, and I resolved to put away some bread-and-butter money—safety and 10 per cent. It was a good investment. But I didn't go to see Debrett on business. I took the mortgage nearly a year ago and left it with Debrett to record. Now, to cover everything, we had a little tiff over that mortgage. He didn't record it until I followed it up. It was a piece of shocking carelessness, but it did no harm and we didn't row over it. I don't recall the circumstances under which he invited me to dine. I have an impression that he said it was his birthday. I may be mistaken."

"Did you know Ginsbert?"

"Debrett told me, if I recall, that Ginsbert kept a cigar store and pool room near by. We didn't discuss it."

"You mean a betting place?"

"That was the idea, I gathered. I didn't follow it up. I wouldn't, you understand. Debrett said, rather offhandedly, that his friend Ginsbert was a good man to know if I wanted to try my luck. Something to that effect, and I didn't appreciate it. You get my angle, I dare say."

"It looked as if he was touting for Ginsbert."

"I don't say that. I've told you what he said, and it was disagreeably suggestive, certainly. It made me feel uncomfortable for a bit; though, on reflection, I had nothing to fear. I have a Metropolitan Title Company policy on the mortgage."

"Debrett was attorney for the owner of the hotel?"

"In the matter of the mortgage, at any rate."

"You don't know anybody who would particularly like to go to your funeral, do you, Mr. Sargent?"

"Oh, bless your heart, no. Don't conjecture that this thing was directed at me. I merely chanced to be there."

Little Amby turned from his study of Bartholdi's statue and was introduced by Conlin. Little Amby drew the decanter from the gray bag and presented it briskly at Mr. Sargent, so that the latter was compelled to receive it in his open hand.

"There's something of interest to you, Mr. Sargent," he said smilingly. "A queer old jug, isn't it? The figures on this side show people drinking at a fountain. Turn it over and look at the other side. What do you make of that? Here's a woman pouring from a pitcher and a man with a spear looks over her shoulder. Something allegorical, I suppose. The chances are that nobody can explain what the figures mean now. It probably came from abroad. Picked up abroad by Mr. Debrett."

"Pardon me, I think he had just received it," said Mr. Sargent. "I was in his apartment a day or two before this shocking affair—his young nephew was there, I recall—and I saw this decanter and remarked on it, and he said it was a birthday gift from France. I commented on the risk of shipping so fragile and valuable an object, and he said it had been delivered by the donor in person. I don't recall his saying who the donor was—someone who had just come from France, I gathered."

VI

LITTLE AMBY called on Mr. Ross Tatum, the lessee and manager of the Hotel Emeringe, introduced himself, and asked to be put in touch with Mrs. Sanford Emeringe—object, financing her nephew's defense.

"She could if she would, Mr. Hinkle," said Mr. Tatum, after expressing faith in Sanford's innocence. "She's a queer woman."

"Her home is here in the hotel, isn't it?"

"On the roof. She's one of the exclusive colony of New York roof dwellers. She's not here now and I doubt if you could do anything with her if she were. When she was here she didn't take any interest in anything. She wouldn't leave her studio cottage up there for months at a time, and I'm told she just sat around and moped. Terribly depressed over something or other. But she hasn't been here since last fall. She traveled, and now she's in France—in Auxerre."

"You communicate with her at times?"

"Only to remit her the rent once a month. By my arrangement with her, she gets all services free and so much a month, so we have nothing to discuss. She never communicates with me; her maid manages everything."

"You say she's able to help her nephew. I don't want to ask what your rent is ——"

"That's a matter of record. I pay interest, taxes and all expenses, and give her five thousand a month net. But what I meant by saying she's in funds is that she has just placed a second mortgage on the hotel for six hundred thousand dollars. She has the right to mortgage the house to that amount, though I think, the way the money market is now, that it's too much and may wind up in a foreclosure. I wish I could have talked to her about it before she did it. Here's a notice I received yesterday from the bank. You're a lawyer, Mr. Hinkle. Should I sign this?"

Little Amby scanned the paper. It was from the North River Mortgage Company and recited that the company was about to buy a six-hundred-thousand-dollar mortgage from Bernard L. Sargent. It required Mr. Tatum to certify that his rights as lessee were subject and subordinate to that mortgage.

"You must sign this if your lease permits Mrs. Emeringe to put that second mortgage on," he told the hotel man. "It's what we call an estoppal certificate and is perfectly regular. You see, if somebody brings you a mortgage and wants you to buy it, you look first at the bond and mortgage, and make sure that the instruments themselves are in good order. But then, if you're careful, you want an assurance from the people in possession of the property that they have no undisclosed defenses against the mortgage. If they're in possession they don't need their rights made a matter of record. It's up to the party buying an interest in the property to go to the property and see who's in possession and ask him what rights he claims. So these people are asking you to sign a paper to the effect that your rights are subject and subordinate to this mortgage.

"They ought to get Mrs. Emeringe to sign a paper like this, too, though buyers don't always do it. She might, for instance, have paid part of the mortgage off, and then the buyer would find he had bought a lawsuit. You can sign this."

"Much obliged. I hope you have luck in getting the lady to help her nephew. Her address is Hotel l'Étoile, Auxerre, Yonne, France."

Little Amby continued downtown, and went to the Hall of Records on Chambers Street. In the main office he ran the indices of mortgages until he came upon the notation of a mortgage executed by Angela Emeringe to Bernard L. Sargent. Page and book number not being given, he knew that the mortgage was still in the hands of a copyist. Taking the block and section numbers of the mortgage, he went to the transcribing room.

Here were a number of typists engaged in copying instruments affecting real estate into the appropriate record books. He found the gentleman to whom had been

(Continued on Page 101)

Greater DRIVING COMFORT

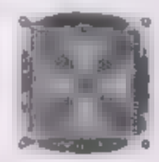
"for those who don't go south"

TROPIC-AIRE
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Hot Water Auto Heater

DRIVING in the COLD, 'way below zero, you will be just as comfortable as in a well-heated home, if your car has a Tropic-Aire! This hot water heater circulates ample, delightful warmth **controlled as you want it.**

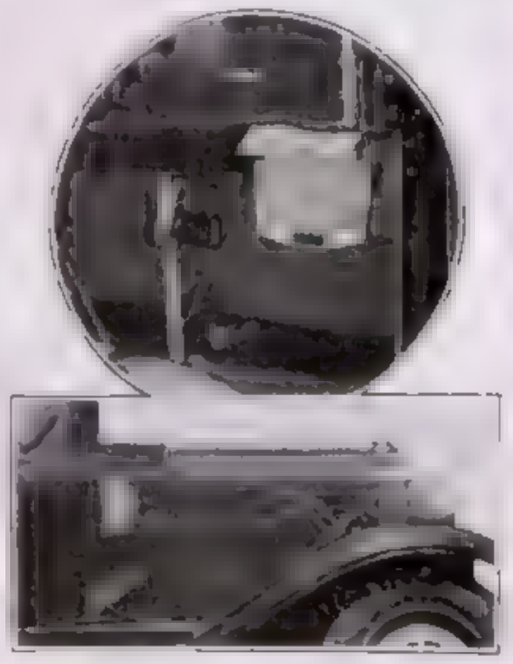
Pure Air ONLY—no carbon-monoxide gases, no fumes, no disagreeable smells, no dull headaches! Tropic-Aire has no connection with the exhaust pipe or manifold—you breathe only the fresh, outdoor air that filters into any car and changes rapidly as you drive along.

Circulated by Electric Fan, uniformly throughout the car [illegible] controlled by a switch within easy reach. No more current used than a tail-light requires. Nothing in the way of any passenger. Made for all cars, buses and taxicabs.



The Fan is the Thing

Have your dealer put this most modern, safe and efficient heater in your car. *Write us for full information, giving make and model of car.*



Pat. Nos. 1581761—1668490—1668491

TROPIC-AIRE INC.
1030 RAMSEY STREET N.E.
MINNEAPOLIS - MINN.

No wonder...

store to store shopping is a thing of the past!

No wonder your wife and a legion of other wives rebelled against the tyranny of store to store shopping.

Think of starting out every morning . . . the day's food needs to buy . . . three, four, maybe five stores to visit . . . tramp, tramp, tramp . . . carrying packages in and out of store after store . . . home again . . . totally fatigued . . .

Out of this hustle and bustle a new and better way to shop has come. To the modern woman, selecting foods is now a matter of merely a few minutes. She goes to one store . . . the A & P store . . . for every food need.

At the A & P she chooses from perhaps the largest variety of the finest foods America's canners and packers produce . . . and from the choicest delicacies foreign marts provide.

By experience, the up-to-the-minute woman knows, too, that A & P prices enable her to make substantial savings.

* * *

The two million women who daily go to the A & P agree that store to store shopping is and deserves to be a thing of the past.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

A&P
ESTABLISHED 1859
"WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

At the A & P you are sure to find the popular, nationally advertised brands of groceries.

(Continued from Page 99)

allotted the Sargent mortgage. As he had anticipated, the copyist had a bundle of instruments waiting beside his machine; without halting his flying fingers, he told Little Amby to look in the bundle. From the moment that the mortgage had been filed for copying, it was a public record, protected by the Penal Law, but subject to public inspection on demand.

Little Amby found the mortgage in the bundle, took it out and bore it to a chair by a window.

It was made by Angela Emeringe, widow of Sanford Emeringe, to Bernard L. Sargent, on one of the regular forms that the local title-insurance companies supplied gratis to lawyers, covered the Hotel Emeringe, and was in the sum of six hundred thousand dollars. It was dated November 12, 1915, and had been recorded March 9, 1916.

It was perfectly regular, including the acknowledgment:

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

On this 12th day of November, 1915, before me personally appeared Angela Emeringe to me known to be the individual described in and who executed the above mortgage, and acknowledged to me that she executed the same.

EINAR GINSBERT,
Notary Public, New York Co.

Little Amby's brooding eyes lifted from the signature of the notary and went back to the copyist, who was hammering away with all ten fingers.

The document in Little Amby's hands consisted of three sheets. The outer ones were the usual mortgage form; the center one, which was loose from the others, contained the recitals usual in junior mortgages. Little Amby took out this center sheet, slipped it into his pocket, folded the rest of the document, and restored it to the bundle beside the copyist. He left the Hall of Records, turned into Centre Street, and walked northward to his offices in a decayed little house opposite the Tombs.

He spoke into his telephone when he was again amid the garish splendors of his private room. "I saw Henshaw on the stairs. Send him in."

In another minute a depressing fellow sidled into the room, a fellow with an intellectual but dissipated face, shabby and prematurely aged; he perched on the edge of a chair and picked at his long and artistic hands.

Little Amby drew on a gold-tipped Turkish cigarette and blew smoke toward the new arrival.

"This is a public record, Henshaw," he said, giving him the center sheet from the Sargent mortgage. "If it's found on you, you'll go into jail with a crash. That will be perfectly all right with me. There'll be one less tramp to stand on my stairs and frighten clients away.

"You'll see there a recital that the property is subject to a first mortgage of one million dollars. Change that and make it read 'Subject to mortgages totaling two million dollars.' You see where the change is to be made?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then take this sheet back to the Hall of Records and put it back where it came from—out of a mortgage made by Angela Emeringe to Bernard L. Sargent. You'll find the mortgage in a bundle in the transcribing room; the copyist's name is Burke. He doesn't have to know your business, so tell him you're looking for a mortgage on West Twenty-seventh Street, Hanscom to Rogers. He has that one to copy, too, and he'll let you look in the bundle. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do that right away. You may see the cashier after three o'clock. . . . What? . . . No, I won't give you the price of a drink. Get out of here."

On the departure of the gentleman to whom had been intrusted the delicate work of violating Sections 2050 and 2051 of the Penal Law, Little Amby spoke into his telephone again.

His managing clerk, Cohen, entered, a pudgy and humorless man who could have dictated the Code of Criminal Procedure out of the corner of his tobacco-stained mouth and without opening the book. Cohen helped himself, without asking, to one of his master's fancy cigarettes; Little Amby's sleek black head was bowed in thought.

"Well?" grumbled Cohen. "Well, what is it? I'm busy."

"I don't suppose the office could get along without you, Cohen."

"Nothing like trying," said Cohen independently. "Say the word and I'll walk out."

"Cohen, I think you've earned a vacation and I'm thinking of giving it to you. The sea trip will give you a fine rest—me, too, for that matter—and it will broaden your mind to see how foreigners live in their own country. It will probably improve your manners too. I'm going to send you to France."

"You are not."

"Why, Cohen, it's the chance of your life to dictate the foreign policy of the United States; one bottle of that French cognac and you'll take the job. But, seriously, I want you to go to a place called Auxerre and make inquiries of and about a Mrs. Sanford Emeringe."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE SHRIMP

(Continued from Page 21)

once or twice; then they change their minds! Want to do it all over again?"

"I am somewhat sore," I said, "and my eyes are badly swollen still, but I will go as far as possible. I am leaving the matter entirely to your superior judgment."

The professor came over and shook my hand with great respect. "Kid Billy," he said cordially, "I am wit' you—strong! You wanted to know if I could make a fighter out of you, so I examined your muscles and your heart and they were all right. But I had to find out about your nerve before I could advise you. Of course I could have kidded you along and took your money away from you—but you trusted me and so I was bound to hand you the straight dope. Now we start on the fine points. I won't send over any more rough stuff till you're able to hand some back to me. You've got class to start wit', Bill. All we need to do now is hang on the trimmings."

IV

THEY were long months that I spent at Professor Kid's school—months of earnest endeavor and much bleeding of the nose. There were times when I dragged myself home with every fiber of my body humming like a telephone wire in a high wind, seeking my bed with groanings and rising in the morning with difficulty, often going down to the breakfast table with discolored eyes and perhaps a split lip. That my wife never remarked these things was to me a constant source of amazement, for I am a man most punctilious in the matter of personal pulchritude and in the highest degree careful in sartorial things. Though marveling at the phenomenon of her apparent lack of observation, I nevertheless refrained from bringing up the subject, though there were times when the thought that I had a secret from my beloved spouse filled me with an anguish of remorse almost greater than I could endure.

However, I am most tenacious of purpose; and so I placed an iron hand upon my emotions and clung doggedly to my ambition. I would achieve proficiency in this science; I would learn how to bust people or perish in the effort.

As time went on I grew to feel more at home in the gymnasium. Also I was learning how to avoid punishment, much of which, previously, had been the result of my own awkwardness and lack of experience. My body hardened and I observed with astonishment that a blow which in the early stage of my development would have bruised me sadly now produced no notable effect.

Professor Kid encouraged me constantly. Upon one occasion he observed that I was a bearcat. The appellation struck me as invidious and I asked him, with a certain degree of truculence, if it carried the same measure of obloquy as the term "shrimp," which, for me, had been the source of so much humiliation. The professor assured me most earnestly that it was quite to the contrary.

Bearcat, he explained, was the synonym for man-eater, and in its application must be accepted as the very highest encomium upon the prowess of one seeking to become a buster.

I was much comforted by this—especially delighted to know that at least I no longer was a shrimp. Evidently the shrimp is the most despicable of all created things, though hitherto I had regarded the crustacean with much approbation.

I pass now to the closing days of my experiences under the tutelage of Professor Kid Meloney.

"Bill," said the good fellow one day, "you can box a whole lot now—and you can hit. For a little man, you got a whale of a kick in your mitt. Take it from me, you can walk anywhere wit' your dame and if any guy gets fresh wit' you, you can stand him on his head!"

"Any—er—guy?" I asked, for it seemed to me that the assertion was a trifle broad.

"Any guy of your weight," said the professor slowly. "And you can give him twenty pounds and still stand him on his head."

"But a great big man?" I persisted.

Professor Kid reflected for some moments. "Kid Billy," he said with seeming irrelevance, "do you ever read poetry?"

I blushed. "A little," I confessed.

"Then listen to this," he said, and declaimed:

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just—
But four times he who gets his lick in fust!"

The professor looked at me hopefully. "D'ye get it, Bill?"

I was in some doubt, for indeed the vernacular was strange to me. "Is it English?" I asked.

The professor stared. "English?" he said. "No, regular United States."

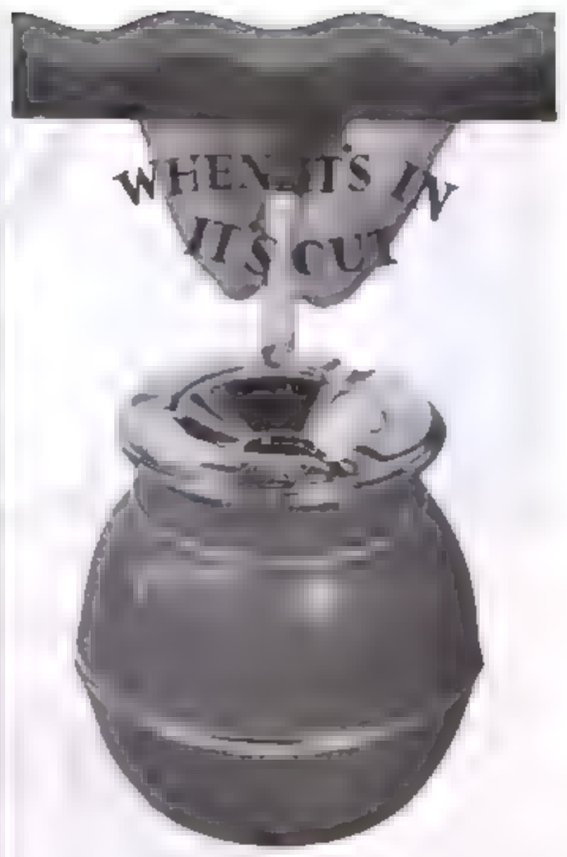
I pondered the thing at some length. "I think I apprehend," I said finally. "I fancy the poetaster meant to convey the idea that your chance of ultimate victory is enhanced, even quadrupled, if you are careful to initiate your own attack prior to that of your adversary."

Professor Kid looked crestfallen. "Aw, can the brow stuff, Bill!" he begged. "You're one fine little man, and I hate to hear you rave! Beat him to the punch—that's what the poet meant to get across. Now you paste that in your watch case. It's the most valuable thing I've given you in all these lessons. Don't wait for the other fellow to land before you lead. Beat him to the punch! If you can do that you can generally make it an even break, no matter if your man is as big as a rhinoceros."

I promised faithfully to remember. A little later, in the same lesson, the professor taught me the Walcott.

"It's a punch for little men to use," he explained, "and you never want to unhook

(Continued on Page 104)



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and MR. B.A.D. ODOR

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We make them in twelve pastel shades of color and finish, so they'll harmonize with anything.

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If your favorite store doesn't handle them, just send us $2.00 and we'll send you one in a jiffy, postpaid. Don't forget to tell us the color you want.

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Nevasmok comes in the following colors and finishes:

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Lower Illustration—Koverflor, unretouched photo micrograph. Note flawless super-sealed surface.

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(Continued from Page 101)

it unless it's meant for the jaw of a big high man. Many a time I've seen Walcott—he was a black, sawed-off little chunk of pressed beef about as high as a churn—many a time I've seen him squat and let a swing go over his head and then come up into the air like a rubber ball wit' his arm straight as a crowbar and pointed at the chin. And oh, my fellow citizens, when that fist, with a whole hunk of dark meat behind it, collided wit' the point, believe me, the big man was nearly always ready to climb out of the trenches and go home!"

We practiced the Walcott most assiduously, not only at the time but in every one of the succeeding lessons, and the professor was good enough to declare that I did it very well indeed. And so we came at length to the last lesson.

"Now," said the professor, "for one final rally and we'll call you a graduate. Let's make her a humdinger, Bill. We'll pretend that you're walking downtown wit' your girl friend. I'm a big roughneck that steps out and makes a pass at your nice silk kelly, like this." He leered and swung at an imaginary hat on my head.

Bang! It was the Walcott! It seemed to me that the thing occurred quite without my volition. I was horrified to see my friend go down like a lump of lead and lie quiescent

He was entirely unconscious. Remorseful and much concerned, I called the attendants and was much relieved when the professor returned to consciousness.

"Bill," he reproached me weakly, "why did you do that?"

"Professor Kid," I said, nearly weeping, "it was an accident! I have done the Walcott so often that it started of itself. Believe me, dear friend, I never meant to bust you like that!"

The professor got uncertainly to his feet and swayed weakly. "And me an old-timer in the ring!" he moaned. "Bill, it's time for me to graduate you before you kill me! But that certainly was one punch! Let's celebrate!" He led me into a room where were many bottles and glasses and cigar stubs.

"It's a thing I very seldom do," he explained. "It's bad for an athalete. But on big occasions like this one —— What'll you have, Bill?"

"Since it is an occasion," I said hesitatingly, "I would like a glass of lemon water with six drops of claret and a lump of sugar, professor."

Professor Kid regarded me for a long time with speculative wonder in his eyes. "Bill," he sighed, "I've worked wit' you for a long time and still I can't solve you. You came here dressed like a milkman, but your hands were soft and white like Willie's. You gritted your teeth when you told me you wanted to learn how to fight, but you were so tender that when I tapped your stomach wit' my finger it made you gag. Now you go and knock me out; and when I ask you to drink wit' me you ask for paregoric! Bill, I give you up!"

We drank and parted with great cordiality. The professor followed me to the street door and shook my hand, assuring me again and again of his unbounded esteem.

"And if you ever need ham-and-egg money," he called after me, "just come to me! And remember my parting words, Bill—the ones I told you the poet sprung. When you tangle wit' a trouble hunter, don't wait—beat him to the punch!"

He really was a most decent sort.

V

IT WAS a beautiful spring day. After breakfast I endued my body in immaculate linen and my newest suit, first having shaved very carefully. I assured myself that my shoes were as glossy as it was possible for them to be, then took my best silk hat and went down to the morning room, where I took leave of my dear wife and Professor Dodds, explaining that I was going for a walk.

I went straight down Main Street, on the sunny side, and it was in truth a beautiful day. I held my head up and strolled joyously along, looking people squarely in the eye. Indeed, as I reflect upon my actions I fear that I even swaggered slightly. It was the first time that I had worn my silk hat down this thoroughfare in months.

Approaching the tobacco store, I noted that the usual crowd of loafers was gathered there, and even as I gathered this fact, the figure of the man Garbey moved from the crowd and established itself directly in my path.

"Well, if it ain't the shrimp again!" leered the creature. "I thought I told you to keep that hat off'n this side of the street!"

"I am not seeking trouble," I told him. "But I must remind you that you are obstructing my way."

"Excuse me!" he said with mock politeness. "It was most careless of me!" He grinned and winked at his appreciative colleagues. "But first you gotta take off your hat to your superiors, like this."

He swung viciously at my hat. I squatted. Bang!

It was the Walcott. A most potential blow and one which redounded exceedingly to the credit of Professor Kid Meloney, who had bestowed upon me the knowledge of its excellence. Garbey seemed to rise bodily into the air. He landed quite in the gutter.

A crowd gathered with extraordinary rapidity. While I struggled to escape from it, at the same time grooming my silk hat, which had been slightly ruffled in the encounter, a big man came running to the scene, shoving the crowd asunder as though it had been an aggregation of pygmies. It was Professor Kid Meloney!

"What's all this?" he demanded, stooping over the prostrate man, who opened his eyes and began to weep feebly. "What's the matter wit' you, Bull?"

"The shrimp busted me," wailed the fallen man, "wit' a great big rock!"

"Who?" asked the professor. His eyes swept the crowd and saw me standing there, still trying to discover a way of escape. A look of awe came upon his face.

At the same moment I saw a young man with glasses and a yellow pad making vehemently in my direction. "Reporter" was written all over him, and I turned and bolted precipitately through the crowd, nearly running into a large automobile which had rolled up and stopped at the curb. In the tonneau—ah, the guilty feeling of abasement that swept me to the soul!—standing in the tonneau was Azalea, scorching me with the fires of her righteous wrath. Beside her sat Professor Dodds. His mouth hung open and his eyes still bulged with amazement at what he had seen. My wife spoke.

"William," she said—and was it my dear wife speaking?—"get in—instantly!"

Broken and hopeless, I slunk into the machine and sat down beside Azalea. I made but little difference, though now we were three in the seat. Once more I was a shrimp.

"Home, Charles!" pronounced my wife. The machine growled, then slid softly away. One last look I had of the scene of combat; one last look at Professor Kid Meloney standing there with every appearance of stupefaction. As we swept past him his lips moved and I saw, rather than heard, "Fer Ga-a-awd's sake!"

No words were spoken during that fateful ride. Stiff and uncompromising, my wife sat beside me, eyes straight ahead, the red flares of hostility flaming upon her dear cheeks.

We reached home and got out of the car. Professor Dodds disappeared with alacrity. Azalea and I went to our own rooms. The door shut behind us.

"Why did you do it?" she said suddenly. Her voice quivered and I fancied it was with rage. That Azalea should be in a rage—at me! I was close to weeping.

"A street brawl!" went on that dear voice mercilessly. "Under the eyes of your wife! And father saw you too! Fighting! Like any gross clown! But —— Oh, Billy, I'm so proud of you!" She flung her arms

(Continued on Page 106)

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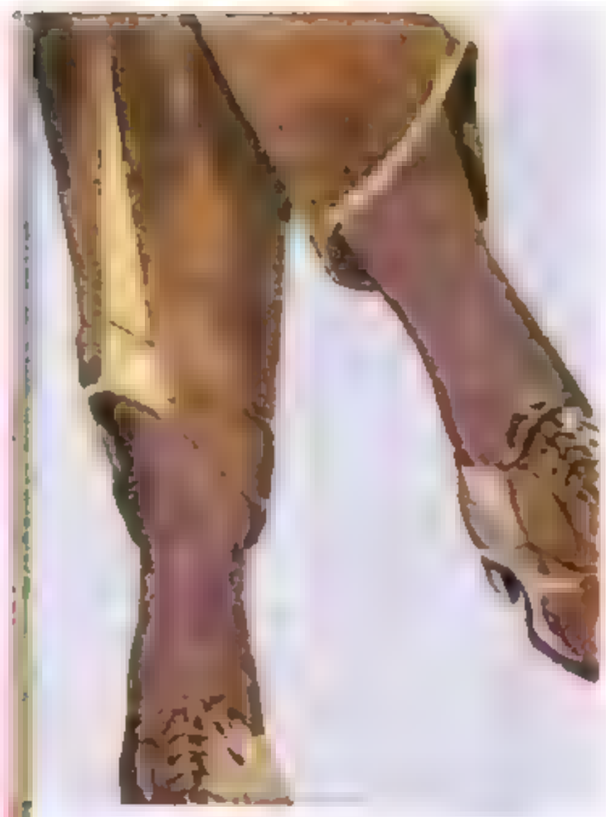

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In this attractive light weight cashmere wool and silk sock is combined smartness and conservatism

Very English in feeling is this sock of rich imported wool patterned with finest rayon and lisle in an exclusive design

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Each model is *all-electric*, requiring no batteries or other devices. You simply plug in at any convenient lamp-socket—and listen!

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And over all is that glorious tone quality so rich, mellow and exquisitely moderated, that the magic of radio is forgotten and you seem to be in the living presence of the orchestra itself.

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Any Amrad dealer will be glad to give you a free demonstration in your home. Write for name of a nearby dealer—and let us send you a beautifully illustrated brochure describing the Amrad line in detail. Address Dept. P-8.

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THE SYMPHONIC SERIES
AMRAD
ELECTRICAL RADIO

Continued from Page 104

about my neck and lamented bitterly, her tears spoiling my new coat hopelessly

I could not speak. But I kissed her—which I have learned is always a safe thing when you are in doubt as to the best course to pursue with your wife. Then I wept, too, for emotion is infectious. Presently the storm went by and we smiled at each other. God be thanked, our silver boat was on smooth waters once more. From Doctor Dodds' room came a trumpetlike blast and we knew that Doctor Dodds had been affected too.

It was a wonderful California night, with a great moon rising above the city, flooding us with light as we sat smoking in the rose garden, Professor Dodds and I. In the music room my wife was entertaining the wife of the professor of agriculture.

We had been silent for some time, watching the moon and listening to the music that came from the house, when Professor Dodds leaned over and tapped me upon the chest with the stem of his pipe.

"How ignorant we men are!" he said. "While we are beginning to lift vague eyes toward the sky, women are already flying among the stars."

"Poetry, professor—excellent poetry!" I complimented him. "But what is the application?"

"She"—the professor nodded toward the house—"she knew it all the time. She wanted you to learn how to defend yourself. She left a book by Sienkiewicz where you would find it—a book in which the hero is a small man! Suggestion, you will observe! Psychology applied! She knew when you made that first trip to the boxing instructor's, and she knew when you graduated. How? God knows! As I said before, women fly among the stars. When you came downstairs this morning, attired like a lily of the valley, she made me call the chauffeur and follow you! She wanted to see you rehabilitate yourself after your long humiliation. She saw the blow delivered. She was on her feet, leaning forward with clenched fists, and I heard—she doesn't know, but I heard the same hissing adjuration, the muttered fierceness of the cave woman, the frenzied fierceness of the women watching the gladiatorial combats of Pompeii and old Rome: 'Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!'"

"But, professor," I burst out, "she was not in sympathy with my fighting! She—she rebuked me scathingly—scathingly, professor! Then she said she was proud of me. Why in heaven's name did she denounce me so bitterly if she had striven to have me do it?"

The professor leaned back and blew a slow cloud of smoke at the moon. "God knows!" he said. "William, that's women!"

We smoked on in silence for a long time. "Woman," stated the professor dreamily—"woman is an anomaly. Nearest the gods in soul, nearest the earth when her mate is battling." Again he leaned forward and stabbed me in the chest with the stem of his pipe.

"William," he said, "don't try to understand a woman. Only God can do that!"

Again a long, pleasant silence. In the music room Azalea was singing for the wife of the professor of agriculture and the song was My Hero, from a silly play called The Chocolate Soldier.

What a wife!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32

Say, I wish he'd go away. I'm just that hungry for a spot of fish—haven't had anything but a clam since I followed the pound boat home early this morning. Now what is the fool doing with that little black stick? Wonder if it's good to eat. Shall I fly off until he goes? No, he might sneak my fish. I guess I'd better stick around a while longer. I simply gotta get that fish.

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

Serenade

NEVER throw that pail of water!
I am not afraid of sploshes,
For, Creation's fairest daughter,
I am wearing my galoshes.
Darling, listen to my carol,
For 'tis you I'm serenading;
Don your handiest apparel
While I chant my bill of lading:

I'm a worthless bit of matter
And the least of all the cooties;
I am dirt beneath the patter
Of your small and perfect booties.
On a worm, a minnow's ration,
Won't you smile from out your casement
Just to show your approbation
Of my formal self-abasement?

But the cuckoo clock is cooing
And the turtledoves are billing
And the hooty owl is wooing
And the whippoorwill is willing;
And the motor cars are skidding
To the dark and secret thicket
Where the katydid is didding
And the cricket's playing cricket.

If I only had a ladder
Or electric elevator,
It would only make me gladder
To remain a good bit later.
May the sweetest dreams allure you
And no evil nightmare fret you;
And I solemnly assure you
I'm delighted to have met you.

Arthur Guiterman.

The Boy You Used to Chase Off the Back of Your Car for Stealing Rides

A new and greater *Hudson's*

GRAND RAPIDS *planned and equipped throughout*

The J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit, now America's third largest store, recently opened their new building, pictured above.

For nearly twenty years we have had the privilege of serving Hudson's, not only in the planning of their store but in furnishing the equipment itself.

The part we have played in the success of this great institution is best evidenced by a recent letter from Mr. Oscar Webber, Vice-President and General Manager, part of which follows:—

This new store of the J. L. Hudson Company in Detroit has over 1¾ million square feet of floor area, 17 public entrances, 58 high-speed passenger elevators. Smith, Hinchman & Grylls, Building Architects — Bryant & Detwiler, General Contractors.

"As we have recently completed and opened our new building, it seems to us appropriate that we should let you know how sincerely we appreciate the efforts of your entire organization in assisting us with this great problem.

"The members of your company have been working with us for nearly twenty years, having handled all of our plans and almost all of our fixture building through that entire period, during which time we have gone through six or seven different expansions, each one involving an almost complete change in our fixture layout.

"Your designing has been most satisfactory and exceedingly helpful, not only in regard to fixtures, but also in connection with advice on many important building problems.

"Your principle of sectional interchangeable fixtures enables us to make departmental moves in amazingly short periods of time, and, owing to the standardization of the equipment, losses through all these years resulting from the discarding of fixtures have been practically negligible. We would not consider using any other type of equipment in our store."

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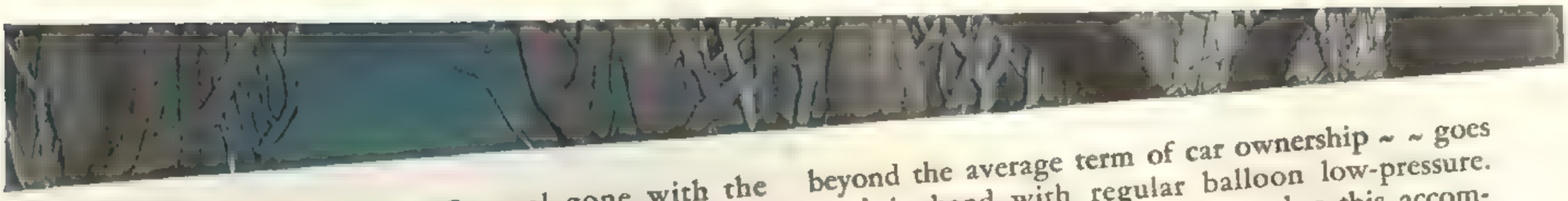

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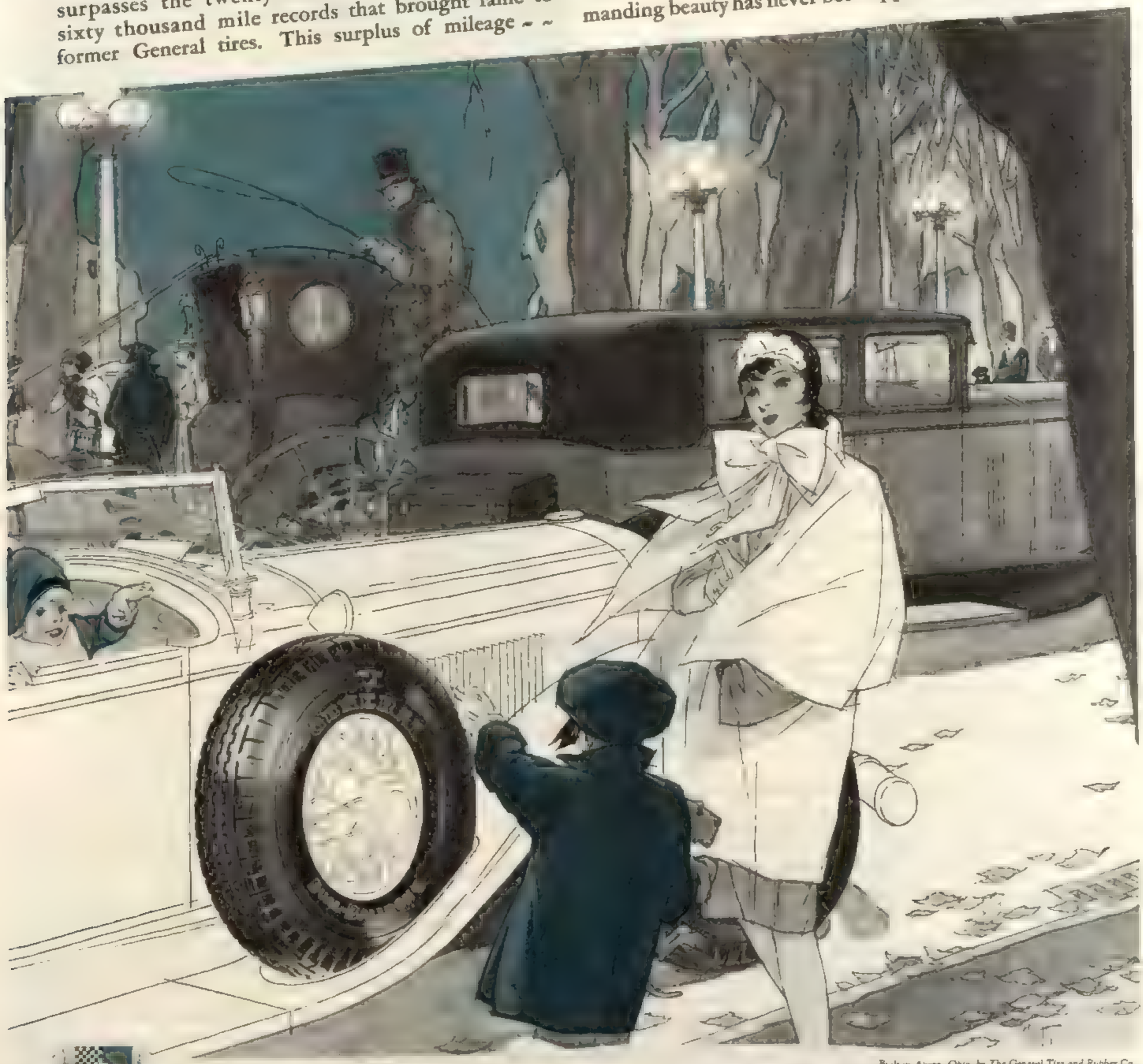


The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

Built in Akron, Ohio, by The General Tire and Rubber Co

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

FORTY

(Continued from Page 39)

She held her face near his. He looked into her honest eyes, then patted her cheek. Curious, he reflected, that after ten years of daily association one lost all perspective about one's wife's appearance.

"I like you this way," he said aloud. "Artificial things don't suit you."

"Well, if you're satisfied it's all right." She linked her arm in his as they went downstairs. He had meant to tell her in the motor about Angela's arrival, but she was so preoccupied with the boy's illness that the moment seemed inauspicious.

During the first half of dinner, which was eaten with the nervous haste of people who are under compunction to swallow even the most delicious food and rush on to another form of entertainment, Tom was struck by the complete banality of the conversation.

All the setting was here—the table was beautifully arranged; from his seat he could look through the undrawn curtains out into the lights of Central Park; the women were comparatively young and handsomely gowned. Yet the one on his right persisted in telling him the details of a new treatment for overdeveloped glands in children, and his other partner retailed petty gossip about matrimonial difficulties in the household where they had last met at dinner.

Then, across the table, Mabel Turner caught his attention. She was the prettiest of all the women, and equally malicious

"I met a friend of yours on the steamer," she began. "I just got back last night."

He knew what was coming, even though he tried to appear unconcerned. "Who was it?"

"A little Italian countess—dell' Antra, or something like that. She asked all about you. And who do you think has her in tow?" She was addressing the entire company now. "That screaming Brien-Johnson woman!"

Tom's ears burned. For a second he met Kitty's startled eyes, then he addressed the first question he could think of to the woman next him.

But Mabel refused to let him off so easily. "She's trying to marry her daughter to the son of the countess, or the countess is trying to marry him to her, unless he finds someone richer in New York. In the meantime Mrs. Brien-Johnson is cashing in on the Italians—she began on the boat. Apparently expects everyone who's snubbed her for years to turn around and go to all her parties just to meet a count and countess. As if even grand dukes hadn't ceased being a novelty over here! I hear they've got a whole floor at the Ritz."

"Oh, now I understand what Tom was doing there today!" Nan Hale said. "I wondered if you'd joined the Husbands-Who-Lunch-Uptown Club."

Tom did not look at Kitty now. He could have choked both these women.

"But she is perfectly lovely," Mabel declared. Her eyes, under a thin penciled line designed to represent eyebrows, grew round. "I suppose we've lost our Thomas for good"

"Or for worse!" Their host guffawed as if he'd made the most brilliant of jokes.

Fortunately, dinner was almost over. They gulped down coffee and the men were told they had no time for cigars.

Downstairs, four limousines had been kept waiting for the ten guests. Tom tried to maneuver so that he and Kitty could ride together, but the inevitable pfotest that husbands and wives must be separated defeated his plan. At the theater, when they arrived toward the end of the first act, she was several places away from him. He tried to smile reassuringly at her, but she kept her gaze steadily on the stage.

It was a comedy which they had seen only the week before. Tom wondered why he and his friends spent their evenings in such futile fashion. Rushing home to dress without exercise—he still resented missing his game of squash—then hurrying through dinner and either going to the theater or sitting down in a businesslike way at card tables, where of the assembled four you could be sure at least one of them would either be disagreeable or so inept a player that it ruined the game.

He thought over all that Angela had said: "How spoiled your women are! In no country in the world is so much done for them and so little expected in return." Well, that was true—women were the ones who ran society, and look at the mess they made of it! Evening after evening, he would come home and be told by Kitty where they were dining—engagements she had made.

Matriarchy—well, the man had been right who had said that was what our country was.

He had worked himself up to such a state of indignation and rebellion that when at last the curtain fell and the party made

Kitty

its way up the aisle, he ignored Kitty's decision to go home and seconded Mabel's suggestion of a night club.

But instead of changing her mind, his wife only said, "All right, go on. Shall I send the car back for you?"

"No, I'll take a taxi."

When he saw her drive off he regretted not having gone with her. He was tired and he didn't like the idea of letting this misunderstanding go any longer. But one of the other men had dropped out and to make an even number he had to stay.

It was one o'clock when he let himself into his house. He'd get six and a half hours' sleep, with luck. Quietly he disrobed in the dressing room; then, without turning on the light, made his way to the twin bed separated by a table from the one in which Kitty lay. As she made no sound he assumed she was asleep. He couldn't remember the time when he had failed to kiss her good night, but he dared not wake her now. He was too tired for the explanations which he felt the situation demanded. Lots of work at the office tomorrow. He closed his eyes.

Just as he was drifting into sleep he heard her move. So she had been awake all the time! Nevertheless he lay still, and eventually, despite his feeling of guilt, fell asleep.

Breakfast the next morning was outwardly the same scene to which they were accustomed. Stuart, the older boy, who was nine, complained about the cereal. Kate, seven, was severely scolded by mademoiselle for spilling egg on her green school uniform.

Tom read the paper and Kitty at the other end poured out coffee. But beneath the surface he realized that she was deeply disturbed, and he alternated between feeling like a brute and being furious at her for putting him in the wrong.

"And I haven't done a thing!" he told himself. But women never knew when they were well off. Spoiled—that was it! Not many wives had husbands who'd been so devoted and so completely faithful as he.

He went up to the nursery to see Kittredge. Thank goodness, he seemed better. "Is there anything I can do for you, son?"

"You could read to me this afternoon."

"All right. Fine!" Then he remembered he'd told Angela he'd have tea with her. "I'll be here about six."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

Kitty was in the hall when he put on his overcoat. As he kissed her, she put her arms tightly around his shoulders.

He wanted to stay and talk to her, but he had a 9:15 appointment at the office, so he only said "I've got to run."

"Good-by, dear." She seemed reluctant to have him go.

"Call me up if Kittredge gets worse."

"I will."

"I'm coming home at six to read to him." He could not restrain a slightly virtuous expression.

It was half-past six when be returned to the house. Angela had kept him waiting, although when she had come in she had more than made up for her tardiness. With the years her charm had increased, just as her beauty had become more authentic. She had put into words all that he had vaguely felt but had never defined.

"It is like a flock of sheep—your society," she had declared. "I know how it must annoy you—all this stupidity. I have never forgotten your saying to me, all those years ago, 'Compromise is the ugliest word there is. It is the weapon of cowards.'"

He had certainly been young to have believed that. To say now that he would never compromise would be laughable. Why, half the legal work he did, half the social affiliations he made, were based on a tacit understanding that was essentially compromise. He had not realized it until Angela had reminded him of the aspirations he had held so proudly at twenty.

The trained nurse stood guard outside the sick boy's room.

"He's asleep now," she said. Her tone was impersonally disapproving.

"But I told him I'd come."

"At six." She consulted her wrist watch. "It's twenty-five minutes of seven."

Slowly he went into the bedroom which he and Kitty shared. It was empty. And although he told himself that he was eager to talk to her, he was relieved to find she was not there. He looked at the engagement pad beside the telephone:

"Dinner—8:30—Embassy Club—Stevens."

Almost two hours. And no theater or bridge tonight, thank goodness. Undressing quickly, he did setting-up exercises for twenty minutes in front of the open window, then sat down on the chaise longue with a new detective story.

A girl's high voice—"Where's mother?"—roused him. He must have fallen asleep.

"I don't know," he said. "And I should think you'd modulate your voice somewhat, Kate."

"What's modulate, daddy?"

"Make it lower."

"Like mother's?"

He wanted to say, "No, like Angela's." But after all, no American could speak as she did. It was part of her completely feminine personality.

Kate tickled his ear. "Don't do that!" He sat upright.

"Kittredge cried and cried," she said, "when you didn't come home. He wouldn't take his medicine and the nurse was awfully cross. He said you promised."

Tom got up. "Isn't it your bedtime?"

"I spose so. I was looking for mother to say good night." She had an uncanny faculty of self-defense. "Carry me pickaback, daddy."

In the upper hall he encountered Kitty. "I want to talk to you," he said, after they had both kissed the child good night.

"The hairdresser's waiting. I couldn't get downtown, so he said he'd come after the shop was closed."

He wondered if she had deliberately planned to have the man here so that a tête-à-tête would be impossible. Well, he had done his best, anyway. It wasn't his fault if she refused to meet him halfway. Then in the motor she chatted so rapidly of impersonal things that he told himself he was oversensitive.

The first person he saw when he was checking his hat and overcoat at the restaurant was Mrs. Brien-Johnson. Apparently she, too, was entertaining, and the waiting room in which the guests were greeted was shared by the two parties.

He managed to speak to his own hostess before he went over to Angela. Never had she seemed so beautiful as tonight. In a gown of some pale shiny stuff, with a necklace and earrings of diamonds, she was easily the most distinguished woman there.

"Which one is your wife?" she asked.

It was necessary to turn to see what Kitty was wearing—"The one in black velvet."

"Oh, she is very charming. She has—how does one say?—an air!" Angela's tone expressed, unconsciously, surprise. "I want so much to meet her."

"I'll bring her over."

He walked the few yards which separated him from his wife. He put his hand on her bare arm. "Kitty, I want you to meet the Countess dell' Antra."

"I'm longing to."

She greeted the other woman with unusual cordiality. Tom listened to their interchange with relief. How absurd he'd been to imagine that Kitty still retained her jealousy of Angela!

Mrs. Brien-Johnson approached them eagerly. "I've meant to write you to find out if you'd dine with us on the twenty-seventh. Do say you will!"

"The twenty-seventh is Tom's birthday. Why don't you dine with us?"

"Why—why, I'd love to!" Plainly Mrs. Brien-Johnson was overcome with pleasure.

Tom was astonished. Always before on this occasion he and Kitty had dined alone. They had become engaged on his thirtieth birthday, and for ten years they had celebrated the two events together, without any outsiders.

While they were talking, he turned to Angela: "May I see you tomorrow?"

"Yes, rather late. A little after six?"

"Fine!" No exercise tomorrow either—that would be three days in succession that he had missed.

Then he told the automatic part of his mind, which registered this complaint, that there were other things in life more important than mere physical fitness.

When at last his own party was seated inside the big dining room, Angela was already dancing with her son. How well they moved together! And how slim and youthful her figure was! She must be thirty-eight or nine. Certainly she didn't look within ten years of that age. Even her long hair made her seem younger—it was more in the mode of the debutantes than the shingled hair of the older women.

Fortunately there were extra men at his table, so Tom plotted to dance with his hostess and the two or three other women who would be annoyed if he ignored them, and then to ask Angela. But it was late before he was able to accomplish this. Coffee had been removed and people were beginning to drift in from the theater.

When he came back to his own table he saw that Kitty had gone. "She said she'd

(Continued on Page 112

"When Brady waves... it's 3:05!"

From
"A Ride in the Cab of the Twentieth Century Limited"
BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
Novelist, Essayist, Poet

THIS was a little ceremony dedicated to Time; and as I came into the Grand Central Terminal the early afternoon sun slanted in bright diagonal from those high windows, exactly transecting the clock on the Information Desk in a clear swath of light.

Not less decorously than a bride made ready for her groom is the Century inaugurated for departure.

A strip of wedding carpet leads you down into the cathedral twilight of that long crypt. Like a bouquet of flowers her name shines in white bulbs on the observation platform. In the diner, waiters' coats are laundered like surplices. Mr. Welch, the veteran conductor, carrying his little box of official sancta, has the serene benignant gravity of some high cleric. And as you walk by that long perspective of windows, you are aware they are not just a string of ten Pullman cars. They are fused by something even subtler than that liaison of airy pressure that holds them safe. They are merged into personality, become a creature loved, honored, and obeyed. This is a rite; you read it in every member of her crew. The blessed, the rich, the ultimate

"... each making obeisance to the little private deity ticking in his pocket"

human faculty of Rising to the Occasion! And you can see them, porter just as gravely as conductor, each making obeisance to the little private deity ticking in his pocket.

WHEN railroad men compare notes on the time, they don't say (as you or I would) "two-forty," meaning forty minutes after two. They know the hour, and take it for granted. It's minutes and seconds that concern them. Ask Mr. Brady, engineer of the electric that takes out the First Section, what he "makes it." He'll reply "forty-fifteen"—meaning forty minutes and fifteen seconds. There was a severity on Mr. Brady's face as he sat studying his watch. The time was close. It was 44:30, 44:45, 45! Let's go!

Gently she steals out, along a corridor of that dusky underground forest where colored lights gleam like tropic birds. "Green!" "Green!" you hear Brady and his helper saying aloud to each other, checking up every signal as soon as it comes in view, each always verifying the other's observation.

The electric engine has fascination and efficiency of its own, but in this ceremony one is bound to regard it mainly as the father who takes the bride up the aisle on his arm. Thirty-three miles the electric takes her, to Harmon, where the bridegroom is ready, the steam engine; and (as the old rubric puts it) they are coupled together, to have and to hold.

The father may be (I dare say usually is) more of a man than the groom; but the groom gets the romantic applause. So the electric is not a personality; just a miracle. Smooth and swift it toles you past those upper reaches of the city. Looking out you see the Second Section spinning along, just abaft your stern, on the adjoining track.

THERE'S a little boy who comes down to Spuyten Duyvil station every fair afternoon, with his nurse, to see the Century spin by. It's a part of an engineer's job to know his roadside clients and salute them.

When Brady waves, the nursemaid can set her watch. It's 3:05. The bell chimes musically overhead, and again one feels that there is some sort of religion in all this. And I suppose (come to think of it) that isn't a bad sort of religion either. Getting There when you said you were Going To.

But what a moment, when you glide into Harmon and see waiting for you . . . what you came to see: one of the $200's! Of course all talk about the groom is nonsense, for at once you adore her as She. There's only one phrase adequate for her: Some Baby!

Sharp work here: it must have been a couple of minutes, but in memory it seems only a few seconds of golden excitement. They can grin as they like at your borrowed overalls, you're the one that's going to ride that roaring child

for 110 miles. Have you seen the Central's 5200's? They've only been in commission a few months. This was 5217 and I shan't forget her. She seems as big as an ocean liner when you're in the cab.

They hand up a slip of yellow paper to George Tully, the engineer. If you're the engineer of the Twentieth Century they don't tell you to get anywhere by a certain time. They tell you not to get there *before* such and such The message, signed with two sets of initials, was "Do not arrive Albany before 5:38." George Tully consults his watch (a nice faithful old Hamilton, incidentally; he's carried it for years). It's 3:36 (or 3:35:50, as near as I could read my own Hamilton in my excitement) and we're off.

I SUPPOSE the greatest moments in life are those when you don't believe it's yourself. It can't be you, in that holy of holies of small-boy imagination, the cab of an engine—and such an engine! More than that, made so welcome and at home by George Tully and Tom Cavanagh that you feel you belong there.

Perhaps the simple truth is that if men have something they're enormously proud of, it's pure joy to show off And they are never so lovable as in their honest rivalries. "Well," Tom roared in my ear, as he explained the automatic stoking, "I wonder if the Pennsy's got anything better than this?" For the first thing that puzzles you is two big canted cylinders in the cab. They revolve in spasms. These feed the coal into the firebox. A man couldn't shovel fast enough by hand to keep the pressure she needs (she eats up four tons between Harmon and Albany). The fireman sits comfortable, with his eye on the steam gauge, and regulates the coal-feed by turning a handle

I could tell you a lot about the marvel of that firebox, and the "butterfly-door" that opens in two wings to show you her fierce heart, full of flame and hardly anything else. The coal is practically consumed by the time it reaches the floor of the furnace. I fed her myself for quite a way. "Keep the gauge at 220," Tom said. "No black smoke, and don't let the safety valve lift. Every time she lifts that means twenty gallons of water wasted—costs three cents." "Keep her hot," George Tully shouted to me, grinning "We've got five minutes to make up."

That was part of the fun of this ride: I had a chance to see how things go when the breaks are against you. For there's a lot of work doing along the line: four-trackage being put in, the new tunnel at Storm King, and unavoidable slow-downs. "We'll be knocked out six minutes before we reach Beacon," Tully said. "We'll get it back."

ASTONISHING how soon one adjusts one's judgments. Leaning from the cab window, watching the flash of her great pistons, watching the 1000-ton train come creaming along so obediently behind us, one soon began to think anything less than sixty mere loitering. All the imaginations that the cab might be uncomfortable riding were bosh. There is hardly—at any rate in those heavy 5200's—any more sway or movement than in the Pullmans themselves.

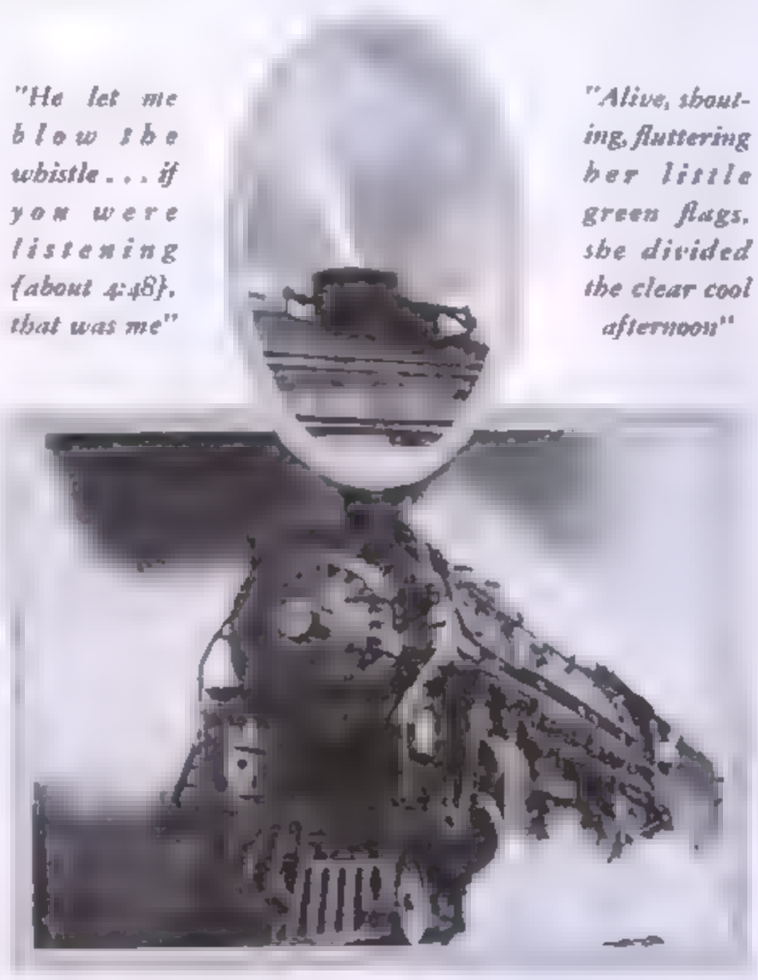
The one thing a constant automobile driver finds disconcerting is the lack of steering. As you come rocketing toward a curve you wonder why the devil George doesn't turn a wheel to prevent her going clean off. And then you see her great gorgeous body meet the arc in that queer straight way—a constantly shifting tangent—and—well, you wish you could lay your hand on her somehow so she'd know how you feel.

When George began to let her out a bit, beyond Beacon, I just had to go over and yell at him that I thought this 5217 of his was a good girl. With the grave pleasure of the expert he said, "They're right there when you need 'em." He let me blow the whistle, which makes one feel an absolute part of her. Yes, if you were listening (about 4:48), that was me

Alive, shouting, fluttering her little green flags, she divided the clear cool afternoon. Looking out into that stream of space I could have lapsed into dream. I came closer than ever before to the actual texture of Time whereof our minds are made This was not just air or earth that we flew upon; this was the seamless reality of Now. We were abreast of the Instant. It was Time that we fed into the flaming furnace; it was Time that flickered in the giant

"He let me blow the whistle . . . if you were listening (about 4:48), that was me"

"Alive, shouting, fluttering her little green flags, she divided the clear cool afternoon"



wheels. This was the everlasting Now, we kept even pace with it and so the mind was (literally) in its own element, motionless and at ease. Terribly great, senseless, ecstatic, mad with her single destiny, yet with queer pathos in her whole great mass, so much at our command. Her cab looked like a clock-shop, so many gauges and dials. But there is no clock in an engine cab. She makes her litany to one god only—the intent man who sits leaning forward so gravely. And he verifies himself by the other little god—the tiny one in his pocket. As you watch him you understand what he said, "There's no two trips alike. They're always on your nerve."

"Green!" "Green!" They kept repeating to each other across the cab; Tom and I sat on the port side, where I could see the whole panorama of the Hudson, and far down a curve of the river a white plume where the Second Section came merrily behind us, keeping her three-mile distance.

And, with Tom, I waved to the regular clients, including the two priests in cassocks and birettas, near Poughkeepsie; and the Cleary girls in Hyde Park, whose husband and father is the flagman at that crossing.

AND then Tom said suddenly, after a glance at his watch, "We've got the dope on 'em now. Forty-nine minutes to do forty-five miles." I began to see that when chance works against him, the engine-man instinctively personifies the unforgiving minutes into mysterious enemies who are trying to spoil things. These mischievous divinities had been hovering about us, making us scoop up water (you have to slow down to forty-five for that) or what not; but now we had the dope on them. And the engineer has some very subtle inward correlation of the feel of things; so that even before he verifies his instinct by minutes and seconds, he knows how he's getting on.

These men live with Time in a way we rarely dream of. Time is not their merry wanton, as she is to some of us. She's their wife, for better for worse. There was a truly husbandly grievance in George's eye when, just outside Albany, we had to slow almost to a standstill. Number 7—which left Grand Central forty-five minutes earlier—was right ahead of us.

There was the accent of King Tamburlaine in 5217's whistle as she shouted a blasphemy in steam. We came to a stop in Albany at 5:42. And as she wasn't due to leave there till 5:49, everything was jake. I saw Tom, who is young and proud, taking a last look at his watch as he pulled his little black satchel out of the locker.

Even in spite of that fifty seconds just outside Albany, "they" hadn't been able to put anything over on us. We were On Time—spuyten duyvil!

* * *

THE story of Christopher Morley's ride in the cab of the 20th Century Limited has been reprinted in booklet form, with many interesting pictures not shown here. Let us send you a copy of this story, along with a copy of our own illustrated booklet, "The Timekeeper," which tells something of the care taken in making Hamilton the great "watch of railroad accuracy."

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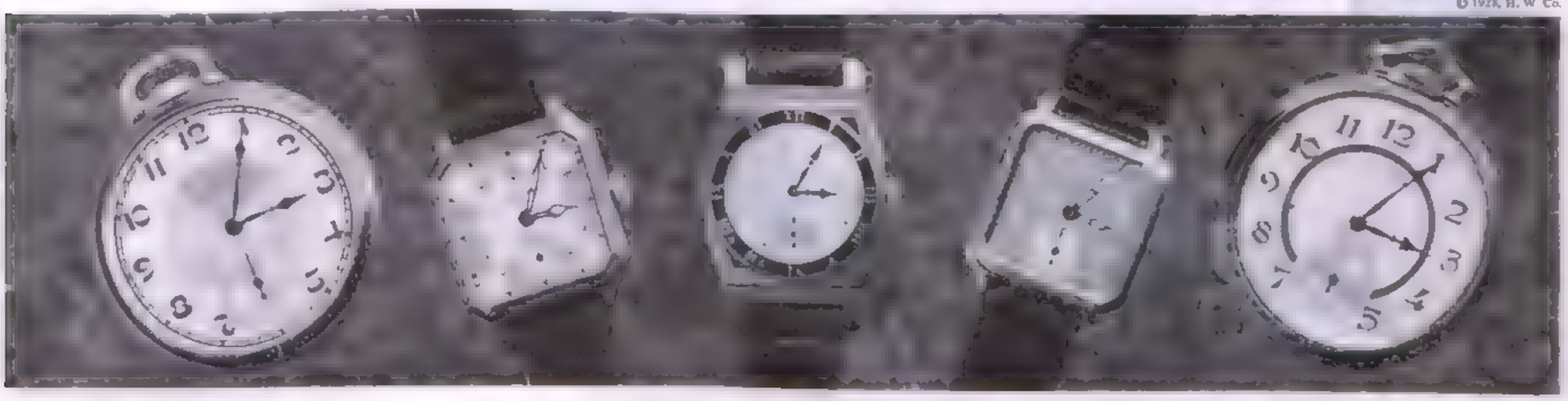

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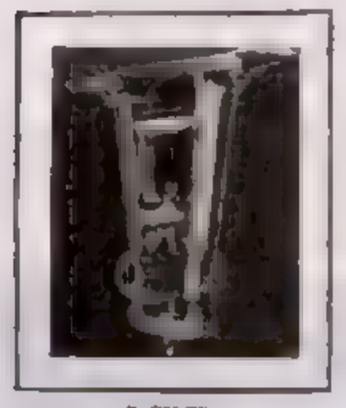

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(Continued from Page 109)

send the car back for you," his host explained. "She seemed tired. . . . Your little boy's sick, isn't he?"

A pang of regret passed into Tom's heart as he thought of his failure to see Kittredge that afternoon. He would do it the next day—no, he was having tea late, with Angela.

Lord, how complicated life was! There was no time for anything. Time was the factor needed for the development of all the important relationship—with friends or children or women. Yet who had it? One found time for business, time for golf, time for futile dinners like this, but who found time to sit quietly and talk?

He stayed until after two. He hadn't been up so late for months. The result was that the next morning he was tired and depressed.

This depression increased when he was forced to tell Kittredge that he would not be home in time to read to him that afternoon.

"You never keep your promises," the child said. Two large tears welled up in the corners of his eyes.

Tom leaned over to kiss him. The hot, wet cheek against his made his whole nature surge into a fiercely paternal emotion.

Reluctantly, he unclasped the hands which were fastened around his neck and hurried downstairs. As he put on his coat in front of the mirror, he noticed two damp spots on his collar, but there was no time to change now.

Reading the paper on the way downtown, he realized with a shock that he had forgotten to tell Kitty good-by. This was the first time in their ten years of marriage that that had happened.

While he was looking over the mail, he told Miss Thompson to telephone a toy shop and have a box sent immediately to his son. That would help a little—or was it sophistry of the male that made him desire to believe that material presents would compensate for human lacks?

During the days that followed, he alternated between a mood of despondency, of questioning all his previously held beliefs, and an exhilarating happiness. When he was with Angela, he was conscious only of her and her feeling toward him. They seemed isolated in a world of understanding and mutual sentiment that grew more tense every time they met. When he was away from her he was distraught.

On the morning of his fortieth birthday he went down to breakfast, conscious only that that night she would be there. He looked around the paneled dining room, with its fine old English walnut furnishings and golden-yellow brocade curtains, hoping it would find favor in her eyes.

He opened the newspaper and was absentmindedly eating a grapefruit when the butler called attention to the packages tied in tissue paper and gay ribbons beside his plate. None of the others had come in. Thank goodness, they hadn't been there to notice his preoccupation.

All three children entered together, racing to see which one could be the first to greet him. Kittredge, who was well now, but still pale, insisted upon giving him forty kisses.

"And I made you a present, daddy," he said

"So did I!" the others chorused.

He was opening the blotters and calendars which their inexpert fingers had manufactured, when Kitty came in.

"Happy birthday!"

He got up and kissed her, and remained with one arm about her while he opened her gift—a pair of beautiful pearl studs to replace the ones he had lost the summer before. It caused him an unexpected and poignant twisting of the heart. She had a very small income of her own and the presents she gave him were always bought with this money.

"You oughtn't to have done it."

"Oh, you're worth it!"

She smiled as she filled his cup with fragrant steaming coffee.

Then, instead of her face, he had a sudden disturbing vision of Angela. She had asked him to come in that afternoon. She, too, knew it was his birthday. She had prepared, she said, a surprise.

Now the children informed him with pseudo-gravity that they were having a party in the nursery for him. With three pairs of eyes watching him expectantly, he could not disappoint them.

"And you'll really keep your promise, won't you, daddy?" Kittredge asked.

"Absolutely, old man. Word of honor."

"Then cross your heart."

He performed this rite, then kissed them all good-by and thanked them again for their offerings.

He'd ask Angela to lunch with him. It would have to be downtown—his day was too full to go up to her. Even then it meant breaking a business engagement.

He could not telephone her until he sent Miss Thompson out of the room. When this had been accomplished, he was informed by Fernando at the other end of the wire that his mother was not yet awake. Tom glanced at the clock—ten. Well, that probably didn't seem late for her, but in his anxiety to rearrange his other plans he was slightly annoyed.

"Shall I have her ring you?"

"No; I'll call later." If she telephoned when his secretary was there, he wouldn't be able to talk.

"We're dining with you tonight, I believe," Fernando went on. "Would you be so kind as to let me talk to you alone for a few moments?"

"Of course." He wondered what the boy wanted to talk about. Good Lord, could he object to his seeing Angela so often?

"Thank you."

At eleven he left the office and went downstairs to a telephone booth.

Angela seemed in a talkative mood. The booth was hot and stuffy; he noticed another man outside waiting impatiently for his turn.

"I want you to lunch with me," he said.

"Today? Oh, Tom, I can't. But I will see you at tea?"

He told her about the children's party.

"But you said you would come. I have given up a reception to be here."

The man outside was standing close to the glass now, holding his watch in his hand.

Tom's collar was wilting, he was sure. "I can't talk longer, my dear. I'll explain tonight." The click of the receiver was her only answer.

He hunted in his pocket for another nickel so that he could order flowers for her, but failed to find a suitable coin. As he started toward the news stand to get change, the man outside rushed into the booth.

"Quarter-past eleven!" he muttered. At quarter-past eleven Tom had an engagement in his office. He hurried upstairs.

When at last he had a moment alone, he called the florist's number and had just told the clerk he wanted a dozen gardenias delivered at once when one of his partners came in.

"Where shall I send them?" the man inquired.

Tom was chagrined by his own cowardice, but he seemed physically unable to utter Angela's name in the presence of his associate.

"To Mrs. Kent," he said.

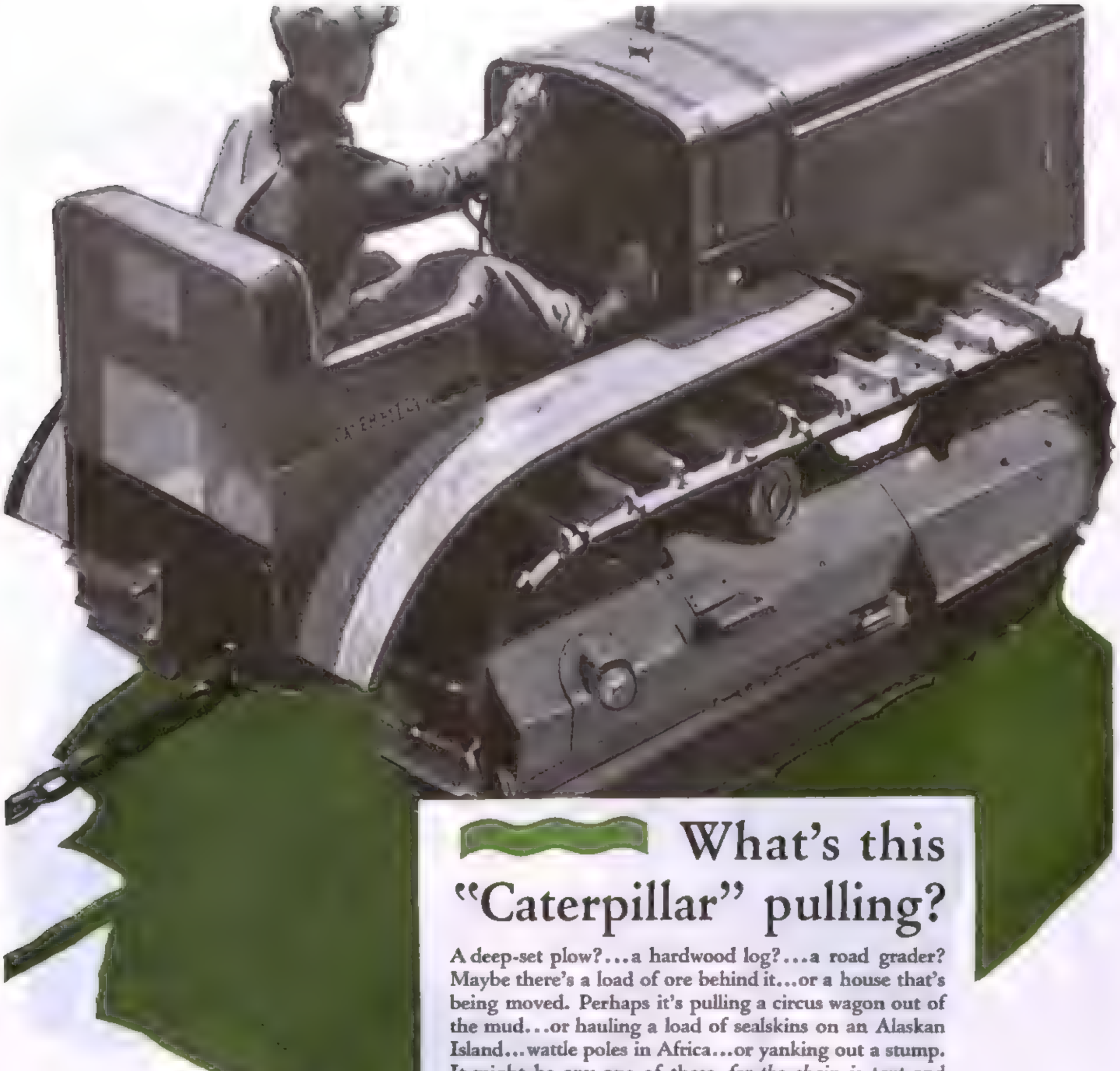
Kitty's appreciation of the flowers, when he reached home that afternoon, embarrassed him. "I feel like a bride!" she said. The children insisted that she, too, join the nursery party, which lasted until their suppertime and came to a brilliant climax with ice cream and a huge cake lighted by forty-one candles.

"One to grow on, daddy!" Kittredge informed him.

"I need one to shrink on," he answered. The bathroom scales that morning had shown him three pounds overweight. No wonder he felt stuffy!

After he had kissed the children good night he went into the bedroom, conscious

(Continued on Page 115)



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(Continued from Page 112)

that he must dress quickly if he were to be ready when Angela arrived.

When he joined Kitty in the drawing-room on the second floor, he realized that she was looking unusually well, in a gown of bronze velvet with the pearls he had given her when his father's estate was divided. The gardenias on her shoulder added to her festive appearance. He felt a sense of pride in her, she was so unmistakably a thoroughbred. Then he wondered, uncomfortably, if he were not regarding her more as a part of his household than as an individual. He hated those involved questionings of himself which had lately tormented his mind.

It was with relief that he greeted Nan and Bill Hale, who were the first of the guests to arrive.

After that the room filled rapidly with old and intimate friends, until at twenty-five minutes past eight everyone had arrived except Angela and her party.

They made a spectacular entrance ten minutes later. Into the collection of people who had known one another for years, Mrs. Brien-Johnson and her daughter, one as conspicuously gowned and as artificial as the other, emerged as alien as Angela and Fernando.

Angela's head was high; in a gown of silver cloth, her face pale except for red lips and great dark eyes, she reminded one somehow of royalty. Instead of moving about the room to be introduced, she stood beside her hostess, so that they had to be brought up to her.

When dinner was announced, Kitty said, "Will you take the countess down?"

They led the way down the steps to the dining room. "I want to talk to you," he said. But Angela refused to discuss anything more important than the decorations of the table.

"What beautiful red roses!" she said. "And what splendid gold candelabra! Did you get them in France?"

"My grandfather got them there," he answered with certain satisfaction. Then he realized that to one accustomed to reckon ancestry by centuries, a few generations of wealth and taste must seem unimportant.

Glancing at the card on his left, he noted that Nan was to sit next to him. She was easy to talk to—their interchange was effortless.

There was ample opportunity during the course of the long and unusually elaborate meal to test Nan's conversational powers, for Angela devoted herself to the man on her other side. Long after everyone else had turned to their other partners, they kept up an animated tête-à-tête. Tom was forced into a three-cornered conversation with Nan and the man on her left.

"I haven't seen you at the Racquet Club for weeks!" he declared. "What do you do for exercise?"

"Come home and play with my children," Tom declared.

At this, Angela stirred. For a second she gazed at him, then her long black lashes swept her cheeks and she resumed her conversation with her partner. Only at the arrival of dessert did she give him her undivided attention.

"Please help me with Fernando."

He remembered suddenly that the boy had asked to talk to him. "I'll do what I can."

Her expression relaxed. For the first time that evening she gave him a friendly smile.

"Forgive me," she whispered. "I have been horrid."

There was a magnetism, a drawing power in her eyes when she looked like that, that made everything else in the world seem petty.

To his annoyance, he saw Kitty get up. But before the women could leave the table, Bill Hale raised his glass. He leaned toward his host.

"To the next forty years!"

They all drank the toast standing. Then the women filed out of the room and the men remained behind with cigars and coffee. Tom asked Fernando to take the empty chair beside him.

"You said you wanted to talk to me."

"Yes, very much I want it. You will forgive me for intruding my personal affairs?"

"Of course. Go on."

"Well, it is this." The boy leaned forward on his folded arms: "My mother and I have quarreled. We have different ideas. She wants me to ——"

"She wants you to marry this girl?"

"Yes, it is not something one likes to say. But it is true. But I cannot do it."

"Well, I don't see why you should. Marriage is something one must do to suit oneself or so we think over here."

"And so I think. But mother still clings to the old ideas. She herself had her marriage arranged, and she thinks she should arrange mine. She talks to me—oh, I am nearly crazy!—every day she talks to me about our family place, about the duty to my name. In Italy, I listen to her; but in New York, I begin to look at things differently. Here it is no disgrace to work."

"Not exactly."

Tom glanced at the other men, every one of whom was actively engaged in business, even those who had inherited sufficient wealth for leisure.

"Then, too, my heart is elsewhere." The color coursed into Fernando's face. "I love a girl at home—a girl with no money, but she is of my people. We understand each other. I love her."

"Then I'd marry her if I were you."

"Would you really, sir? I can tell my mother that you advise me in that way?"

"Perhaps you'd better let me tell her."

"I can never thank you enough if you would do that."

"Perhaps"—he thought out loud—"perhaps I can find some business you could do in Italy. Some of my banker clients have affiliations there—they might be able to use you." He would see Durant tomorrow, he reflected. He'd find a place for him.

When they went back upstairs, tables of bridge were being arranged.

He took Angela into the library, where they would be alone. She looked around at the oak-paneled walls, with the rows and rows of books extending up to the ceiling across the tops of the windows, then at the Stuart portrait of one of Kitty's forbears over the mantel. She sighed.

He expected some word of approval, but she only said, "You are all so rich over here!"

They sat down on the chintz-covered sofa at one side of the crackling wood fire. His mood of courage wore off, now he was near her. She twined her fingers around his wrist.

"I have been so miserable all day—ever since you said you could not see me this afternoon."

Kitty came into the room. She glanced at them, then looked quickly away. "I need some score cards," she explained. After a hasty search in a table drawer, she went out.

"American women are so phlegmatic," Angela said. "Now if I had found you holding another woman's hand, I would have made a scene, I can tell you!"

He felt inclined to point out that he was not holding her hand and that Kitty would regard scenes as vulgar, but he made no answer.

"They are cold—they have no fire. Oh, I have watched them! Mrs. Brien-Johnson is just like an icicle."

"Well, you really can't compare her with ladies," he said before he could stop himself.

Angela sat erect. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that she does not belong in the same class. She is a parvenu. Kitty is well bred."

Angela smiled. "I have heard there are people here who try to make such distinctions, but to a European it seems absurd. Besides, she goes everywhere. Many of the richest people are her friends."

Again he gave up the idea of argument. The touch of her velvet-smooth hand was an anæsthetic to his brain.

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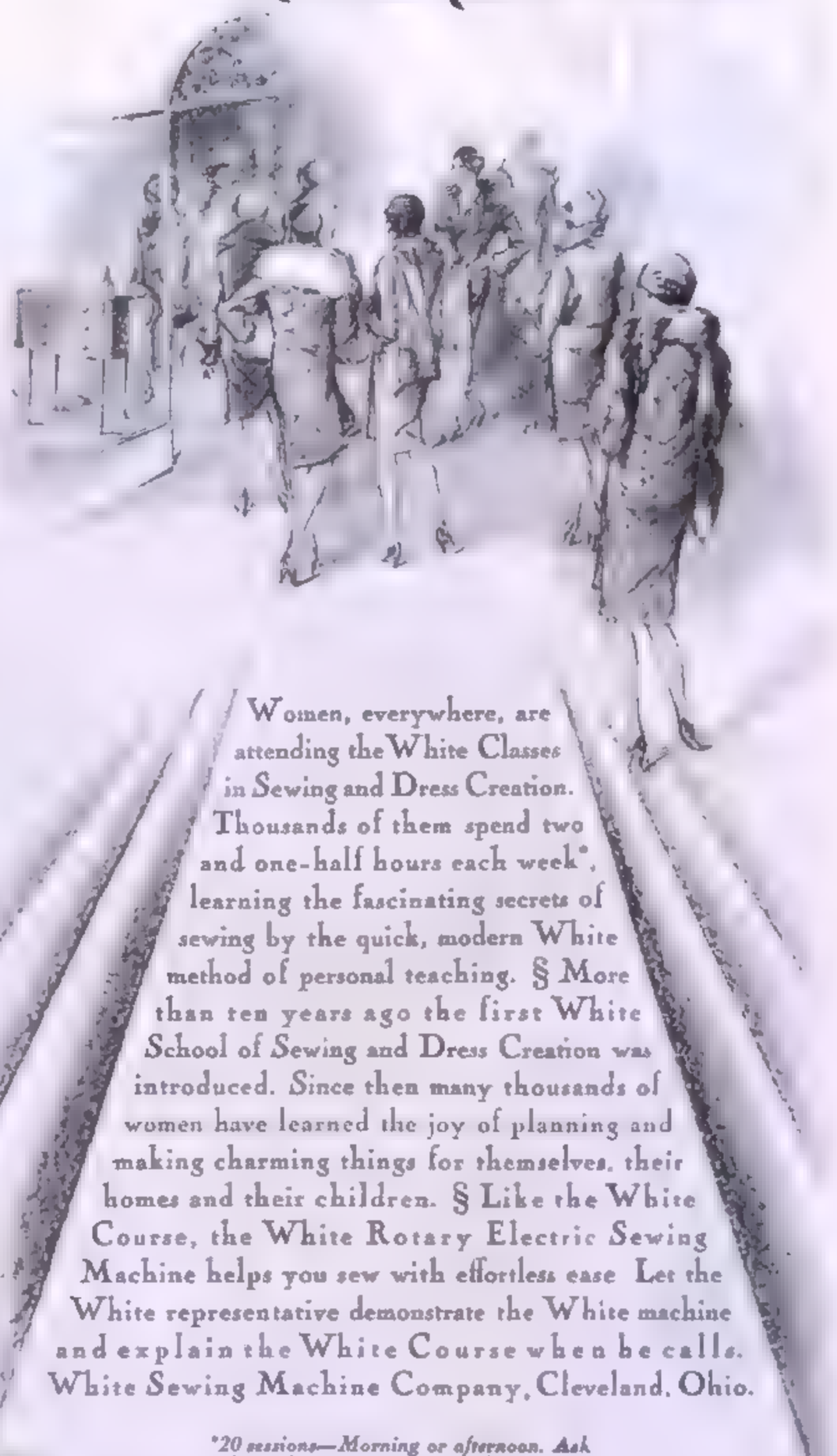

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Finally, however, she spoke of Fernando. Tom had hoped to avoid the subject that night, while there were still germs of disagreement in the air, but Angela persisted.

"You will give him good advice, *caro?*"

"I have already given it."

"Oh, I am so grateful!" She leaned nearer. A lock of her dark hair almost touched his cheek. "You are the most wonderful of friends!"

"I want to be."

"I know."

He was conscious of the faint, exquisite perfume which he had come to associate with some inner fragrance of her personality.

With great difficulty he said, "You may not approve of my advice, Angela."

Her eyes searched his. "Tell me! What did you say to him?"

He wanted to explain the reasons for his counsel, but there seemed no time. He blurted out the truth:

"I told him he ought not marry a girl he doesn't love."

"Tom!"

"But, Angela, surely you wouldn't want him to be unhappy!"

"And who is a better judge than I of what will make him happy?"

He tried to speak gently: "I think, in this case, he is. This is something that can be decided only by his own heart."

"His heart! *Caro*, you speak like a child! What has the heart to do with it? I do not ask him to love this Brien-Johnson girl. But if he has any common sense, he will marry her."

It seemed incredible that she could speak like this. He had always realized that their ideas differed, but he could not believe they were separated by so vast a gulf. He tried one more appeal:

"Think of your own life, my dear. Your marriage was arranged by your family. There was no affection in it."

Unconsciously, there came into his voice something of the deep sympathy which he had felt for her all these years. When he had first seen her, she was a young and lovely girl, with an exacting, bad-tempered husband twice her age. Her predicament, which to youthful American eyes had seemed unbearable, had added to his infatuation for her, had aroused all his instinct for protection and pity.

Now, in her determination to have her way, she swept this aside as a puerile myth:

"I have no reason to complain of my own life. My parents chose very wisely. Fernando's father was at times difficult, but one learns to adjust oneself. He had a distinguished position in Rome, his family was of the best. That is why I cannot let my son throw it all away. Don't you understand?"

He shook his head in negation. "No, I'm afraid I don't." He was trying to reconstruct his picture of her, to put in the place of a dream the actual Angela, who was disclosing to him with every word she uttered the falsity of the memory he had cherished. Perhaps his anger at her for taking from him an illusion he had treasured made him say sharply, "I still think my advice was good."

She seemed frozen into immobility. When at last she spoke her voice was husky:

"You have undone all that for months I have labored to bring about. You knew how much this meant to me—and yet you have defeated it. Fernando will listen to you—he has admiration for you—and all that I have tried to do for him will be lost." She turned to him. "That was a cruel thing for you to do!"

"But he told me he loved someone else!"

She sprang to her feet, her eyes shining, her hands moving with each syllable she uttered:

"And suppose he does! What of that? A penniless girl! When I learned of it one year ago, I knew it was impossible. Fortunately, he was not of age, so I had time to do something. The Brien-Johnsons were in Rome. I began—oh, so carefully—to cultivate them. I made my friends invite them. I planned every step of the way——"

Dramatically, she described in detail the maneuvers by which she had led up to the other woman's agreement that, in case of the marriage, a settlement would be made upon Fernando and the country place properly restored. Tom found himself acutely ill at ease. He could not look at her. The revelation of her calculating worldliness appalled him. In her excitement, she disclosed everything—her intriguing to be invited to New York as Mrs. Brien-Johnson's guest, her belief that Fernando, once accustomed to American luxury, would see the desirability of continuing it, her strategy in keeping him away from the girl he loved.

At last she stopped. Still he did not look at her. As if to vanquish his spiritual withdrawal by physical nearness, she sat close to him. He felt as if she were deliberately turning on her charm as one would turn on a faucet. She pleaded:

"If he marries this girl, who has not even a dot, he will starve!"

This extravagant expression increased his feeling of distaste. He answered dryly:

"I don't believe it will come to that. Besides, as I told him, I think I can arrange some business for him to do."

"Business!" From her scorn he might have been suggesting burglary. "It is all you think about over here—business—work! I did not dream people could exist who cared only for material things!"

He repressed his desire to laugh, but he could not restrain a smile, as he said with all the tact he could muster, "It does not seem to us materialistic to work for a woman one loves."

"And do all American men love the women they work for?"

It was obvious that she expected only one answer to this. But with sudden clarity he saw a truth which for the past few weeks had been obscured. He got up.

"I can't answer for all of them"—he made himself look straight into her eyes—"but I know that I do!"

She stood close to him. "You are angry with me. You are trying to punish me." Her voice caressed him.

But the magic was gone. He knew now that never again would she have power to thrill him. It was as if a stranger was at his side.

"I think we'd better join the others." He led the way back to the drawing-room.

After the last of the guests had finally departed, Tom instructed Holmes, who was busily emptying ash trays and sorting out packs of cards, to bring a small bottle of champagne to his bedroom. Then he bounded upstairs.

Kitty was sitting at the dressing table, her fingers pressed over her eyes, as if to shade them from the light. In one hand he saw a small crumpled handkerchief.

"Listen!" he said. "We haven't had our real celebration yet!"

She made no answer. A queer sound, as if she were trying to keep from crying, struck at his heart.

He put both arms tightly around her shoulders.

"Don't, darling! Please don't! I know it's hard on you to be married to a darn fool, but please bear up!"

She looked at him then. "I don't see what you're grinning about!"

Extracting his own large handkerchief, he wiped the tears from her cheeks. "I'll tell you about that. I've made a great discovery."

Outside the door, Holmes coughed. Tom took the bottle from him and filled two glasses.

Then, with one arm still around Kitty, as if he would never let her go, he said, "This is the chief thing I've got to be happy about—the next forty years!"

They drank the toast together.

Quite a long time afterward, when they had talked it all out and he had convinced her that the spell had been broken by Angela herself, and he had emerged completely from the tyranny of romance, Kitty said:

"But she really is attractive, Tom. I tried to blame you for liking her, but I couldn't. That's why I didn't know what to do. I pretended not to care, but I was frantic. There's something about her——"

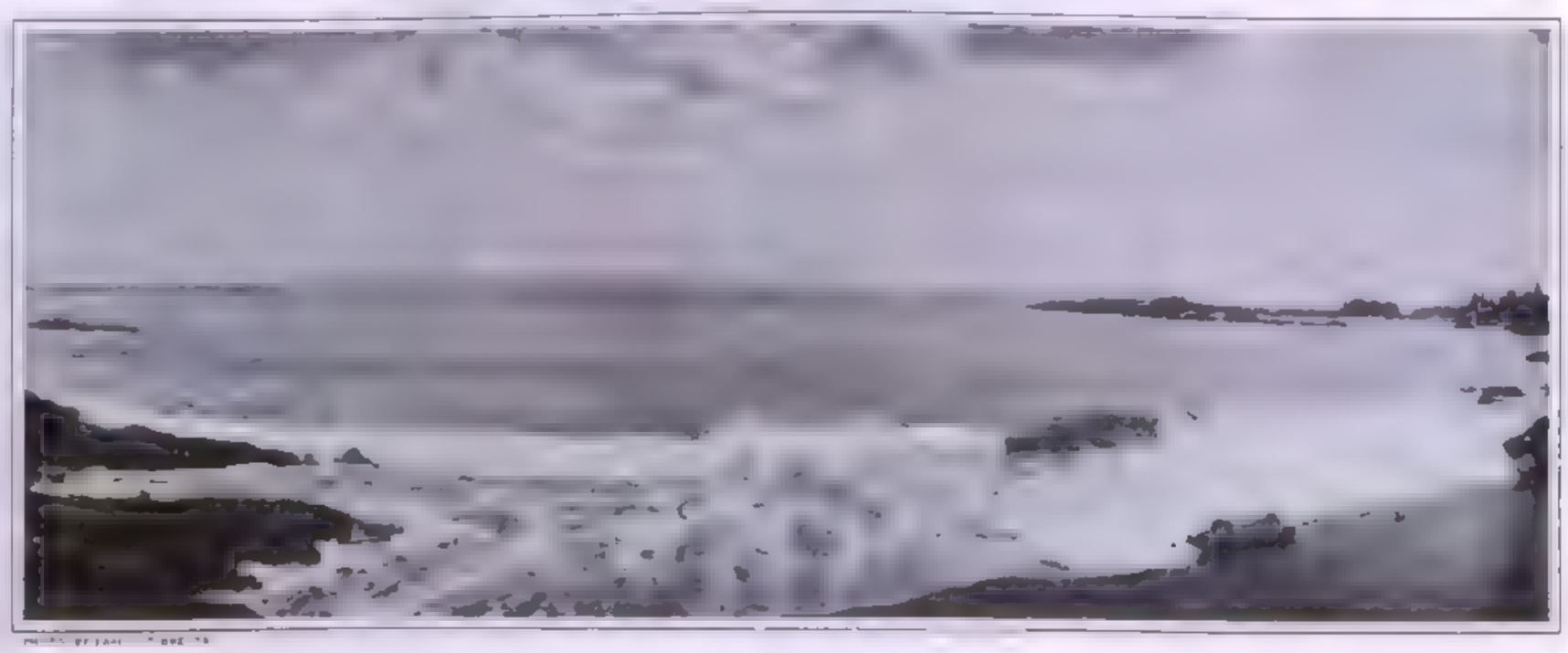
"Yes, she had charm." Already he spoke of her in the past tense. "I can see why anyone of twenty would fall for her." He rumpled Kitty's hair. "But in the eyes of one approaching the age of wisdom, you are much more beautiful."

His wife smiled contentedly. "It sounds like approaching senility, dearest. I could never compete with her. She's a genuine siren."

"That's just the point!" he agreed eagerly. "For what I realized tonight—due perhaps to my advancing years—is true—sirens may be grand for an occasional half hour, but no man with any sense would want to spend his life with one."

"Then you aren't going to see her again? I heard her ask you for tea tomorrow afternoon."

"Tomorrow afternoon," he said, his exuberance at escape reaching a climax, "I shall be playing court tennis—thank God!"



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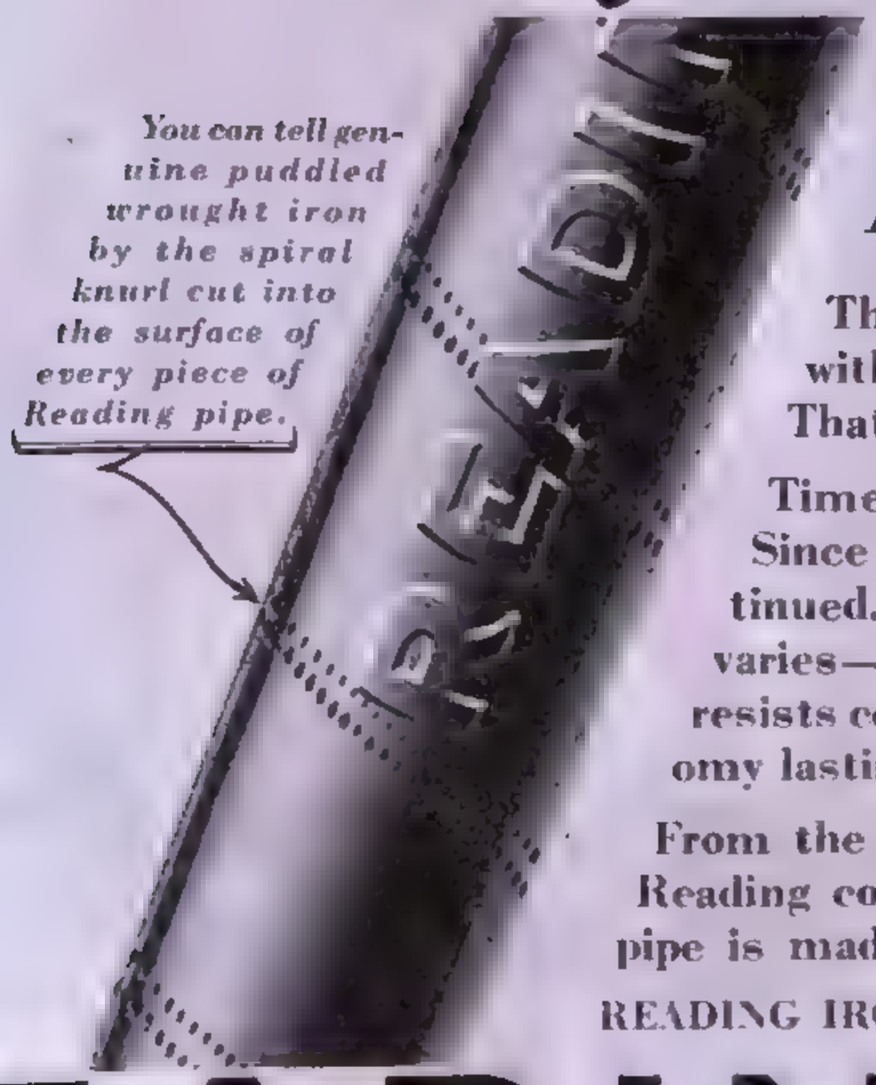

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DYNASTY

(Continued from Page 29)

"Where is Lucille?" he asked.

"In her room, Hiram. What is it? Has something happened? Why do you look so—so terribly stern?"

"Call her," said Hiram, and Libby almost ran to the stairs to obey.

In a moment Lucille appeared, and Hiram stared at her under his jutting eyebrows until she was disconcerted. But when he broke silence it was not to beat around the bush.

"Jason is married," he said.

"Oh!" said Lucille.

"He has broken his word to you and to me. He has ——"

Lucille interrupted: "Have you seen him?"

"I have."

"What—what did you do?"

Hiram frowned. Something about this question—the manner in which it was asked, the tone of voice—perplexed him. So he disregarded it. "I have come to tell you," he said, "and to offer to make what amends I can "

Again she interrupted him. "I know," she said—"and I don't know what you mean by amends. If you mean about marrying him, why, we haven't intended to marry each other for years—almost from the time we were babies."

"What?" demanded Hiram.

"No. We just pretended. We used to talk it over and say it was easier to pretend—because we were both afraid of you." His face twitched. "You made us do it. We had to fool you or you wouldn't ever have left us alone."

"Do you mean," Hiram asked quietly, "that you never loved Jason and he never loved you?"

"Of course not," said Lucille. Then her eyes flashed. "Did you think you could make folks love each other by telling them they must? And if you've been mean to him I'll never speak to you again."

Hiram sighed. It was even worse than he had known. He, Hiram Bond, bamboozled for years by two children! Then his lip curled in a saturnine smile at himself.

"No, Lucille," he said, "I haven't been mean to him."

With which he turned and walked from the house, never to enter it again. If he had made a movement with his hand as of one erasing from a blackboard, it would have been indicative. He had been defeated—defeated in a battle where there never had been a chance of victory. He had been made to look absurd—this girl and his son had seen him as absurd!

In the street, he shrugged his shoulders, a violent gesture, as if by that great muscular twitch he would hurl afar some oppressive burden; and then he walked with solid, determined steps to the office.

J. Steele was still in Carthage. Hiram considered that fact and took it to mean that the young man had not yet wholly convinced his father. So far the plot was not successful, but he would judge of the chances of its success when he saw Amasa. His first care was to take that observation.

Amasa got up from his chair as Hiram entered, a distinguished-appearing old gentleman of sixty-seven, still able of body and sturdy of mind. Handsomer today than he had been twenty years before, for his white hair and side whiskers became him, added to that dignity which was the breath of his life and now sat upon him as if by right. He was acquiring the impressiveness of age.

He came around now from behind his desk and spoke in a voice of sincere sympathy—the voice of a friend who grieves because of his friend's grief.

"My boy," he said, "I'm sorry—terribly sorry. The—the follies of youth bear heavily on us elders."

"Follies of youth," said Hiram, and paused to scrutinize that phrase. "It is in my mind today, sir, that the follies of age are unable to perceive the wisdom of youth. Because age conceives a plan it is confident of its wisdom, when youth, which does not plan, but simply lives, knows it to be fatuity—and goes its own way. Nothing has happened, sir, except that I have been shown to myself as a fool and futile."

"But this girl, Hiram—an actress!"

"The boy has chosen her and married her."

"Is she acceptable—presentable?"

"She was not afraid of me," said Hiram. "She has the appearance of a lady—and courage—and the hazard is no greater with her than another. In that respect I am content."

"I hope sincerely," said Amasa, "that all will be well. I—you and I have been together for long years, my boy. That means something—that means something."

"I trust it means a great deal," said Hiram, not without meaning, his keen eye studying the face of the older man for such signs as he would know how to read. Amasa looked back at him with troubled eyes, brooding eyes. It seemed to Hiram as if there was pleading in them—pleading for forgiveness for some wrong as yet uncommitted. And then he knew that pressure was weakening the resolution of the old man; that he was, indeed, face to face with a grave emergency.

"Jonathan is in town," he said.

"Yes," answered Amasa.

"Rather unexpectedly?"

"He surprised us "

"There is nothing," Hiram asked, "that you wish to take up with me? Nothing important has risen while I was away?"

"There is nothing I wish to consult you about," said Amasa.

Hiram compressed his lips. Mrs. Worthington and J. Steele had pledged their father to silence—that was it. Whatever was done would be behind his back, without his knowledge, against his will, and treacherously. Yet he could find it in his heart to be sorry Amasa was crowded into a position so foreign to his straightforward nature—jostled and elbowed and maneuvered into such a position by the intrigues of his wife and son. His honest old soul must be in revolt, but his simplicity was not equipped to meet their adroitness. Hiram's hope lay in the old man's stubbornness. They might maneuver him into a false position, but obtaining his consent to final action was another thing. A thin enough plank upon which to rest his weight, Hiram thought, nor one upon which he dared rely.

"By the way," he said, "as you know, I have been setting aside a considerable sum in banks, awaiting a favorable day for investment."

"I know."

"And certain of our sinking-fund investments may be moved with profit. I would like your authorization to go ahead—to invest our spare money and to shift such securities as seems wise."

"Go ahead, my boy. You know I repose perfect confidence in you."

Hiram turned away, and again that sardonic smile touched his lip. At the door he halted and turned. "By the way," he said casually, "I may be called out of town. Certain matters may come up while I am absent, and just now I want to keep closely in touch. Will you, for the next sixty days, say, continue to follow your practice and wire me or send for me before you sign any important commitment?"

Amasa hesitated, but could see no just ground for refusing. "Very well, Hiram, I will do so," he said.

So Hiram checkmated the promise of silence regarding the Lorillard proposal with another promise. It gave him breathing space and insured that he would not waken to find himself already stabbed in the back.

He went now to his private file and took from it the folder—the *dossier*—of the Bainbridge Nixon interests, which were known by the name and style of the Nixon Traction and Electric Company. Over this information he pored for half an hour. It disclosed the capital structure of the company, its indebtedness, the distribution of its stock, with names of principal stockholders, the fact that the securities were listed and dealt in upon the stock exchange, and other matters of vital importance in this hour.

In order to sell his concern to the New York syndicate, Nixon would be compelled to put the matter to a vote of his stockholders, who could approve or disapprove. He had agreed to sell the stock in the corporation at a price per share to be paid for in bonds—undoubtedly bonds of the new combination. This would mean a certain delay and some publicity. Hiram's plan was laid—an ironic sort of plan in which he might or might not require outside aid. The chief weapon in his hand was the authorization he just had been at pains to extort from Amasa Worthington—the authorization to invest or to shift investments.

There was to be no more delay; nothing now would call his attention from affairs of business. In his private code he sent wires to certain trusted brokerage firms in New York and Boston, identical messages: "Buy quietly Nixon Traction and Electric."

It was an important element in his success in dealing with men, in outwitting them on their own ground, that he was able to predict their thoughts upon the happening of a given event. What would be the conclusions of the syndicate and of Nixon himself when they became aware of activity in the stock, he fancied he knew. He counted upon it. The syndicate, instead of being alarmed, would believe Nixon was strengthening his position by additional acquisitions; Nixon would believe the syndicate was buying for purposes of its own. But before any appreciable ripple appeared on financial waters Hiram hoped to have accomplished something if not decisive at least of strategical importance. Nor did he confine his buying to the exchange. With a list of stockholders in his hands, he set out to acquire by private treaty and in secrecy.

That night he took train to Boston, and at the opening of business was in the office of Peter C. Woodbury, the younger, a man in his forty-second year and a counterpart of his able father. For him and for his resources Hiram held a profound respect, so much so that for years an integral portion of his policy had been a deliberate friendliness with the Woodbury interests. His diplomacy had been directed toward building up between the organizations a comity which amounted almost to an alliance. This line of action had justified itself, nor had the relationship been marred by the spleen of Woodbury's sister and J. Steele's wife against Hiram Bond.

Peter C. Woodbury received him cordially and withdrew with him to that plain, unpretentious private room which had been his father's office before him and was now his own.

"You want something," he said amiably. "I hope I can agree."

"I believe," said Hiram, "it will be your policy to give me your support, even though it be only moral support. I do not know that I shall ask for more than that. Your interests and our own have marched side by side for a quarter of a century without conflicting. We have known how to give and take; how to ask for our rights and how to keep out of the other fellow's road."

"We have," said Peter C. "Friendship with you was an axiom of my father's policy, as it shall be of mine"—he smiled—"though there have been certain influences pulling against you."

"Therefore," said Hiram, "I take it you prefer old friends to the west of you—friends and equals—rather than strangers who operate from Wall Street with stockjobbers' minds and aims."

(Continued on Page 121)

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A pure drink of natural flavors served in its [illegible] right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. [illegible]

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

(Continued from Page 119)

"I would. You can take that for granted."

"Nixon has agreed to sell to the syndicate. There was no difficulty there. We are next."

"But surely you would not consider such a thing."

"I made that clear over the telephone," said Hiram, "but that was only my personal position. You are of the family and know the conditions. I am *persona non grata* to Mrs. Worthington; your brother-in-law Jonathan feels he owes me a grudge and your sister agrees with him. Amasa Worthington is my one friend."

"Fortunately, he is the one to speak."

"Last week Jonathan was entertained aboard Lorillard's yacht. A proposition was made him -what its terms were I do not know. I only know the fact because it is my business to know such facts. Since Jonathan's arrival he and the women have been in alliance to bring Amasa to their viewpoint."

"With the object in view," said Peter C., "of getting rid of the man who has made them what they are."

"Who has made the business what it is," said Hiram. His tone was grim. "I am not interested in persons. I am interested in things. If I have enriched the Worthingtons, it was by the way."

"Yet you have been loyal to Amasa."

"There cannot be two decades of such association as ours without friendship," said Hiram simply. "I would have been friends with his wife and son if I could—as a matter of policy, if nothing else. They would not have it."

"Bond," said Peter C., "the Woodbury interests want to see you remain where you are. We know you."

"Even in the face of family influence?"

"My sister does not meddle in this business, and as for J. Steele—he is rather an ass. Why not be frank? He is rotting while he waits for a dead man's shoes. If I can read between the lines, he holds a grudge against his father for living so long. I look with apprehension to the day when he shall succeed to his father's place."

"I believe," said Hiram, "they will be able to persuade the old gentleman."

"And you think I can prevent it?" Peter C. shook his head. "I would not care to meddle, even though it is of high importance to me."

"Not that," said Hiram. "My idea is to make it impossible for the syndicate to make an offer. Only as a last resort will I argue with Amasa Worthington. I prefer he should never know that I have detected this little cabal."

"Ah? And how do you propose to prevent?"

"They must have Nixon before they can take the next step. That is what I have come to discuss. What will be your attitude toward our acquiring the Nixon concerns? Or do you wish to divide?"

"If you can get him, so much the better. Our sphere of influence lies east and north. . . . Help yourself."

"What I thought you would say. Very well, then. On a day I wire you, will you announce through the papers that you will not be absorbed by any syndicate or consolidate with Nixon?"

"Gladly."

"If, on the same day, I make a similar announcement, it should rather upset the market," said Hiram. "I can make it, you see, because I'm not in anybody's confidence."

"But how can you acquire Nixon without Worthington's consent?"

"I am authorized to invest a very considerable sum in good securities. The Nixon stock is good."

Peter C. threw back his head and laughed. "Shoot him with his own gun, eh? Bond, I'm glad we're friends. I'd hate to have you on my trail. And if you run short—if you need financial help, I think I can see my way clear."

"I doubt if it will be needed, but I thank you, and I'm not likely to forget. There's no more to be said. I go to New York this noon."

"Good luck to you," said Woodbury; and as he watched Hiram's enormous back pass through the door, he frowned and thought in no high or complimentary terms of his family-in-law who had allowed themselves to be carried upward on that pair of shoulders—and now that they were upon the height it had been their ambition to reach, were conspiring with one another to break that great back.

"A pretty lot," he said to himself, "and a fine hash there'll be when Amasa dies."

XX

THE Nixon Traction and Electric Company affair has become a legend of Wall Street along with certain of the exploits of the old cattle buyer, Daniel Drew, his partner Gould, the Northern Pacific battle, certain of Gates' plunges, and others of those fabulous if questionable achievements of giants of finance in days when the rules of the stock exchange were less well defined, and when expedients might be resorted to which, in this day of higher ethics and more severe legislation, would be impossible.

Hiram Bond moved upon a battlefield whose terrain was strange to him—a country over which he had never marched with actual feet, but which he knew well by study of his maps and of the strategy of famous campaigns. He was not a stock manipulator. The business was foreign to a nature which dealt in actualities, in ponderable goods. From the beginning he had shown marked reluctance to handle representations, and he had built and added to the Worthington company solidly by adhering to that principle.

But now he was to show his adaptability. He was to demonstrate that his mind, accused by his enemies of being the most stubborn and unbending of his age, was facile and adaptable to what conditions necessity compelled him to face. He could be a gambler as well as a pioneer, a plunger as well as a conservative builder of solid financial empire.

Always, whatever else may be charged against his name, he was ready to pay a dollar for the value of a dollar, granting the willingness of the owner to sell. But if the owner were obdurate, let him look to himself. His purpose, his vision, came first, standing before and above all other considerations. In him resided a species of religious fervor as of one who pursued a high mission. It has been shown how slight was his greed for personal wealth. Had he been ambitious merely for the accumulation of a great fortune, the opportunities had not been lacking. Indeed, the Worthington treasure might have been his almost for the taking. But, curiously, he preferred it otherwise. Something in him doted upon pulling strings not attached to his fingers by the cement of gold. It was his vanity—if it may be called vanity—to demonstrate his superiority to money; to prove that his will and his abilities could move as men upon a chessboard the possessors of the money and of the properties which are the basis for the value of money. He hoarded power as some Hindu maharaja hoards jewels in a vault guarded by poisonous serpents.

The initial step in this enterprise was absurdly simple—to sweep the market clear of such floating stock in the Nixon company as was at large. He bought through a score of brokers, in odd lots and in anonymity. Professional dealers awoke to eye with surprise this quiescent stock, often absent from the quotations for weeks, which thus suddenly became sharply active. Where, before, a sale of a hundred shares had been rare, the reports on a certain evening showed that thousands of shares had been dealt in—and so adroitly that the quotation had not risen as many points as there are fingers on the hand.

The minds of Nixon and of the syndicate took for granted what Hiram desired them to take for granted. Each credited the buying to the other and was undisturbed. Then the price mounted. Hiram sold from himself to himself, bidding higher and ever higher through the week, until the Street asked itself what was going on here and professional traders joined in the game. On Monday he unleashed the rumor that Nixon and Worthington and Woodbury were to combine in a trust which would rival even the great Steel monster of Morgan—and the Nixon stock responded in the quotations. It climbed to and beyond the price the syndicate were to pay Bainbridge Nixon in their agreement with him—five points beyond—ten points beyond.

"I must know," said Hiram, "when the first share of Nixon's stock comes into the market."

It was upon this he counted, upon the cupidity of the man—the natural, human weakness of a man who saw the opportunity to turn a pretty penny. Though Bainbridge Nixon was three hundred miles distant, Hiram read his mind.

"If," thought Nixon, "the syndicate will pay me but a hundred dollars a share for stock I can sell in the open market for a hundred and twenty-five, why should I hesitate?"

On Wednesday the Nixon stock was the sensation of the exchange; rumors traveled from office to office. It was going to two hundred—to two hundred and fifty. Financial editors made their computations for all to read, the market letters of brokers devoted such intelligence as they had to the matter. And Nixon commenced to sell. His stock came onto the market in blocks of a thousand shares, but so eager was the buying that they were absorbed without recession in price.

Nixon, who knew well the conditions, was aware that such a figure was unjustified and could not persist. Neither present earnings justified it nor any combination which might be in contemplation—and he was by nature a gambler. So he sold and continued to sell. On Saturday morning his profits had mounted to millions of dollars, but he was not satisfied. He sold short. He, sitting where he sat, with what information he possessed, was justified in selling short.

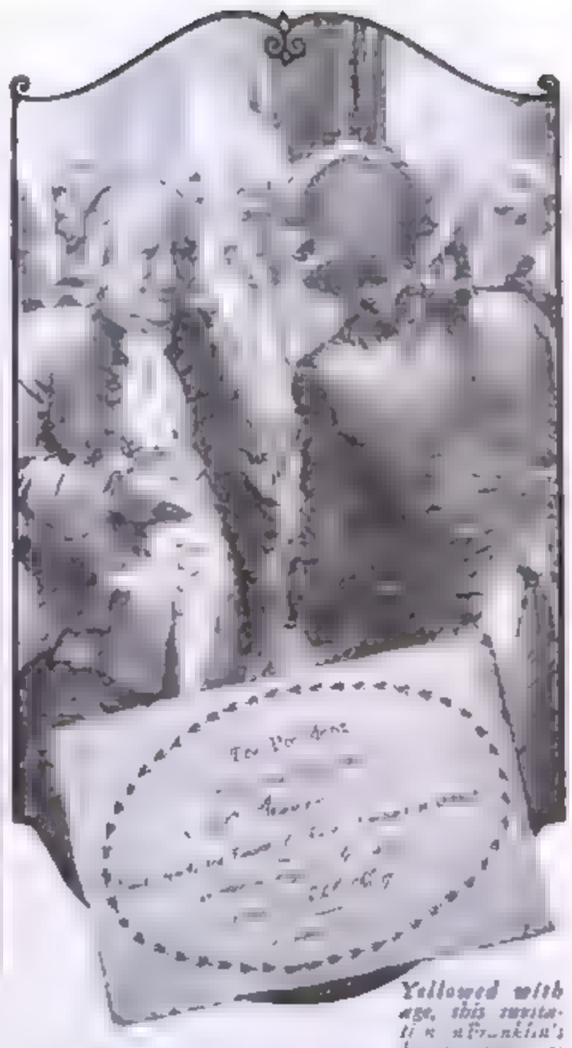
The public was in the market now—and Hiram was selling. But he did not permit the price to sag. His astute eye watched the sale and purchase of every share; through his agents he kept informed almost hourly of the position of every block of stock until he was convinced that the Nixon company was now held almost in its entirety by traders and the public and himself.

It was now that he wired Peter C. Woodbury and Woodbury responded by an announcement in the morning papers that he had not and would not join in any combination with any man or men, company or companies. Hiram followed with his own categorical denial that Worthington would be a party to any such transaction—and the bubble burst. There was a flood of frenzied selling. Ten—twenty—forty points the stock broke—all unexpectedly to Nixon, catching him unawares and unprepared. And Hiram bought on every fall—not greatly to stem the debacle, but sufficiently.

Nixon gathered himself together to buy again, but, watching the progress of events, deemed the time not ripe. One more day and he could buy at such a price as to realize a second fortune upon his short sales. He would buy below the syndicate price, for who would support the market? Surely not he.

But the decline was stayed. The market opened at one hundred and five, sagged off a point, but fell no lower. It could sag no lower without Hiram's consent, for he had sold short at the top against actual holdings of stock which he retained in their actuality. These sales he covered adroitly—and the Street awakened to the knowledge that it was gripped in a corner. And Nixon was twenty thousand shares short!

There was excitement, confusion, frenzied meetings of the governors of the exchange. But Hiram had gone—as yet was unidentified as the engineer of this coup. He returned to Carthage and took his accustomed seat in the office adjoining Amasa Worthington's. The old gentleman, on his



Yellowed with age, this invitation from Franklin's handwriting, to Jacob Brown, to join in the Hall of Assembly of Pennsylvania

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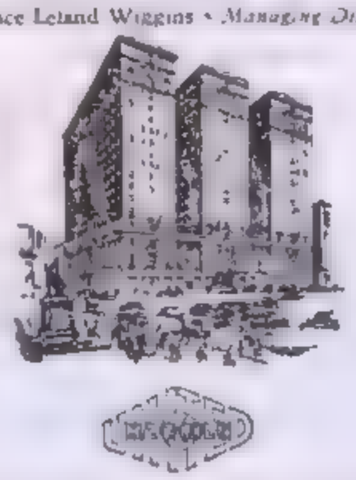
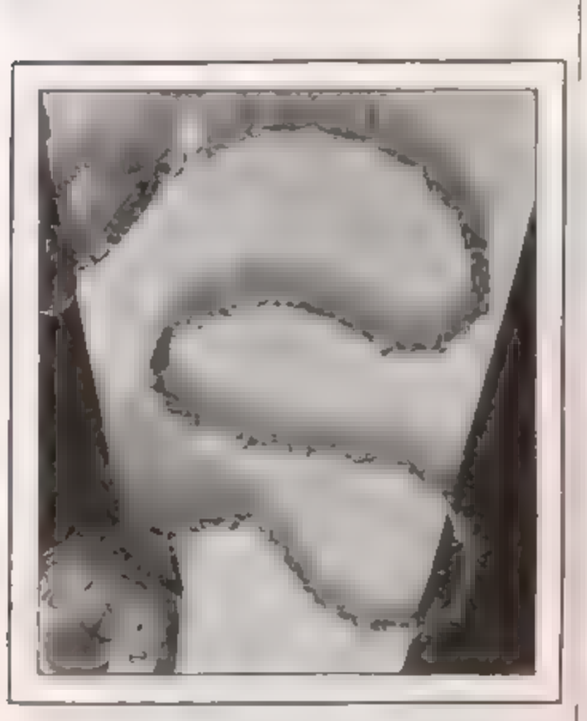


A good watch deserves a good chain



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Among your jewelers' wide selection you'll find a Simmons Chain that will suit you—and your watch—admirably. . . . A suggestion: Give a Simmons Chain for Christmas. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS CHAINS

arrival, saw him through the open door and came in with smiling greeting.

"I have missed you," he said simply.

Hiram looked up at him with blank face. "It is pleasant to be missed," he said bleakly. "It has been only ten days, sir." It is notable that to the end he was thus formal and respectful in his conversations with Amasa. "If I am missed in a brief absence of ten days, I wonder if I would not be missed in an absence that would be permanent."

Amasa was nonplused, nor was he comfortable under the sense of guilt and ingratitude which these words aroused in him. Permanent absence! What then? If those great shoulders upon which he had leaned so comfortably for years were no longer there—what then?

"Why," he asked, "do you say that?"

"All things are possible," said Hiram. "It is a thing to be contemplated. I am not young. I am fifty-two. There are times when I am tired."

"You have worked hard and faithfully," said Amasa, and added—"for me and mine. But I had thought of you as tireless." The old man forgot what was in contemplation, forgot the cabal of his son and his wife, forgot their spleen against this man, and remembered only their association through the years, only that sense of dependence upon Hiram, born so long ago in a mob of strikers and never diminishing, but rather increasing with the vast accumulation of responsibilities and of wealth. "You are not thinking of leaving me, Hiram?" he asked, and his voice trembled.

"I am thinking of it," said Hiram.

"But what has happened? What has brought you to this state of mind?"

"I am too weary, sir, to discuss it today."

"Is it your son, Hiram?"

The big man at the desk lifted his massive head with a sudden gesture indicative of shock. For an instant his glance wavered, he seemed almost confused.

"I had forgotten my son," he said. "It has not been a time to remember the minor things of life." It was pitiful—infinitely pitiful, had either of them been able to realize it. Then: "My son has the same right I demanded—to choose the road he shall travel. He has done nothing to cause me shame."

"If," said the old man sadly, "we could only mold our sons to be what we would have them!"

Hiram's lip curled in that shadowy, saturnine smile, sardonic, bitter, which came oftener and oftener to his face as the years sped past him.

"Divine Providence," he said, "considers it has delegated sufficient of its divinity to us when it permits us to beget."

Amasa shook his head, either in reproof or in reluctant agreement. "I will not ask what you have been doing," he said, "until you are rested."

"And when," asked Hiram, "will that be?" What further he might have added was never spoken, for a clerk interrupted with a handful of telegrams. Hiram tossed them on his desk unopened. "Bleatings," he said contemptuously.

Through that day telegrams poured into the office—to be unopened on Hiram's desk Twenty times the telephone rang with calls from New York City, but Hiram declined to answer.

"Let them stew," he said. And to the clerk: "If telegrams come for Mr. Worthington, bring them to me. Is that clear? If he is called on the phone, I am to be notified."

"Yes, sir."

"Let there be no mistake," Hiram said grimly.

At five o'clock he lifted his hat from its place, but paused at Mr. Worthington's door.

"Is Steele still in town?" he asked.

"Still here," said Worthington uncomfortably.

"Let him be at the office at ten tomorrow," said Hiram. It was not a request—it was a command; nor did it make for Amasa's peace of mind. He dared not ask why.

Bessie was waiting for Hiram at the door: she took his hat from him when he had bent to kiss her as he never neglected to do upon coming or going, but now the kiss was something more than a perfunctory gesture.

"I'm glad to be home, glad to be inside four walls with you, Bess," he said. "I wish we were at the farm."

"We'll go Saturday afternoon, dear. There are new puppies and the harvest apples are ripening."

"How many pups?" His interest was real and vivid.

"Five, and only one female. . . . Did you see Jason, Hiram?"

He shook his head. "No; there was no time." But she would know there had been time if he had cared to find it. "I was not in a state of mind to see the boy, Bess."

"I want them to come home," she said wistfully. "I want to see the girl who has married my boy. I want to welcome her here, Hiram."

"When you wish," he said, and gently for him

As he looked at her he wondered suddenly how much she knew: how much she sensed of the reason behind his desire for Jason's marriage with Lucille Bates. He asked himself now if she ever had fully realized why he had married her—without love, because he had reasoned that a wife was essential to his career and to his well-being. Had she suffered? What had been her thoughts as she listened to his plans, to his enthusiasm for this match—this vicarious love affair? Never had there been a frown, no wrinkle of resentment had ever marred her placid brow. And now—when it would have been only human for a jealous woman to rejoice in his frustration—she did not rejoice, but clung to him and sorrowed with him. He could not but accuse himself. For more than twenty years she had loved him, deferred to him, ministered to him, surrendered her life to him—and for what return?

He took her rounded, ruddy cheeks between his hands and gazed into her eyes, wincing as he saw them fill with tears at this unaccustomed gesture of caress.

"Bess," he said gravely, "you have been a good wife to me. No other woman—none—could have filled your place."

"You make me very happy, Hiram," she said softly, and smiled. But how was he to know that deep in her heart she was saying over and over and over that she would exchange that saying, exchange everything life had given her, to hear him say to her once just one single time—that he loved her! Hers was a tragedy of gentleness. She who worshiped this man would suffer for him and die for him—who had borne his child and kept his house and poured the balm of her placidity upon his wounds—had never heard from his lips a word of love.

"Some day," she said to herself—"some day he will realize" And this hope she cherished as an imperishable flame.

"I'm tired," he said. "Can we sit alone tonight? I wonder if you have something you can read to me. And give orders no one is to be admitted and that the telephone is not to be answered. Just an evening of quiet. Bess, this world will never learn what value to set on peace." He walked on into the library and threw himself into his chair. "Peace," he said, and then repeated it again: "Peace! I wonder how many men ever know it. And yet I always find it here."

She went out softly and left him alone with his thoughts.

It was on that evening that he wrote the aged Professor Witmer.

"My mouth has been filled with ashes," he wrote. "I have found that I, as well as the multitude of men I despise, can live a deluded fool. It is humiliating to be a fool. I presume it is the wish of this God, in whom I am beginning to believe, that all men be fools in order that He may seem wiser by comparison. That is by way of telling you that my son is married, a runaway match with a young woman whom I cannot accuse. So much for that dream."

And later, in the same letter, he touches upon larger affairs.

"My work becomes increasingly difficult. The old gentleman is not easy to deal with, for I have magnified him in his own eyes until he looms a considerable personage. I have daily to browbeat him gently. He is stubborn, as are all mediocre men who think they are being firm. In him I have created a sort of lay figure which is difficult to manage. For years I have thought for him, decided for him, acted for him—and concealed it from him as best I could. He is narrow, of limited intelligence, vacillating—but these qualities I can endure because of his basic decency, his total lack of adroitness, his almost unintelligent straightforwardness. He is famous. The world knows him. He is looked up to as a great financier and builder. But, my friend, each achievement which the world praises has been wrung from him by me at what expense of energy and will! And now has come his crowning folly. He would be rid of me. This but increases the sense of futility which has well-nigh overcome me. But I am still here." There is a touch of granite grimness in this terse sentence, and irony in the next:

"In order not to permit him to deprive himself of my services I have had to thrash him with his own whip and punish him by adding a quarter to the sum total of his fortune. But tomorrow I shall have my little brief hour. . . . Tonight peace. There is some quality about my wife which makes peace descend where she pauses. My friend, I wonder if I love my wife. That would be irony indeed!"

HIRAM BOND has been accused of resorting to theatricalism and to a love for the dramatic. It is true he strove for effects, but not as a *poseur* strives. He knew, as any capable constructor of a play, a book, a symphony or a building knows, that there must be a decisive climax; and such scenes as he planned and such stages as he set were for the purpose of establishing finality. He harbored a deep distaste for dangling strings and unfinished ends. When an episode or a measure or a movement was ended, he desired that the end should be conclusive, beyond argument, with a floor swept clean of rubbish. How much of his arrogance was assumed to aid in the creating of this impression, and how much was real? That no man can state with confidence at this day. Unchallenged power is the father and mother of arrogance; contempt for the minds and purposes of men is the food upon which arrogance thrives.

We know that but two people of all the inhabitants of the world were allowed a glimpse of the real man—Hiram's wife and Professor Witmer. Neither of them accused him of a natural arrogance. It is safe therefore to hazard the opinion that some natural trend toward the domineering, toward overbearance, had been seized by him and utilized as an asset, part real and part pretense.

He sat now in his office, whose clock pointed to the hour of a quarter of ten, waiting without impatience. His stage was set; his scenery in place, his properties to hand. Only the actors were missing, but he would require no call boy to summon them to take up their rôles. He had summoned them by silence. Certain men must see him, must be made aware of his will respecting them, and since he would answer no frantic appeals by telegraph or telephone, they must needs seek him out in his own land and upon his own chosen ground. It was to no battle they were marching; it was to a peace table at which sat a victor able to dictate terms.

His head did not lift as he heard the sound of the arrival of Amasa Worthington, nor when the voices in the next room informed him J. Steele was with his father. He had not stirred as he heard the whistle of the incoming train from New York which brought to him that delegation whose very coming was a suit for mercy. Presently he touched a button and a boy responded.

(Continued on Page 124)

FLOWERS *for Thanksgiving*

Nature's own gorgeous gift of bright blossoms adds joy to the festive board. The sparkling beauty of flowers reflects the true spirit of Thanksgiving. And in their rare fragrance you'll drink the essence of Autumn sunshine.

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The Universal Home Model Health Builder
The Battle Creek Health Builder Keeps You Fit!
The World Famous Athletic Model Health Builder
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(Continued from Page 122)

"Will you ask Mr. Worthington if he prefers to receive visitors in his office or in mine?" he directed.

In a moment the boy returned. "Mr. Worthington asks if you will come to his room," he said, and Hiram arose slowly, ponderously, and moved to that other door in which he stood framed, enormous, imposing, agitating to imaginations already in a state of apprehension.

"Good morning," he said grimly.

"Good morning, Hiram," said Amasa. J. Steele contented himself with a sullen nod. "Who is coming?" asked the old gentleman. "What is the subject of the conference?"

"And what," asked J. Steele pettishly, "do you want with me?"

Hiram moved into the room without replying and took his stand beside the old gentleman's desk, turning to face the door. Then he spoke. "I think our guests are arriving," he said, as a boy appeared with cards.

"These gentlemen wish to see Mr. Worthington," he said.

"Fetch them in," said Hiram.

There entered Bainbridge Nixon, Lorillard, Moreton—another member of the syndicate—and a financier named Heath.

Hiram was satisfied with his minor effect, though he did not turn to observe the faces of his employer and his son. He could feel their faces, could sense the shock to them of this unexpected appearance of the men with whom they had been transacting behind Hiram's back.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Hiram.

"Why, Bainbridge," said Amasa, not with complete self-possession, "this is indeed a surprise!"

Young J. Steele, overwhelmed by a feeling of being cornered by some invisible foe, pretended to nonchalance and stepped toward Lorillard with extended hand; but Lorillard looked directly into his eyes, compressed his lips and said in that cold manner which he knew so well how to assume: "The handshaking can come later."

Amasa, standing now, and bewildered, looked from one to the other. "I have not met these gentlemen," he said.

"I believe," said Hiram, "Jonathan has met them. He will present them to you."

The introduction made, Amasa waved to chairs. "And now," he said, "will you be seated and let me know to what I am indebted for this call?"

"Oh, come, come, Amasa," said Nixon irately, "let's not beat around the bush! You've got us in a forked stick. We admit it. We've come to pay the piper—if his price is within reason."

"This," said Hiram arrogantly, "is a dance to which I pipe and call the tune."

The old gentleman sat down suddenly, uncomprehending, bewildered. "But I do not understand," he said querulously.

"We are here to make it clear," Hiram said with grim incisiveness. "The first fact to consider, sir, is that we have acquired the Nixon Traction and Electric Company."

"We!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "We! How have we acquired it? I thought ——" But in this sentence he checked himself before betrayal should issue from his own mouth.

"I was authorized by you to invest certain funds and to shift other investments. Having a due regard to safety—and looking to the development and enlargement of this business—I found the securities of the Nixon company suitable. I purchased them. These gentlemen are exercised because I purchased more of them than are actually in being. Briefly, they have sold to us what they do not possess, and seem to be in a state of mind."

He turned to Lorillard. "Perhaps there has not been complete frankness in this organization," he said with meaning. "There seems to have been a certain modicum of working at cross purposes. Lorillard, you should never send a boy to mill."

Lorillard shot a glance, not complimentary or friendly, toward his recent guest. "One credits even a boy," he said in his chill voice, "with the decent honor of a gentleman."

Hiram's lip curled. "You are harsh," he said. "There has been no betrayal of confidence—only a bit of vanity and a trifling indiscretion. I understand there was a lady of high name aboard your yacht." He shrugged his shoulders. "That was indiscreet, Lorillard. It was inadequate judgment of men."

J. Steele bristled with rage. "Is it your purpose to insult me, Bond?"

"Oh, no," said Hiram wearily. "Not to insult—only to instruct."

Amasa, striving to recover from the shock of Hiram's announcement, lifted a hand which trembled. "Let us not raise our voices," he said. "May I know fully what has happened? It would seem to be my right. After all, Hiram, I occupy a certain position in this concern."

"The principal fact, sir—of which you are doubtless unaware—is that Wall Street has looked toward this region and the industries in which we are engaged. I believe the intention was to acquire Mr. Nixon's company as a nucleus, and, if possible, to combine it with ourselves or with Woodbury. It was not to our best interests. In this Woodbury agreed with me. As you know, and as I do not object to these gentlemen learning, the foundation stone of my policy is quasi-alliance with Peter C. Woodbury. The facts have justified it. The syndicate, of which Lorillard is the head and of which Nixon was the cat's-paw, now perceives it. They will not buy Nixon, because we own him. They will not buy us, sir, because"—and here he towered above Amasa—"because I do not propose to have my life's work destroyed by a fretful boy and a couple of spiteful women."

"Hiram! Hiram!"

"So," said Hiram, "I went into the market and dealt with these men. I manipulated tokens according to the custom of that place. I played their game of make believe and hide the thimble, buying and selling as very simple and elementary trickery caused the price to rise or fall. In these preliminary transactions our profits, sir, were upward of five million dollars—won playing a game—and I do not like games."

"Do you mean, Hiram, you made this sum in speculating on the stock market with funds of the Worthington companies?"

"I did not speculate," said Hiram dryly "I added five million to our assets and used it to buy for keeps. These gentlemen speculated. They are short of the market a great many thousand shares—which they cannot buy to cover. They are here to seek a settlement. I believe their desire was to eliminate me from this concern, and by methods which I cannot admire—using for that purpose tools which might well have declined to serve." He paused, and then, black, frowning, the embodiment of force, of will, of implacability: "And they shall pay!"

Lorillard played his one card. "Mr. Worthington," he said, "the decision rests with you. It is you who own and control this business, and your word is law. I understand you are not unfavorable to a sale to the syndicate. Let me state to you the advantages ——"

"No!" said Hiram—only the one word. It burst in that room as with the detonation of some mighty explosive, commanding silence, imposing his will. It was arrogance—the very vital essence of arrogance. But it sufficed. Lorillard halted, Amasa did not speak, could find no words. J. Steele scowled, glared, muttered in the humiliation of his impotence.

"This thing," said Hiram, "I will dictate, and I alone. Gentlemen, you have meddled. You shall find it expensive. It is a lesson to keep hands off this industry." Coldly, precisely, he named his terms.

"Amasa"—Nixon's voice was high and cracked—"I appeal to you."

Hiram's heavy jowls, clean-shaven under his huge mustache, were set as the rock of the hills; his large eyes in their caverns

(Continued on Page 127)

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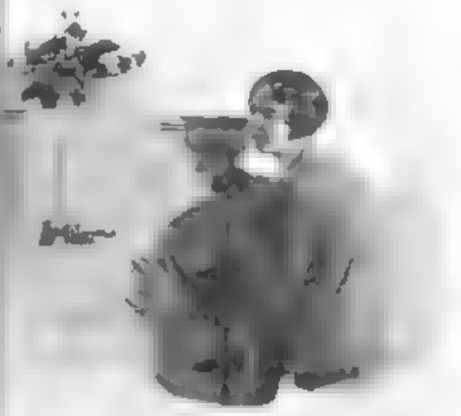

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878

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For six years after that, the Electrolux was perfected, tested, improved. Finally it was ready. Since its introduction the Electrolux has been gone over with microscopic thoroughness by architects, engineers, national and local testing bureaus, women's institutes, and leading public utility companies. In each case the final result was complete and enthusiastic approval.

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Above: The Chef Model—32⅞ in. wide, 25½ in. deep, 61½ in. high; has 7 cu. ft. of food space and makes 50 large ice cubes between meals.

The simplicity of the Electrolux is marvelous. A tiny gas flame, a mere trickle of water, a refrigerating liquid. And that's all. The heat from the gas flame (which is little bigger than a pilot light) turns the freezing liquid to vapor. The trickle of water changes it back again. This endless cycle of physical change produces intense cold.

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Once you light the flame, the action is continuous. It goes on without further attention from you. Should the flame ever go out for any reason, the freezing action stops, but no harm is done. The gas automatically shuts off and cannot flow again until you are ready to light it. The quantity of gas and water used is very small, which makes the Electrolux cost less to operate than any other system.

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In addition to the usual manufactured or natural gas, the Electrolux can be operated with tank gas or a small electric element.

At the display rooms of your own gas company or other Electrolux distributor you will find an interesting range of sizes and models to suit any requirement. All models may be had in white or your choice of four beautiful color combinations. Prices range from $225 to $550, f. o. b. Evansville, Indiana. If not convenient to call in person, use the coupon below to bring full information about the Electrolux Refrigerator. Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind

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(Continued from Page 124)

beneath his bushing brows were cold steel, implacable.

"Those are the terms," he said. "No man can alter them."

There was silence—the silence of defeat. Lorillard cast one glance at J. Steele which caused the young man to writhe inwardly. Then Lorillard moved his shoulders and bowed—a gentleman, courtly, incapable of making himself despicable by groveling as the others would have groveled.

"Then," he said, "there is an end to it. Good day, gentlemen."

So, followed by the others, he left the office with head high and dignity unimpaired. Hiram nodded as he disappeared—a nod which might have been one of approval.

Now he was alone with father and son—alone in a heavy silence which ground upon J. Steele unbearably, which accused his father bitterly.

"Hiram ——" he said.

"This, sir," interrupted Hiram, "is why I am weary."

"Hiram ——"

"You"—the huge man leveled his finger at J. Steele—"would be rid of me. You plot with women, and a mess you have made of it. I have saved your father from the results of your nonsense."

"Hiram—Hiram, will you listen to me?" Amasa's voice was pleading.

"And how do I revenge myself?" Hiram demanded. "Let the balance sheet show you! I have seized a new kingdom for you, sir. You now stand as the head of the greatest organization of its kind in the world. And in actual cash, tricked from these tricksters, I have added to your wealth, not thousands, nor hundreds of thousands, but millions. . . . And you would be rid of me!"

"Not I, Hiram. Not I. My boy ——"

"I am tired," said Hiram. "Not wearied by labor, by working for you in daylight and planning for you in darkness, but by the strain, the worry, the anxiety lest all I have done should be destroyed by the treachery of those whom I have created—yes, by the eternal God, those I have created!"

"Jonathan," said Amasa, and his old face worked with emotions, with remorse, with fear, with grief—a grief not discreditable to him—"will you withdraw? I wish to talk with Hiram—alone."

Presently, when they two were face to face, with no other ears to hear, Amasa spoke: "Let us forget this, Hiram. You have said bitter things. You have overridden me in my own office, making me appear a thing of pasteboard in the eyes of strangers. But let us forget."

"It is the end," said Hiram. He clenched his great fist and held it before him as if by mere strength of muscle he would hold himself in check. "I could not endure another scene such as this. It is the end."

"No, my boy, it is not the end. It must not be the end. I—see, I confess it to you, I acknowledge it—I cannot go on without you, Hiram. I should be lost. I am an old man—an old man—and the immensity of this thing frightens me. You have built it, Hiram, almost against my will. Secretly, as I lay in the darkness, I have admitted these things to myself. Now I admit them to you. Without your shoulder, Hiram, I should fall."

"Loyalty," said Hiram, "cannot live upon disloyalty."

"Promise me, my boy, that while I live you will not desert me. I am sixty-seven, Hiram. The day cannot be far distant. Stay with me, Hiram, to the end."

"And Jonathan—and the women?" Hiram asked.

Amasa's lips pressed together between the halves of his white beard. "They shall be made to understand," he said.

Hiram walked to the window and stood immobile, looking down upon the great reaches of the Worthington plant, remembering what it was, how it looked, the tiniest of it on that day when his life joined itself with Amasa's life—with Amasa, who was now sixty-seven! His brooding face betrayed none of the thoughts which occupied his mind—none of the exultation of victory, none of the calculation which went into every uttered word, every gesture, every silence.

Through this brief interview he had built adroitly, cunningly. He had worked upon the old gentleman, bullied, threatened, accused—but not unforgivably. He had been cautious not to step beyond a point where forgiveness would be impossible and that pride and dignity which were the corner stone of Amasa's character be offended past reconciliation. Even now he timed his silence to give fear its stint to perform.

But at last he turned, not graciously, but as one wearied to exhaustion, as one who gives up a vision of peace for unwelcome turmoil. He passed his hand through the air, as if it were almost too heavy for him to move, and sighed.

"There's nothing to do," he said in a tone of exhaustion, "but to remain." But in his heart he was saying: "Now I'm secure. While he lives, I'm secure. . . . But then?"

The old gentleman came toward him, tremulous, almost tottering, and gripped each of Hiram's arms in thin, veined hands—gripped and clung to them.

"Thank you, my boy," he said, and his voice was little more than a whisper.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AMERICANUS SUM

(Continued from Page 13)

Wouldn't have been noticed on any beach in the States, but they wanted to get shocked and they were havin' a fine time."

"I didn't mean that kind. I ran into a man I know this afternoon, just after I saw you. He's so miserable over here he doesn't know what he's doing."

Delray shrugged. The gesture was brief and European. His shoulders stiffened a trifle in his jacket. It was unlike Freddie's big hitch of muscles. He sat as the perfect cosmopolite nibbling pink melon and might have been any nation's polished product. His clothes come from the famous Spanish tailor who has dimmed various reputations in London for making a coat fit. His black hair and his narrow face suggest Spain, unless you happen to know that his great-grandmother was a Delaware squaw, and his voice is cleverly English.

"The miserablest people I ever see are Europeans lost in America. But their training in swank," he drawled, "is better than ours. They carry it off. We're such timid animals that we can't brazen a thing out."

"Timid!"

"*Si. Ja. Oui.* Yes," said Delray. "I used to be, myself. When I was a forlorn unit of the American Expeditionary Forces in 1917, Europe scared me as much as it does any waif and stray from Lutherville. Only, I got over it. . . . Eh?"

"What made you think of Lutherville, Kurt? The homesick fellow I was talking about is Freddie Gross, James Gross' son. He's boss of Lutherville. Inherited his father's job. What made you think of Lutherville?"

"My sister lives there. Dad had a church there. Died there in 1914."

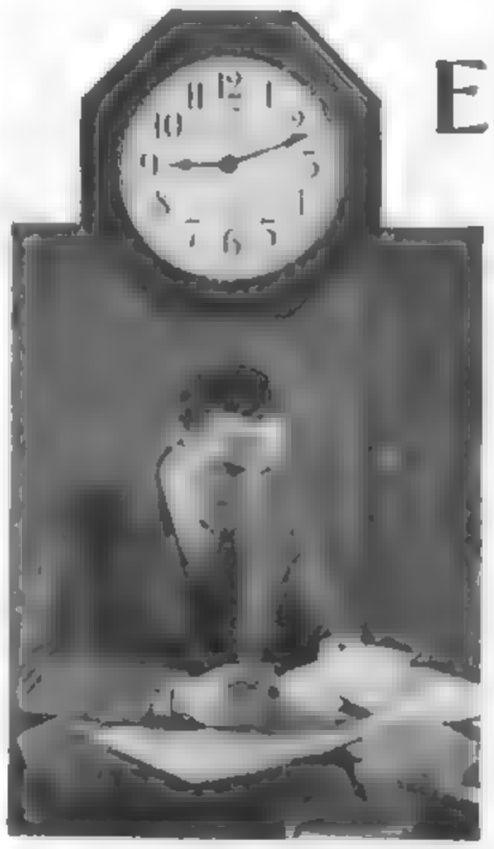
"I thought you were from Illinois somewhere, Kurt."

"So I am. But preachers' children get moved around. I lived in Lutherville for five years."

"Did you ever meet Doctor Gross?"

"Old Tiberius? Yes, sometimes," Delray said.

"You remember that book of Kenton's too?" (Continued on Page 129)



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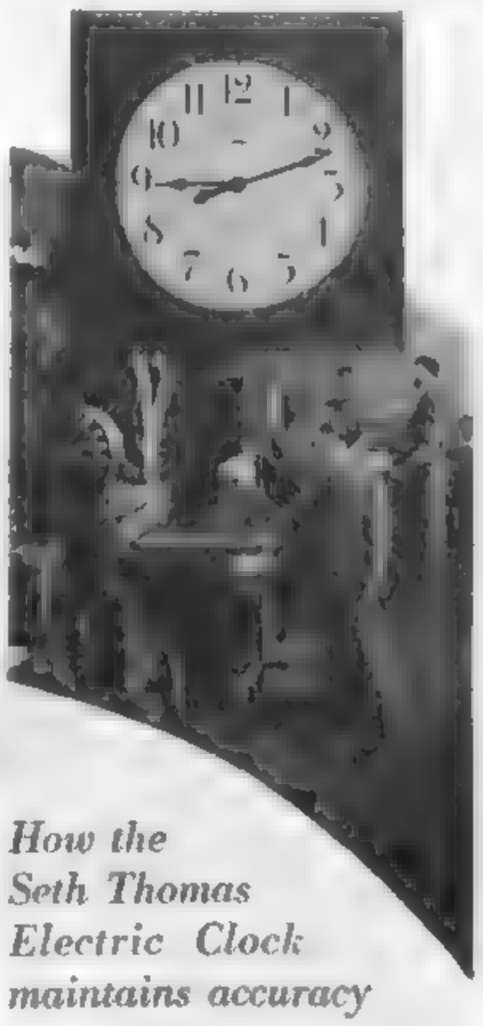

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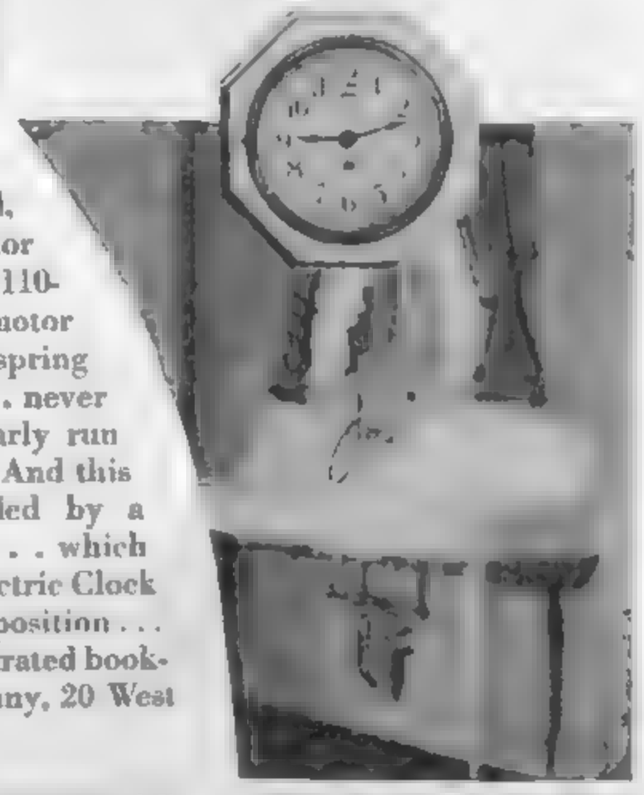

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(Continued from Page 127)

"Surely. Used to know it by heart. All budding reporters admired Kenton's stuff. He could make somethin' out of nothin' better than any other muckraker of the time. He's pretty tame now. He can't rave and tear his hair out on paper over a *crime passionel* or a strike the way he used to. He seems to lack conviction, or maybe the poor sod's stopped believin' evil of everybody."

"You and I do agree about one American vice, Kurt. We are a credulous lot."

The expert in publicity leaned back from his finished melon.

"I think it's because we're timid. I mean timid in the sense of bein' unwilling to examine the appearance of evil—a trust or a political scandal or a French actress—unsentimentally. Take Kenton's book on Doctor Gross. What's the actual truth there? Gross was as harmless as a bottle of milk. He was elected mayor on a reform ticket in '94 to get the town rid of an Irish-German-Yankee machine that kept Lutherville in debt. He was rich. His dad bought half the county in 1842 for five hundred dollars. Doctor Gross did modernize the schools and the paving and put the city on a decent financial basis. And he ran the place politically. There wasn't any protest. The only dirt the other party ever could rake up was that he wasn't a conventional Christian. An' how Kenton made that sound in his book! Do you remember the book?"

"Not any too well, Kurt."

"It went thus: Doctor Gross had gone out to his ranch in Oregon with his wife, who was gettin' over a bad typhoid. Kenton was sent to Lutherville to report a strike in a paper-box factory. Gross had nothing to do with the strike. It wasn't his factory. But it got pretty bad and the mayor asked the governor for militia, and there was a riot and a newsboy was killed. Kenton unearths the not too amazing fact that the newsie's mother was a light woman. He was appalled to discover some sin in a population of ninety thousand, so he started ravin' like a banshee with a bellyache."

"That's coarse, Kurt."

"He raved," Delray said, "like a dervish with sore bunions on a hot desert. His immediate impulse was to blame Gross for everything in Lutherville. The other party told him that Gross was an intellectual deist and he raved about that. His stuff went big in New York. His paper gave him a column on the front page. He'd walk out of the Pioneer Hotel and just see some more evil staring him in the face. The best he could unearth was some small-time graft in the police department. But he called Gross a lewd old Tiberius revelin' in a filthy villa in Oregon while a corrupted municipality groaned under his sway. It was good rural newspaper writing, and our sophisticated metropolis always falls for it heavy.

"Then he added the necessary touch of sex. Gross came on from Oregon and wired a friend to get his house open and to be there when he arrived. The friend happened to be a young married woman—Mrs. Lovejoy. Kenton got hold of the telegram and printed it. A funny poet on his paper in New York wrote a jingle about the name Lovejoy. The paper apologized when Dick Lovejoy brought an action in libel. But it was rather late. Polly Lovejoy didn't dare leave Lutherville for years. She was always being asked if she was 'the' Mrs. Lovejoy. Mrs. Gross had a nervous collapse over the scandal an' died. But Kenton got his book out for the Christmas trade and it sold to beat time."

"A hundred and fifty thousand, Freddie Gross says. . . . He hates Kenton still."

"I don't see why he should love Kenton," Delray drawled.

"Why hate a bundle of empty emotionalism, Kurt? *Americanus sum!* Kenton's one of our annoying American types. He's a form of rural virtue without any intellect. But the man's sincere enough."

The publicity expert moved in his chair and grimaced.

"Sincere! I hate that American cant. You say that X is a lousy playwright and his ideas are sentimental yawp, but he's a good moral citizen and sincere! What of it? Kenton's made money ever since he jumped off his country-town paper by being sincere. He raves! He denounces! He calls down fire from heaven to destroy the wicked rich. He's got a thirty-foot house in New York and a two-hundred-acre dairy farm in Wisconsin out of his raving. It's paid him to rave, hasn't it? He could attack anything from a play to a political party. He isn't what he was, but he certainly dragged it in while he had his punch! Yes, it paid him to rave!"

"Kurt, it pays you to make up funny names for new soaps. Heaven knows what you get for advertising fresh types of motor cars!"

"I advertise commodities, not my immaculate virtue."

"All right," I said, amused enough to argue. "But Kenton thinks he's a virtuous man. He doesn't smoke or drink because his mother back in Wisconsin told him not to. He's a good husband to a singularly dowdy wife, who calls him Ownie. He's a country-newspaper reporter, with a feeling for splashy moralistic writing, who made good."

"There's another Americanism I can't stand. Made good! Made what good? Has he ever made anything good?"

"He made good, Kurt, as a sensational reporter. I don't admire the breed. His virtues are purely negative. He only knows how to denounce. He can't actually criticize. Why get so excited about it?"

"Because I hate seein' a faker get away with bloody murder," said Delray.

His accurate English accent had slipped from his voice. It was husky and rapid, charging from his lips at me. A whirling noise of brass and drums began on his last word. The eight men of the orchestra had commenced an air in their alcove lined with brown carvings. Delray shrugged and lifted some sole to his mouth. I lay back to hear the tune and was again in Europe, under a ceiling fifteen feet above my head, painted in the depth of wooden squares with the arms of cities. Waiters seemed to have no feet on mulberry rugs. Europe blended here its tastes, its objects, its selections, in a tranquil luxury. Red French wine shivered in our tall Dutch glasses as the cymbals rang.

A grave page was handing Spanish fans to ladies from a basket rimmed with gardenias. Someone carried past us a mound of whipped cream veiled in the silver of spun sugar. And the music, after its loud beginning, became a whimpering of the violins, a love song from old Hungary. We had been fighting over some incredible raw creature on another planet. I did not believe in Owen Kenton while the music lasted and I did not want to hear any more about him when it ceased.

"Who's this terrible sinner you're taking me to see, Kurt?"

"Helena Lorber."

"Stuff and rubbish! She was an old woman in 1910, when she acted over in the States! You mean Cleopatra, don't you?"

"I mean Helena Lorber," he said

"But she must be sixty-five or seventy!"

"I'd say seventy-two or three. She says she was fifty when she was in the States. That's 1909. Give her two or three years more for good measure."

"But what's she live up here for?"

"Political reasons. The cruel, hard-hearted French Government gave her twenty-four hours to get into Switzerland in 1915. She's an Austrian, remember."

"Really?"

"Very really. She's been living in The Hague for four or five years. It's comfortable here if you've any money at all. She can't get back into France or get passports for England. But this is all right. I came up to see her last year about an indorsement for a face cream. But she wanted too darn much money. She's the most avaricious old hag I've ever tried to do business with. And she has so much

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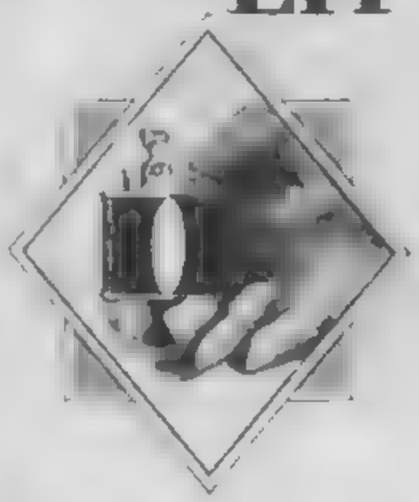

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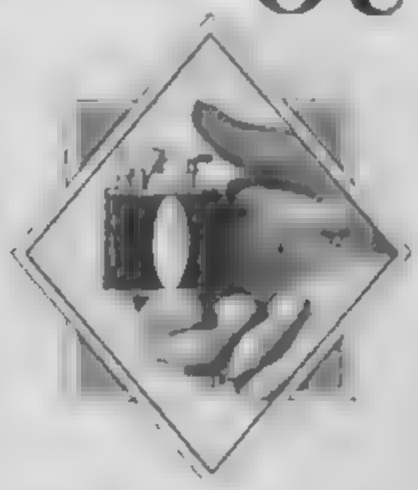

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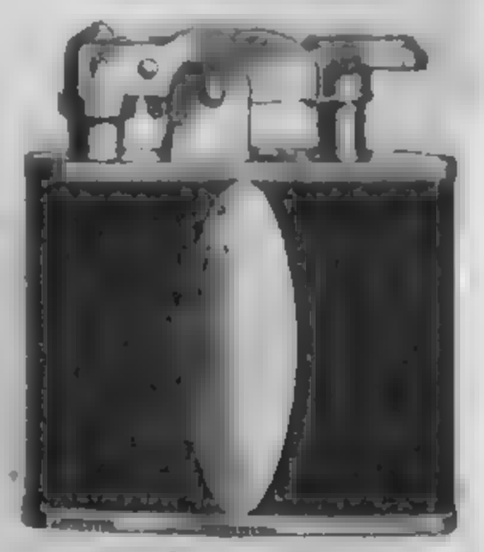

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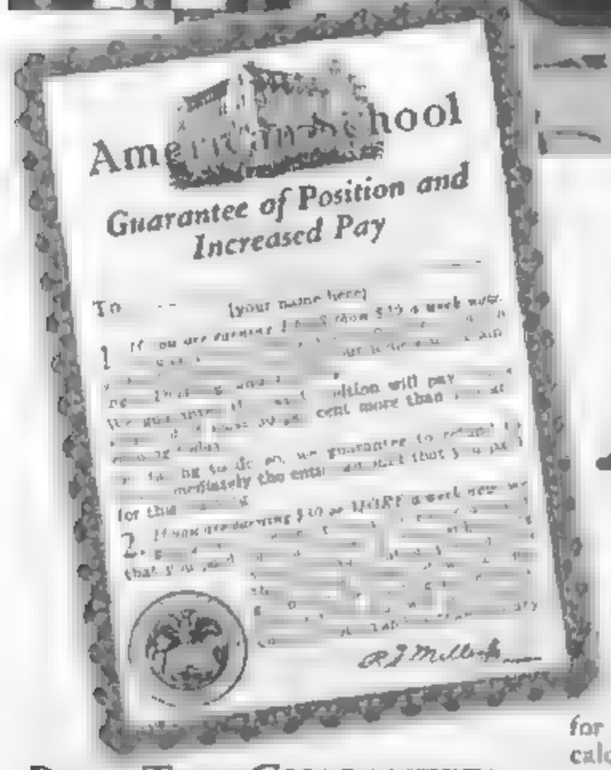

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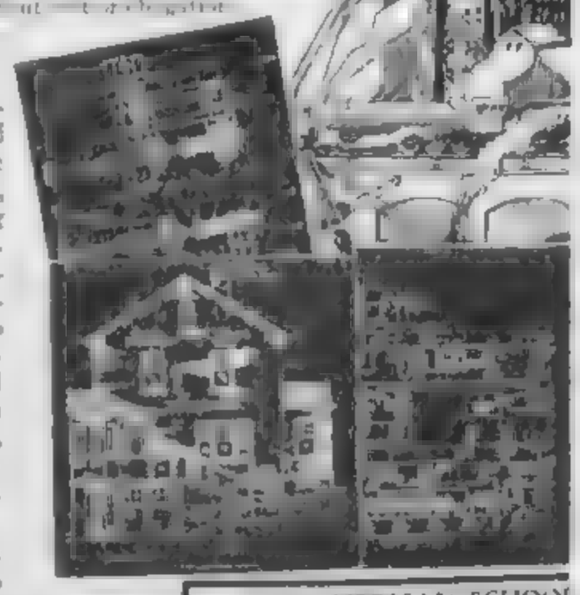

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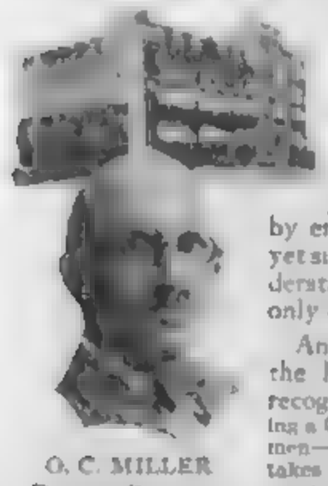

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money you can't beat her down. . . . Nothing left in the way of looks."

"She never had much, Kurt. Painted her face so that she looked like a mask."

"Precisely. That's what made all the wise boys on the newspapers say she was so mysterious and remote. Nobody knew what she really looked like. And one is born every minute, and you can fool all of the people some of the time an' some of them all the time," he grinned.

"And she was a second-rate actress."

"She knows it," he said, "as well as anybody. But she could fool some of 'em all of the time. . . . Interestin' old blackguard."

"What's she do with herself these days?"

"Polishes her diamonds and thinks up new ways of being nasty."

"As how?"

"A really nice old girl," he drawled, "would not send a venerable statesman who'd never met her, word that she had a compromising letter he'd written to a political go-between back in 1888, just when the poor old gent was getting ready to attend his granddaughter's wedding."

"Blackmail?"

"What an ugly word! Don't be so crude! This is civilized territory! She's always had a cunning little habit of knowing awkward things about people, that's all. You mustn't use such words as 'blackmail.' It's crude."

"I'm just a poor American tourist, Kurt."

Outside the deep window many trees faded graciously into a polite darkness. It was almost nine o'clock, but there was still light above the empty park. In this corner of The Hague there is so little traffic that bicycle bells made a rather vulgar, startling noise. Some drivers were talking among dim cars on the pavement and a footman in white stockings strolled out to have a cigarette with someone. Nothing obtruded from this placid gloom. The exterior served the interior. We were in the best restaurant of Holland, dining to excellent music, and nothing was allowed to meddle with us. Nothing must be crude. Even the bill was handed to me in a casual way, as if it didn't matter. And the driver of an open carriage bowed terrifically to our white shirts as he took Kurt's order.

"You haven't told me what you're doing in Holland."

"I'm up here on a deal," he yawned. "Going home next month."

"You're over here more than half the time, aren't you?"

"Sure. As long as America likes to be hornswoggled by European products I might as well get the good of the bargain. But it's getting harder to float a new style in decoration or a new toilet water in the States. We're beginning to make our own rubbish pretty well."

"Think so?"

"The fine things in Europe," he said, "are nailed to the soil or locked up in galleries, except music. That can pass anywhere. The kind of thing I write publicity for is mostly just pretty hokum—impermanent twaddle. . . . This is Smid's Water."

"I've been looking at it half the afternoon," I said.

We trailed across the bridge, and I gulped, not caring if Kurt heard me, because a moon was bulging up behind some chimneys and the glow began to fall on this thin lagoon, and on the flowers in the tied barge, where a man was smoking by himself. This was cut in the soil of Europe, built upon it and could not be exported. The trees and the still houses and the stone were dappled suddenly with silver paint, dripping from the moon.

"However," Delray said, "ten thousand Americans are sitting in cafés in Paris looking at the cars go by."

"I could retort that a few thousand Americans'll be sitting in canoes or verandas on a little lake outside Lutherville watching this moon, Kurt."

"I don't mind," he drawled.

He was still beside me on the cushions as we rounded some corners and entered a wide street. People on tiny balconies had stepped through long windows or paused on sidewalks to watch this moon.

"Tell me, how much sense of honor has the usual American—the ones you and I know—men like Freddie Gross?"

"Pretty broad, Kurt. Honor in what sense?"

"Is he," Kurt asked, "able to criticize his own emotions and impulses better than an Owen Kenton? Is his sense of honor an—an unwillingness to be as small as he's tempted to be? Does his moralizing come to much?"

"Golly, you're serious tonight!"

The carriage stopped. We walked between gateposts and up a short bit of flagging to a door. A manservant put our hats on an old Flemish bench where a gray hat lay already, and then backed from us toward some stairs. Madame, he said in French, was still taking coffee with her guest, but Monsieur Delray was to come up at once when he arrived.

"I'll go up. You," Kurt told me, "wait in there."

I walked into an oval room lighted by a dome of silk that rose from a gilded stave. Somebody puffed as I stepped into the chamber. It was the pant of a person taken wholly by surprise. Owen Kenton lurched out of a rosy chair and then sat down again. In a round mirror behind his head I saw my mouth open and my tie astray under my chin. I thought sharply that Kurt Delray was a swine for not warning me that my tie was crooked. Then Kenton and I had to look at each other. One of his thick-soled, sensible brown shoes slid out a way on the rug and slipped back nervously under his chair.

"It certainly is a small world!"

"Awfully," I said, and straightened my tie.

There was a pause. The bearded plump man was in a paralysis, scared of me. But he sat and beamed, and I saw that his gray trousers needed pressing before he began to swing his glasses on their worn black ribbon. He got back his air of benevolent virtue as he inspected me. After thirty years of New York and travel, he still managed to look a nice citizen from Wisconsin.

"Mrs. Kenton well?"

"Yes, thanks. She's on our place out in Wisconsin—didn't come over with me. Ella isn't much of a sailor, to tell the truth. She thought she'd come along and then she decided not to. She's mighty fond of the farm. Gets right out and does chores with the boys. We keep three men pretty busy the year round."

He got some nerve back by just speaking. His heavy drawling voice filled the low room and a crystal drop hung to a toy on the mantelshelf vibrated trivially. But he had to go on speaking.

"My youngest boy runs the place. . . . Well, I thought you'd be in Paris."

I loathed him violently for pretending to think about me at all. It was not logical loathing. It was mere emotion begotten of the little hypocrisy.

"Why?"

"It's where you young intellectuals hang your hats, isn't it?"

"I'm not an intellectual," I said, "and I'll be forty in sixteen months. I hate Paris, anyhow."

Mr. Kenton asked, putting his glasses on, "Now just what would you call an intellectual if you had to give anybody a definition?"

"A person whose thought is directed and not subject to emotional accidents or permanent images."

Any collection of words would have done. He was not listening to what I said with much interest. He just wanted a conversation to keep on.

"Yes, but what are permanent images?"

"First conceptions of—of virtues or esthetic values that never alter."

If he believed that meant anything at all, he gave no attention to it. He was wanting to get into the hall and grab his

(Continued on Page 133)

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(Continued from Page 130)

gray hat from the bench. But he had to pretend to be at ease. Meantime his brown shoes flickered on the rug.

"Ever been in Holland before?"

"No."

"Well, it's certainly a pretty country."

"This seems," I said, "rather a pretty house."

"You know Madame Lorber?"

"No. A friend brought me in to meet her."

There was some change or other in his wide face, above the beard. His voice dropped. He was more at ease.

"She's a mighty interesting woman. Met her years back. I was doing some articles on the theater in 1909. I ripped into a couple of her shows and she fired back at me. We had it hot and heavy, I can tell you! She had the European point of view about plays and she can put up a good argument."

"Clever woman, they tell me," I said.

"Yes, she is. I bet we wrote each other nine or ten letters."

If he had not looked so hard at his feet, saying that, I suppose I would not have noticed that he was lying. But he was lying. An object in my brain melted. I became comfortably credulous, ready to believe what Freddie Gross had said. Mr. Owen Kenton had not been writing to Helena Lorber about plays or points of view in the theater. But this conversation must go on.

"Did you find those pieces she played in so objectionable?"

"Yes; back then. I hate morbidity. She put up an argument about that thing – I forget the name of it—the one with a woman's name to it, being just the same plot as Macbeth. But you get the poetry and all that in Shakspere. You just got the morbid side of it in her show."

"You mean that Mr. Shakspere's poetry excuses his nasty, lifelike ideas about people?"

Mr. Kenton pointed a finger at me and said archly, "Now you're trying to get me into an argument! . . . Well, tastes differ. But I can't like these psychological pieces that pry into morbid tendencies. Now"—he waved the finger—"a progressive theater ought to show us humanity on the uplift, getting nearer its ideals, instead of going back on them. It ——"

"It seems unfortunate," I said, "that the best dramatists have always gone in for showing us the other angels—the bright red ones with bats' wings. And I'm not sure just what humanity's ideals are. They seem to be rather mixed. It isn't"—Freddie Gross walked into the room, but I went on speaking—"easy to say what other people's ideals are."

Freddie had walked into the room. Everything altered with the thuds of his big feet on the floor. His mussy hair was pale somewhere close to the ceiling. He appeared to be plainer than usual, and his shoulders were curiously appalling. I thought that if he picked Kenton out of his chair and threw him around the room I ought to make some kind of gentlemanly protest.

"You're Mr. Kenton?"

"Yes. Is madame too busy to see me?"

"No," said Freddie.

Owen Kenton looked up at the giant in a polite way and must have seen that he was an American—another American in this rosy French room. For it thrust itself out of Freddie that he was an American. A flag seemed to hang over him. He was huge, incalculably strong, able to do anything, and pathetically dangerous.

"Haven't I—met you some place, young man?"

"I wouldn't meet you," Freddie said, "any place. My name's Gross. I'm James Gross' son—Lutherville."

His hands were in his pockets, but every time his mouth let a word out he cuffed the older man's head. Kenton nodded four times. Then he sat looking at Freddie and swung his glasses on a finger. A simple desolation made the room darker. They looked at each other with hate and fear while a moth coasted the silken dome of the lamp close to me.

"Madame Lorber wrote you that she had thirty letters you sent her in the summer of 1909. She said what she'd take for them. You've come here to buy them. That's so, isn't it?"

"Look out, Freddie!" Kurt Delray said, behind him. "Keep your shirt on!"

He was an amazing relief to me. His hair was so smooth and black and his vest was so precisely buttoned inside the jacket. He stood in the doorway with a cigar in his fingers, a figure of civilization.

"I don't—just understand your—position in this business, Mr. Gross."

"I've got the letters," said Freddie. "She's sold them to me. You wanted her to elope with you. You were making love to her. I've got the letters."

Kenton got up out of his chair and brought his hands together in front of his waist as if he were dashing water drops from them. But after the noise of his movement he said nothing and did nothing—just stood there. If he would only say something I could stir and clear my throat and ask Freddie to behave himself. I had congealed inside my clothes and was made of frozen meat. Freddie's lips kept trembling and his chin was sunk on his chest.

"You—haven't any right to those letters."

"She sold 'em to me."

"But they're my letters!"

"She sold 'em to me."

"But," Owen Kenton yelled, "they're my letters!"

Kurt Delray drawled, "You hadn't any hesitation about buying a telegram from Doctor Gross to my sister, Mr. Kenton. It wasn't your telegram."

"Who's your sister?"

"A Mrs. Lovejoy," Delray said, "of Lutherville. You've probably forgotten her."

Kenton made the funny gesture with his hands again and stepped back. He sat down, but the chair slid from him and he ended slowly on the floor. None of us smiled or stirred. I was hauling what had happened together in my mind. They had been waiting here in The Hague for this man to come for his silly letters.

"But they're my letters!"

"She sold 'em to me," said Freddie.

The man on the floor drew his legs up and then he began to swing his glasses from a finger. Two dots of brightness balanced to and fro.

"I did put some—some jocose nonsense into one of the letters about being willing to elope with Madame Lorber—just persiflage. But they're my letters! This isn't ——"

"Yes?"

"It's not fair play!"

"The hell you say!" said Freddie.

He walked out of the room. Something metallic on the door clicked crisply as he shut it. There was no noise of his feet outside the house. I remembered that his shoes had rubber heels. They deaden shock, I thought.

"I—wanted those letters. I'm writing my autobiography. There were—some interesting things in those letters—opinions. Madame Lorber and I exchanged opinions on the morality of the theater. I wanted them."

Delray was staring at him with brows drawn together above his nose. He seemed to be thinking of something else than the man bundled up on the floor.

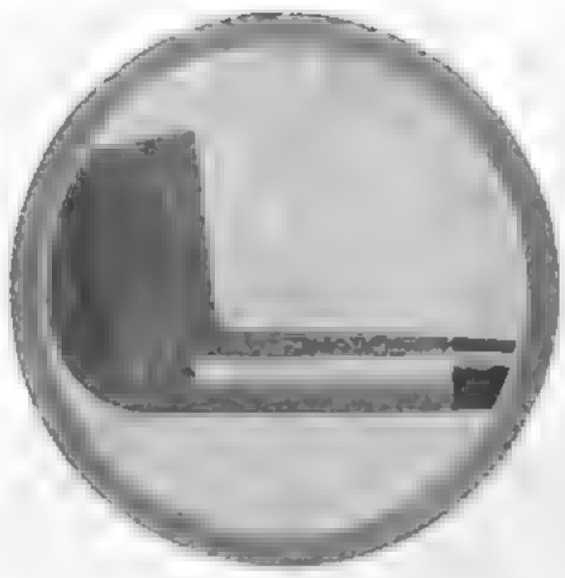
But he said, "Don't talk rot, Mr. Kenton. I've read them."

"But they're my letters!"

"I know that."

He was not thinking of Kenton at all, but he went on looking at the rumpled man as Kenton got up. He was really following Freddie Gross with his mind and wanting to know something about him. He went on watching Kenton, though, and shook his head as the man grabbed my arm.

"We'd Ella and I—disagreements. I—— This woman—I only met her once.



The Hesson Guard keeps the shank clean and the whole pipe sweet and mellow. It prevents condensation

Drier by far if equipped with *the Hesson Guard*

(PATENTED 12 22-26)

A BRIAR that is clean and dry means smoke that is mellow and sweet. Here is a pipe with an always spotless shank—one in which moisture is not collected—but condensation *prevented*. The full-flavored tobacco smoke is pure and mellow always. Demuth Milano pipes stay sweet—thanks to the Hesson Guard.

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The pipes shown below are Demuth Milano smooth No. 1511 and ripple No. 1645. Wm. Demuth & Co., 230 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 173 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.; 216 Pine Street, San Francisco, Calif. Established 1862.

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The ventilating function of the FRANCISCO is a safety item as well as a hygiene feature. The constant inflow of fresh, warm air prevents steaming and frosting of the windshield and other glass.

Your FRANCISCO Heater is waiting. It is simple and easy to install, never in the way, requires no attention and will outlast the car itself.

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Called on her in the theater. I did write to her! But they're my letters! And that was in 1909! Don't you see? It was in 1909! I can't have this happen! I can't have it happen to me! I can't ——"

"What happens to you," said Delray, "is awfully important, isn't it?"

Kenton stopped shaking my arm and stared at the man in the doorway with his lips apart. Then he bleated out some sound or other and dropped on his knees. I think he said, "I can't have ——" before he began to cry. But I was getting out of the house just then and so I am not sure. I left a very decent German straw hat there and did not think about it for several days.

But I was between the white gateposts of the place when someone looked at me with a fearful force and I had to twist about to look up at a person in white glittering on a balcony above the doorway. The moon pointed out that she had diamonds on her neck and her fingers and a kind of veil cast around her shoulders. She appeared to be plump. Madame Lorber may have enjoyed watching the moon or men bouncing out of her front door. She remained extremely inscrutable while I looked at her. Then I went galloping down the street after Freddie Gross.

Freddie was visible and his shadow was a black banner dragged behind him on the Dutch sidewalk, shifting and flickering rapidly as he strode. He stands nearly six-feet-four and his strides are considerable. I galloped. My feet banged on the stones so that a man with brass pieces on his cap spun on the other sidewalk to peer at me. The notion of being arrested in a language I can't speak made me slow down and Freddie blinked out of sight around a corner. When I got to the corner he was crossing this next street to another corner, and when I got to that corner he was lighting his cigarette in front of a gleaming shop. Several people in this street looked at me with interest and spoke to one another in Dutch. I got past them with some dignity and Freddie glanced at me when I came alongside. I have always sympathized with tugs trying to keep up with ocean liners.

"Say, Freddie!"

"Shut up!"

I had to, being breathless. We walked along and came to the next corner. The moon brightened on my sweating hands and made Freddie's freckles dark, a sort of mask on his face. But there was the bridge over Smid's Water and it hurt me that I must not stop to look at the flowers and the moon and the dimly moving canal. Anyhow I mustn't let him hurt this crybaby back there. I began to pile up noble phrases. Freddie was shivering all over. If you have hunted something for years and found it, and it isn't what you thought it was, you are likely to shiver. When he stopped in the middle of the bridge I opened my mouth.

"Shut up, will you?"

"All right, Freddie."

He hunched down on the rail. The moon was so high now that the whole stretch of the canal to the next bridge twinkled and wavered softly, and two men sitting among the flowers of the barge were plainly playing cards on a flat box. All these houses with their open windows and the trees, like fountains of carved jewels, hung in the noiseless air, with the moon afloat very close to them, as they seemed to wait for Freddie to do something. When he took a package out of his pocket the moon and the trees waited. The letters made gentle flaps on the water and did not run away, but drifted so slowly that I could almost count them, passing from us. Then he crossed his arms on the rail and put his face on them.

"Good boy!"

"Shut up!"

Kurt Delray came lightly up, after five minutes, and I walked back to one of the corners with him. The moon made his face pure chocolate. I was delighted to see that his tie had got out of order, for once, and that he was nervous.

"You arranged it all very well, I think."

"That poor cow'll die of this," said Kurt. "We—we can't let ——"

"The letters are in the canal, Kurt."

He said, "Oof! Thank the Lord! You're a better talker than I thought you were!"

"I didn't talk. He did it himself."

"Good boy! The nearer he got to it, the less he liked it. I told him this spring. . . . Thought he'd do just about this when he came to the point. Revenge is a curiously artificial thing, isn't it? . . . Well, how much sense of honor has an average American?"

"Some of them have a very high sense of honor," I said, "and some of them are awfully important to themselves. Do go and put that bleating camel out of his misery, Kurt!"

"He's in a cab around the corner. He says Ella's the best little woman in the world and he's going straight home to Wisconsin, and he'll be grateful to his dying day if Freddie plays fair—and think how his children would suffer if anything happened to him!"

"Kurt, have you been giving that ass a moral lecture?"

"I'm an American, and I'm as moral as anybody between Golden Gate and the Statue of Liberty. Of course I have. . . . See you in New York in August. Good night."

He went around the corner and I went back to Freddie. His head was still on his arms, but he heard me and spoke.

"I'm a fool!"

"No, Fred."

"Aw, shut up! I've wasted five weeks on this—this slop. An' there was a big meetin' of the school board on Wednesday, an' tonight's anniversary at the club. Biggest dance of the year, and I never missed out on it except the time I was in the Army."

He spoke from an intense woe, and I did not even grin at the moon. For he would not be wholly happy again until he was rolling down to bullyrag the fire commissioner and the police commissioner and the school board about his town, and having a row over the greens at his country club with the Dago grass cutters, and settling a fracas between the caddie master and the house committee.

"The dance hasn't started yet, Freddie."

"Aw," he said, "shut up!"

But he still did not lift his head. He had closed out from his eyes this old, cold beauty to which he did not belong, and I knew what he was seeing. . . . Many motors would be storming up the driveway from Lincoln Avenue to scare the chipmunks in dry shrubbery beside sun-blistered steps of the veranda, and girls would shriek getting down on watered gravel, and a whole line of youngsters would be waiting at the top of the steps to see what was coming in, their tanned faces and smooth heads bobbing in a perpetual restlessness of unrestrained muscle. And the music would bang and jabber in the white ballroom fearfully decked with paintings of Indians and fur traders and blue soldiers of the Civil War. It would not be suave, tonight, at the Lakeside Club, and the food would be rather bad, and men would be hunting strayed flasks among the cars. But canoes would be shoving off from the float down where the narrow lake begins on a shelf of rock, and cigarettes would sparkle, and voices would laugh in long crashes when a fleet joke broke loose, and the pines on the bank would be shimmering with fireflies.

"It's too bad, Freddie."

"Aw," he said, "shut up!"

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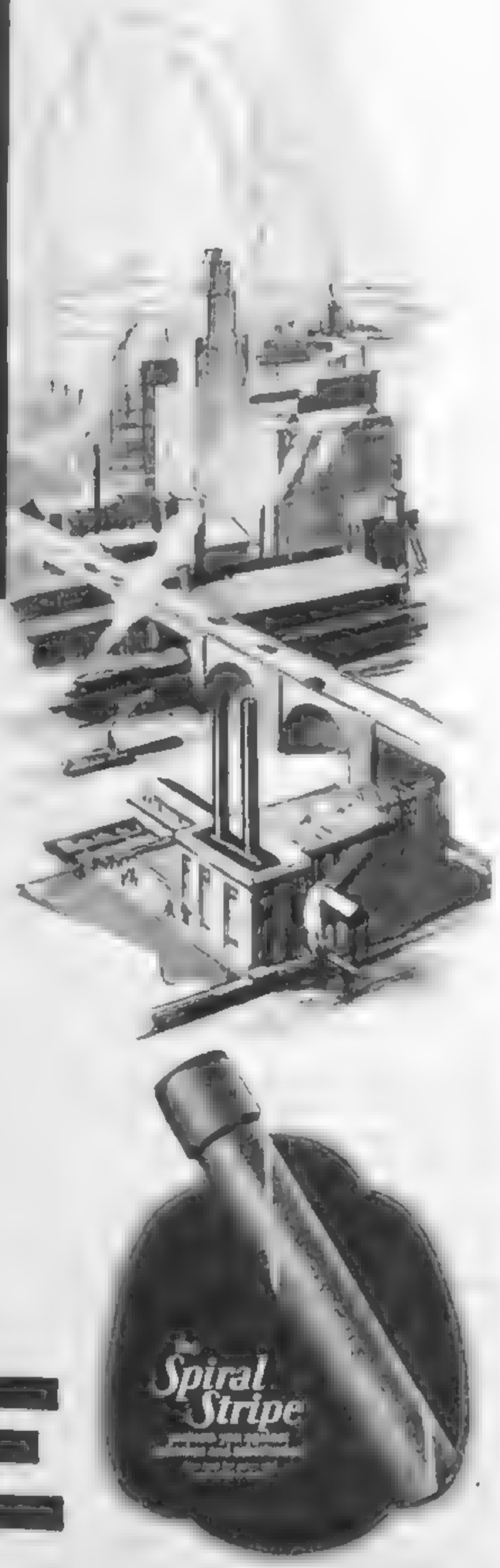

BUT don't you see, when you tell me that one kind of pipe costs fifty per cent more, or five hundred per cent more than another, you haven't really said anything? If I tell my tailor to put a better set of buttons on a suit of clothes, the buttons might cost double, but the suit won't. Pipe in the stock pile doesn't interest us, Burnham. What interests us is a heating or power system. When we get them installed, what are they going to cost? Compare good wrought iron with the cheapest pipe you can buy; and see what difference there is in the systems *installed.*

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Well, after all, Mr. Pike, five hundred dollars is five hundred dollars; and you told us to pare down wherever we could.

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Very well, Mr. Pike, I assure you nothing could suit me better. I just didn't know how you'd feel. Byers suits me.

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BYERS PIPE
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

BRICKS

(Continued from Page 15)

him on the bricks so he could take care of her. The range walker thought it was a joke, him praying that way every night. So old Henegan, the warden, got hold of it, of course.

I got to know Baby Face pretty well. And I looked up his record. Now, here comes the rub. Reading that record you'd figure him out as a pretty shrewd little gun. There wasn't anything in his packet to show that he was a nut or a cry-baby. He'd got a rumble while he and his pal were looting a café locker. His pal turned the fan on, but Baby Face couldn't make it. He got cornered in an alley and he had his heat out and was ready to fog with Johnny Law when a stray pea got him in the leg. He brought in thirty years flat and had done four. Nor did his packet say anything about his folks, although the warden had tacked on a couple of the nut letters from his mother.

The herders always used to kid Baby Face a lot. He hadn't been under the Big Top long before it got around that he was a harmless nut. He used to act as messenger boy for the croaker. Convicts call doctors croakers. They ain't so far wrong, at that. Running for the croaker gave him a chance to get around, so he knew everybody in the Big House, herders and convicts alike. And he made everybody like him, even though he was a nuisance at times.

At that, he used to have to go over and visit Captain Jim quite often. Captain Jim was the captain of the day guards. He was the officer that punished the guys. Every week or so Captain Jim would put Baby Face on the spot. The spot is a little piece of canvas about a foot square. Over in the guard house, there is a line of about forty of these spots. When you violate some minor rule they put you on the spot. You take your shoes off and stand there all day and don't move a foot off that spot. If you do, some herder will blackjack you. You get tired before night comes. Once in a while you read in a newspaper where some gang chieftain has put one of his red-hots on the spot for a rival gang to get. The phrase "on the spot" comes from prison slang.

Baby Face didn't like the spot. He'd cry all day. And that tickled Captain Jim. He was a big guy with a whiney voice. I liked to hear him laugh. But hard-boiled whew! Some jig killed Captain Jim's brother in a prison riot. Captain Jim was hard on niggers after that. He got along good with Baby Face though, and every chance he'd get he'd put Baby Face on the spot just to hear him cry.

One time he made Baby Face get down on his hands and knees and bark like a dog. Then he made him crow like a rooster and whine like a cat and bleat like a goat. The night range walker had written him up for barking like a dog. He was just trying to entertain me. Funny what two guys will do in a cell to pass the time away.

Baby Face went through his paces for Captain Jim, who got a big kick out of it. But Captain Jim put him on the spot anyway.

Baby Face got so he always carried his Bible around with him. And he and the sin hound got pretty chummy. He told the chaplain he was going to preach if he ever sprung.

And all the time he was trying to be helpful and nice to everybody. He was a nut and he wasn't a nut. He was as sensible as I am, and everybody knew it. And yet everybody knew that some of these days he'd throw an Ing-bing, and then off to the fit house. As I said before, there are plenty of religious nuts in the Big House. Some of them straight-out nuts, some of them really religious, some of them trying to pray themselves onto the bricks. Every prison-wise man in the Big Top can spot a guy who's pulling the reformation act to spring sooner, and that includes the warden, who had been locked up thirty years and surely was prison-wise. But nobody seemed to doubt that Baby Face was sincere.

The nut letters his mother kept sending in were responsible. Every time she wrote—which was twice a week—she'd have a lot of junk on the outside of the letter. Once she drew a picture of a woman's leg on the envelope, and in big, black letters told the world that the letter was going to her son in prison and a woman had caused him to be there.

"So help me, I never had a steady sweets in my life," Baby Face asserted. "Mamma's just goin' nuts."

Another time she drew a picture of a cigarette on the envelope and blamed Baby Face's troubles on Lady Nicotine.

She never bawled out Baby Face but once. That was when the rider told her he was just staying away to spite her. Her letters always talked about what a good boy he'd been. She'd ramble off about the farm they used to own and which she'd had to sell since Baby Face got jammed. She would remind him of incidents of their life on the farm, talk about Old Jim, the plow horse, and Betsy, the old cow; and about the chickens and the geese and the time the cat drowned in the well. I could just picture Baby Face hoeing corn or milking a cow.

Baby Face had a narrow escape once. The prison got crowded and they decided they'd send all the guys who had missed too many boats over the Blue Wall. I got a sneaking hunch the warden had Baby Face on that Blue Wall list. But he didn't go. A guy ain't got any business in the hospital for the criminally insane just because he's a cry-baby and prays a lot. The warden did give him a mental test. Baby Face was pale as a ghost when he came in the cell that night.

He had a letter waiting for him that night. This time his mother had drawn a picture of a guy behind bars, with an arrow pointing toward him and the usual nut printing:

THIS IS A PICTURE OF MY BOY WHO IS SERVING THIRTY YEARS IN PRISON. DIME NOVELS SENT HIM THERE.

But Baby Face didn't cry that night. He just sat there, his face pale and drawn, staring at the steel walls. I knew he was thinking about the Blue Wall and the mental test he'd been given that day. And believe me, the threat of the Blue Wall is enough to make a guy worry. Once over the Blue Wall in that state you do it all—no way out. I'd rather get the hot seat any time. Just before the lights went out Baby Face made a funny remark to me.

"You know, kid," he said thoughtfully, "being a confidence man, that a soft song has got to be sung just so. If it's too loud your victim gets scared. If it's too low you can't sell him. Likewise, a pete man has got to know just how much Dinah to put in his bird's nest, else he'll blow himself to hell."

He laughed. I didn't ask any questions, but I noticed Baby Face didn't pray that night. But they didn't send him over the Blue Wall.

Another thing made me think Baby Face was trying to pull a fast one. In the first place, neither the judge nor the police said nothing about him being goofy. And he hadn't been locked up long enough to be stir-simple.

Was Baby Face trying to pull a fast one? If he was, more power to him. But was he? And then I remembered his mamma and her crazy letters. Couldn't help go back to those letters.

Anyway Baby Face got a break. He got *the* break. It was the kind of a break that thousands and thousands of prisoners in hundreds of Big Houses dream of—a chance to get ribbed up right with the parole board.

It was during a Friday-night picture show. The chapel was packed—more than three thousand sullen men jammed into a

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TOWER'S FISH BRAND TRADE MARK

room built to hold less than half that number. The stench, I remember, was awful.

The lights were out, of course, and the streak of light from the projection room stabbed the darkness, showing the guards sitting in their high chairs, backs to the curtain, sticks in their hands, keyed up for the little something that might cause a prison riot.

In most stirs the screws dread picture-show nights. With several thousand men jammed together in a darkened room—caged men with hate in their hearts and a gnawing, biting craving for liberty—anything may happen. Any screw will tell you that any place where the men are crowded together, daylight or darkness, is loaded with danger. Most prison riots begin in the mess hall, sweat shop, chapel or picture show. But most always the rioting starts in the picture show. It's easy to understand how that would happen. Here were, say, three thousand men huddled together in a darkened room. Dangerous men. Brooding men. Men with hate gnawing their insides out. Men with cracked and crooked brains. And it's so easy to kill in the dark.

I was sitting next to Baby Face. We were watching a Western thriller.

Suddenly, out of the darkness right in front of us, came a scream. It was the most terrible thing I ever heard and it split the darkness like lightning. It was high and piercing and awful. It sent chills racing up and down my back. And the most terrible part of it was that the scream was cut short just as the voice had reached the highest pitch of a shriek. Instinctively I knew the guy who had started that scream had croaked before he could finish it. He had. It was Joey Smithers, Captain Jim's rat. A knife slipped in between his ribs in the dark had paid Joey for some information about an attempted escape he had given Captain Jim a few days before.

Just as the shriek died midway I heard a thud, and in the dim light ahead I saw a guard tumble off his high chair and hit the floor. Somebody had slugged him so he could not see who was sitting close to Joey. Then men started to scatter from around Joey. I can see him yet, sitting there alone on an empty bench in the dim light, his head thrown back as if he were laughing at the movie.

There was an awful silence for a minute. Then Captain Taylor, the night boss, yelled for the lights. The lights didn't come on and I heard him curse at some convict who had got in his way. Then I heard another soft thud; I knew that Captain Taylor had used his stick on somebody, and I knew that hell would break loose in about ten seconds. I shouldered my way to a window and climbed up, holding to the bars. I had been in a prison riot before.

Captain Taylor had acted the fool. He should have known better than to slug that guy. With three thousand hate-maddened men who have smelled blood, sullen and on edge, it won't do to pick a dark room to put the slug on one of their number.

"Kill the lousy pig!" somebody yelled, and I was glad I had climbed up in the window.

A picture-show riot in a prison is a funny and a terrible thing. A convict mob don't act like a regular mob. There was no yelling, no screaming.

From my perch in the window I could see them milling about, sort of like a herd of scared cattle. They were hunting for screws. I could hear them breathing heavily and whispering together, and once in a while somebody would curse. But the screws had ducked, which was a sensible thing to do.

They found one. I heard a cry and then sounds of a short struggle. There was another soft thud and then a series of thuds as they kicked at the herder they had floored. Then more milling and heavy breathing, whisperings and curses in the darkness.

Funniest thing. No hollering or screaming, like you'd expect. Just a bang now and then when a bench turned over, a soft thud as somebody whacked somebody else over the head; a lot of the level-headed guys took this opportunity to even up scores with guys they didn't like. A few low cries of pain, a few moans, and that was all. Just milling and milling and heavy breathing. I often wonder what a screw hidden under a bench would think of if he heard a mob like that groping around in the dark trying to get its hands on him. Must be an awful sensation.

All at once, out of the darkness, I heard Baby Face's voice. It was loud and compelling. And, so help me, he was praying. He was calling on the Father to stop all this nonsense.

"And, O Lord, you know that all of us will be punished for what a few fools are doing tonight," Baby Face was saying.

The milling stopped for a second. Then somebody laughed.

"Baby Face's got it straight!" somebody else yelled. "We'll all be on bread and water tomorrow!"

Funny thing. No human mind could figure out a way to stop a prison riot except by force. But just as it takes only a little thing to start men raising hell in prison, some little fool thing will bring them back to their senses. Twenty seconds before, the three thousand men in that room had been crazy with blood lust. They wanted to maim somebody, to kick and beat somebody, to kill somebody. A prison mob, stark, raving mad, groping in the dark to get its hands on somebody's throat. And then somebody had laughed at a fool kid, and that laugh had done what machine guns and tear gas might not have done.

Men who a moment before had wanted to do murder now started groping around to find a way out of it all, started figuring maybe it was a fool thing to do.

And then the lights came on. Baby Face was still kneeling. One of his eyes was puffed where a fist had landed. Captain Taylor crawled out from under a table. The faces of other guards showed. Joey, the rat, sat on a bench by himself, his head thrown back as in a laugh, a knife sticking out from between his ribs.

"Line up in the aisles, men," Captain Taylor commanded. They obeyed meekly.

They brought Baby Face up "special" at the next board meeting. Captain Taylor was a brother-in-law of one of the board members. I also went up before that board. My minimum sentence had expired.

We were released the same day. Baby Face insisted I go home with him and meet his mother. I had to go, although I had no yearning to meet the woman who wrote all those goofy letters.

Baby Face seemed strange to me that day.

"You really going to preach, Baby Face?" I asked him on the train. He didn't answer.

"Maybe you're going back to farming?" I went on.

Baby Face grinned. "I'm gonna buy back the dear old farm and give it to you, kid," he said. I felt sort of funny.

He was eager as a kid when we got close to his home. I sort of dreaded going in to meet the old woman. I figured there'd be a scene, a lot of crying and such stuff. I tried to picture to myself the kind of woman she must be—what kind of woman could write THIS LETTER IS GOING TO MY DEAR SON IN PRISON—BOOZE SENT HIM THERE on the envelope of her letters to Baby Face.

We got there finally. It was a third-floor flat. He knocked on the door.

"Come in if you ain't crippled," a woman's voice told us. We went in.

A pretty blonde was sitting at a table. She had been writing, but laid down the pen as we came in. Baby Face walked over toward her, but stopped a few feet in front of her. He was grinning all over. She smiled, too, and slowly sized him up from head to foot.

"You made it, honey?" she questioned.

"Made it," Baby Face admitted.

She got up, put her arms around Baby Face and kissed him.

"I been lonesome, honey," she said.

"Yeah? Well, me too," Baby Face said.

She looked at me and asked a question with her eyes.

"My cell buddy," explained Baby Face. "He's a right guy."

She came over and shook my hand. "You're aces with me, handsome. He's told me about you. I'll get a drink."

She was back in a minute with a bottle of Scotch and some fizz.

I looked around the room as I drank. Baby Face and the blonde kept looking at me and grinning. I sort of felt foolish—didn't know why. The place was furnished nicely. I had figured Baby Face's folks lived in a hovel. And he had said nothing about a sister.

"Jimmy's wondering where ma is," Baby Face said to the blonde. Then they both laughed. She got up and came over and sat down on Baby Face's lap. They looked at me and laughed some more. I could have kicked myself for a chump. For nine months I had celled with that guy and I hadn't wised up.

I took a long drink at a gulp.

"You ——" I wanted to ask, but I couldn't.

She nodded, and she and Baby Face laughed again. "Yeah, baby," she said, "I'm his mamma." They laughed some more.

She picked up a long envelope and handed it to me.

"I was just writing to him when you busted in," she said.

The envelope was addressed to Baby Face. In heavy black letters running clean across the envelope was printed THIS LETTER IS GOING TO MY BOY IN PRISON—PICTURE SHOWS AND BAD WOMEN SENT HIM THERE.

The blonde turned to Baby Face.

"Maybe your friend is a Tommy man," she said. "Pollock Joe Morton wants you to come to Chi, and he said maybe you'd be able to pick up a good Tommy man."

Baby Face grinned.

"Can you drive a Thompson machine gun, Jimmy?" he asked blandly. "And do you want to join up with Pollock Joe and go after the Big Touch?"

I guess I fainted.

Take your first bite. Isn't the crust short and tender? And the rich, luscious mince meat — Heinz Mince Meat — tasting of juicy apples and plump raisins and currants . . . of tender little morsels of meat — of candied citron and lemon peel. What a mince pie — every delicious, fruity bite of it!

flavor

We don't wonder that most women have given up making their own mince meat. For it does take such a lot of time and patience and skill.

We *know*. For our own mince meat, we go to extraordinary pains to find the ingredients that give us exactly the flavor and "mince-meatiness" we want.

"Four Crown" Valencia Raisins from Spain, Grecian Case Currants, candied Leghorn fruits—citron and lemon peel—juicy apples, prime beef . . . And—most important—to secure our spices we send our representatives to the very ends of the world.

Then the blending according to an exclusive Heinz recipe. And the *experience!* For, after all, it is our 59 years of experience that has made the name Heinz mean Flavor.

* * *

Another holiday suggestion—Heinz Fig Pudding made especially light; and Heinz Plum Pudding, as rich and plum-y as you could ask for. We print the recipes for delicious sauces right on the label.
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HEINZ MINCE MEAT

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IN THE busy whirl of modern society, people are judged by the stationery they use. Cheap, unattractive stationery may create impressions that can never be erased. But your good taste is unquestioned when you use *genuine* engraved monogram stationery. It is socially correct and a thoughtful gift that will be appreciated and remembered long after the holiday season has passed. When buying monogram stationery be sure that you receive only *genuine* engraving by placing your order with a store displaying the Mark shown below.

KIDS IN THE COUNTRY

Continued from Page 41

take bigger and better jumps. There is a joke to that, though. On a farm where you have horses, you have naturally got to have fences, so we have all these fences and they are supposed to keep the horses from roaming away from home. But, really, they don't mean a thing. Our horses don't have any respect for a fence whatever. We put them in the field one night, and the next morning they are five miles away in somebody's vegetable garden. So then we all have to go out in the flivver and round them up. Daddy gets terribly mad and threatens to sell the horses if we don't keep them in hand better, but I ask you, what can you do? We have the fences built up so high now that they are about ready to drop over.

There are four different hunts that come through our place quite a lot—a couple of farmers' hunts and a couple of gentlemen's hunts. We like the farmers better, because they are really much more gentlemanly than the gentlemen. The gentlemen think nothing of yelling "Out of my way!" or "Where do you think you're going, young lady?" and they get awfully mad if your horse throws mud on their pink coats. Of course, the farmers swear a lot, but not at us—not even the first time we went hunting, when we thought that the idea was to chase the fox, and pretty near ran over him.

They only looked pained and politely explained that it would be better to follow the dogs. The gentlemen's hunt would probably have ordered us to go home and never come back.

The farmers are all the time having drop hunts and that is great. A drop hunt means that they catch a fox and let it loose somewhere, generally on somebody's farm, and then about five minutes later they let the dogs loose and we go hunting. But first everybody drinks a lot of hard cider. At Christmastime they have a great big hunt breakfast, with all kinds of cakes and pies and meat and barrels and barrels of cider, and it is more fun than a circus. Sometimes they let us drop the fox, which means just simply opening the door of his box and shooing him out, but it is a great honor and photographers from the city papers take your picture.

One thing I do like about the gentlemen's hunt is the way they look. It is a pretty sight to see the pink coats and all the ladies on sidesaddles with their high silk hats going over a hill covered with snow. But nice clothes don't always mean you are a good rider. The best rider we know has a habit that consists of a torn red sweater, a pair of breeches with a patch on, and rubber boots.

It is so very cold out here in the winter that when we go hunting we have everything on but the kitchen stove. There is one good thing about being all bundled up When you are wearing two suits of heavy underwear, three pairs of woolen stockings, a couple of sweaters, a sheepskin jacket and a muffler, it doesn't make any difference if you hit the ground, because you don't feel it. We do look comical, though. Imagine the outfit I just described, and then top it off with a derby! We wear derbies, not because they are stylish but because they are a very good thing when standing on your head or running into the branch of a tree.

When we first got the derbies we tried to live up to them and dress stylishly, but after pretty near freezing a couple of times, we gave it up and went back to the sweaters and sheepskin coats.

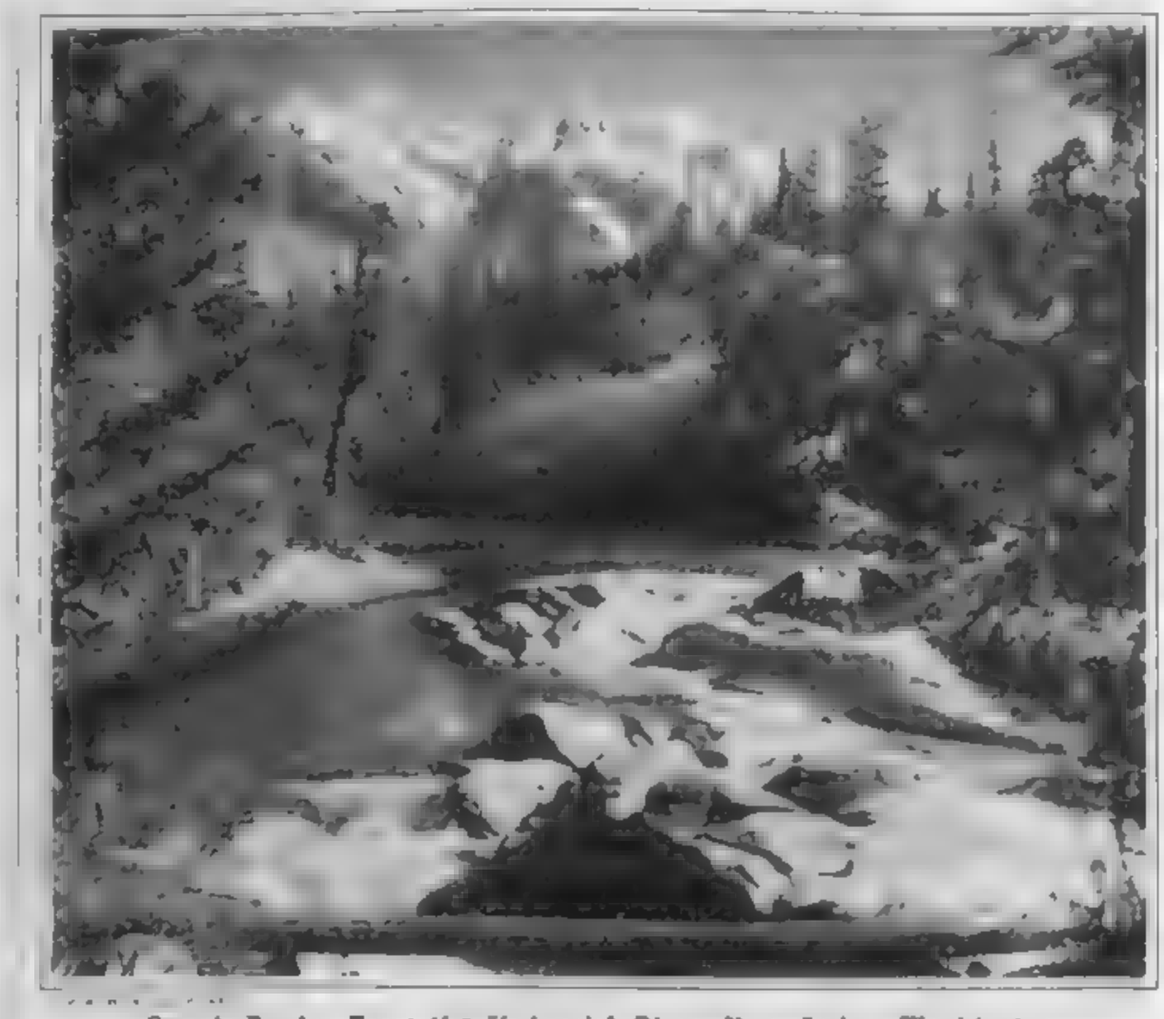
The thing I really like best about hunting is when you come home after riding for six or seven hours and go out in the kitchen and put your feet in the oven and talk about the big jumps you took that day.

As for the horses themselves, they are crazy about going hunting. They get as excited about it as we do, and rear and carry on and blow through their noses Whenever a hunt goes by here and they aren't in on it, they all stand in their stalls and just yell and whinny.

Right now I am looking out the window at a little scrap that is going on in the field. Prince is going around picking on everybody. He's just a little squirt, but he can cause more excitement than a hive of bees. He's nipping all the horses on the legs, and in about a minute the bunch of them are going to get together and give him a good beating.

Horses, horses, horses—that's all we ever talk about at our house, it seems to me. People that don't care for them must get sick of hearing us. People that don't know have the idea that horses are just dumb beasts. That's where they show their own dumbness.

All I say is, if there is anything the matter with you, from a swelled head down to indigestion, don't go to a doctor—buy a horse. He will either kill you or cure you, and it will be a lot more fun than taking old pills.



Gunn's Peaks, From the Skykomish River, Near Index, Washington

WHAT... *you bought them?*

No wonder
tea guests are frankly amazed
to hear that
cakes like these can be bought
at a grocer's

BY ALICE ADAMS PROCTOR

IN all parts of the country Hostess Cakes have achieved enviable success.

Their flavor . . . their texture . . . their dainty appearance have been a revelation to millions of women.

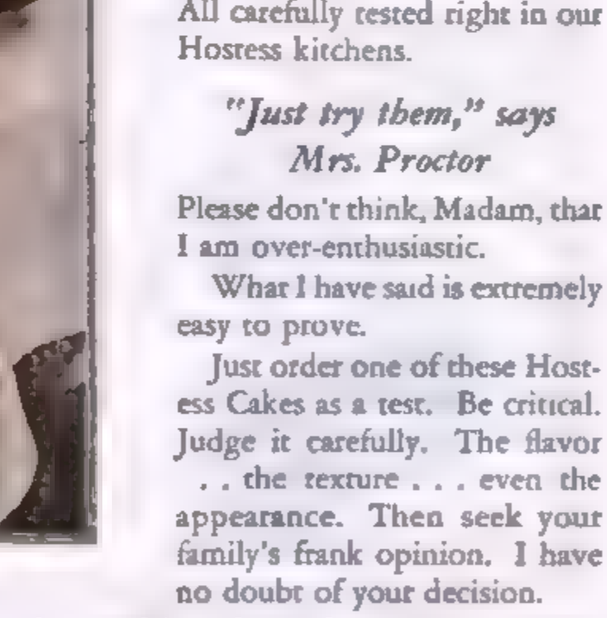
So with complete confidence, Madam, I urge you to try them, too.

A single bite will convince you, I believe, that baking cake at home is utter folly.

No baking failures now

Baking failures never bother when you buy these delicious cakes. If a Hostess Cake fails, you never know. Only perfect cakes . . . cakes literally without a single flaw . . . ever find their way out of the Hostess kitchens.

So I guarantee a cake you can serve with perfect confidence. A cake your friends will notice and praise.


HONESTLY, YOU NEVER TASTED anything so delicate and delicious as these chocolate cup cakes. Your choice of chocolate or vanilla icing. Two for five cents.

A cake your husband and children will beg you to serve again and again.

I guarantee an attractive cake, too. Hostess Chocolate Layer, for instance, will do credit to any party. It is smoothly frosted. Deliciously fresh. Guests invariably comment.

These guarantees I make without hesitation . . . because I know the care that goes into each Hostess Cake. I know the immaculate kitchens where they are made . . . the talented pastry cooks who bake them. I know, too, the ingredients that are used. The carefully selected eggs. The fresh sweet shortening. The soft winter wheat flour. The pure refined sugar. All carefully tested right in our Hostess kitchens.

"Just try them," says Mrs. Proctor

Please don't think, Madam, that I am over-enthusiastic.

What I have said is extremely easy to prove.

Just order one of these Hostess Cakes as a test. Be critical. Judge it carefully. The flavor . . . the texture . . . even the appearance. Then seek your family's frank opinion. I have no doubt of your decision.

But always be careful to demand a genuine Hostess Cake. Let your grocer distinctly understand that no ordinary cake will satisfy.

Now one more word. If you're interested in new and unusual ways to entertain, please let me send you . . . with my personal compliments . . . "Hostess Hints," a helpful little booklet I have recently completed.

It is crammed full of delicious desserts. Advice on table decoration. Helpful hints on choosing a menu. I believe you will find it most useful. I have provided a coupon for your convenience. Please fill it out and mail it today.

DELICIOUS DEVIL'S FOOD frosted with bitter sweet chocolate icing. "Devil's Food Bar" I call it

THIS COCOANUT LAYER CAKE is a big favorite, too. Egg sponge, filled with delightful butter cream Covered with fresh shredded cocoanut.

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Please send me FREE my copy of "Hostess Hints."

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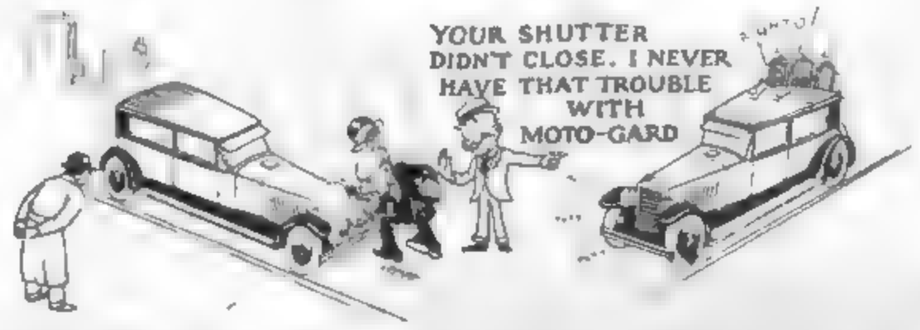

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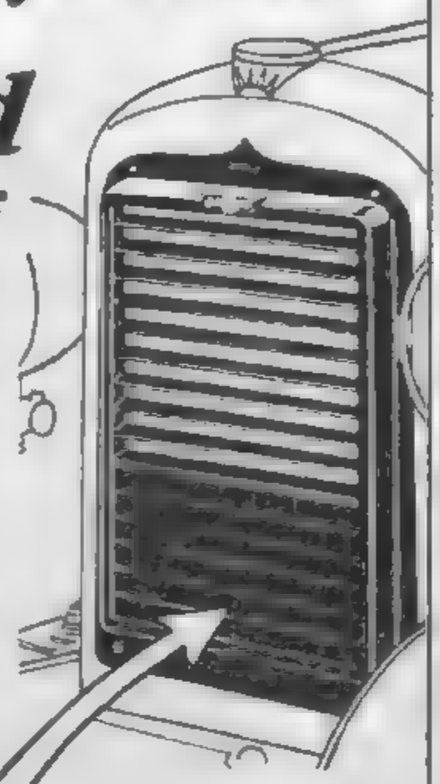

NO fun—this outdoor parking in winter—ordinarily! But with Moto-Gard! That's different! As you step out of your car you turn the dash control, closing your shutter. Moto-Gard keeps your engine comfortably *packed in heat.* Then when you return you find your motor still warm, ready for a quick get-away, even in zero weather.

EXTRA PROTECTION

Water cools first, and freezing starts at the bottom of your radiator. It's there you need the *extra* protection of Moto-Gard. You can keep the lower shutter leaves closed while the upper leaves remain open to admit air to your engine.

Triple Service

Moto-Gard permits the close regulation of the water temperature needed for efficient motor operation in any weather. In average winter weather open the top leaves and close the lower. Mild?—open all leaves. Bitter cold?—close them all—and do the same when parking.

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As you turn the nickeled thumb screw, every degree of opening of the shutter, down to 1-32 of an inch, if desired, is accurately recorded on the attractive dash control. No effort to operate.

SIX ADDITIONAL FEATURES

One-Piece Frame—not riveted, bolted or welded.

Leaves Open Inwardly—compact built-in appearance.

Tension Spring—on each side prevents the leaves from rattling.

Air-Tight—no cracks around edges or between leaves.

Concealed Mechanism—no parts exposed.

One-Piece Shutter Leaves—stamped from heavy gauge steel.

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Manufactured by The Brewer-Titchener Corp., Cortland, N. Y.

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Moto-Gard

THE FINEST SHUTTER MADE

HOT DOGS

Continued from Page 25

drops out except one couple an' that couple gets the five thousan' bucks."

"I don't know nobody to dance with," Eddie said

"I can fix that for you," Squint assured him. "They got some girls here ain't got any pardners. Any of 'em ought to be glad to get you, 'cause you was one of the runners an' proved you got endurance."

"Sure," said Eddie. "I'd just as soon go in the thing. I got nothin' else to do."

Squint put him in touch with an assistant official who took him to an office in the Garden and introduced him to Mabel Bogan. She was a trim built, aggressive little brunette with a businesslike air.

"You were one of the transcontinental runners, huh?" she said, looking Eddie over. "Where did you finish?"

"Here in the Garden," Eddie answered "When I want to hear a wise crack I'll let you know," she snapped. "This is business. I need this money and I want a partner who'll stick. Are you game?"

"I'll stick as long as you will," Eddie assured her with spirit—"and walk home after they've took you away in the ambulance. Is that game enough for you?"

"If you're as strong as you are grouchy, you ought to do," Mabel assured him.

"If you want a man that'll help you win this prize, I'm him," Eddie said. "If you're just after some cake-eater to smile an' smirk an' say nice things to you, don't bother with me."

"You keep your mouth shut an' stay off my feet an' we'll get along fine," Mabel assured him.

"That goes double," said Eddie. "I've got sensitive ears an' sore feet, so the less you say an' the better you dance, the more I'll like you."

"You needn't bother likin' me!" Mabel snapped.

"I won't," said Eddie.

The raucous, echoing jazz of the orchestra. The scuffle—shuffle of scores of tired feet. A scant two hundred listless onlookers in the arena and balcony seats. Small striped tents along the edge of the dance floor. A hospital tent and press table in the middle of the dance area. A white glare from the high-hung overhead lights. Sixty couples of the one hundred and twenty-eight that started, still doggedly dancing around and around and around. The clang of a bell. A scurrying for the tents, in each of which was a canvas cot. The end of an hour of dancing and the beginning of a fifteen-minute rest period. It was the beginning of the third day of that odd madness known as the dance Marathon.

Mabel Bogan disengaged herself from Eddie's grasp, hurried to her tent and disappeared within. Eddie yawned, lit a cigarette and strolled off to the sidelines to gossip with Squint Scallan, idling for the time, with his tray of hot dogs resting on the floor at his feet.

"How you makin' out?" Squint inquired.

"Not so bad," said Eddie. "My feet hurt some. Better'n doin' nothin', though."

"How's the dame?"

"We ain't spoke since the thing begun," Eddie said. "That suits me. I'm scared o' women. You get acquainted with 'em an' the first thing you know they want to get married."

Squint nodded and sighed. "I know," he said. "I got a wife."

"I ain't," Eddie said emphatically. "What's more, I ain't goin' to get me one, either. Not any time soon, anyhow. I want to get around and see somethin' before I get hooked."

Eddie finished his cigarette, strolled to his small tent and stretched out on the cot. After five minutes an electric horn brayed hoarsely. Eddie arose and stretched. The voice of the floor manager sounded loud through the amplifier: "Everybody on the floor!"

Eddie parted the tent flaps and walked out blinking. Mabel Bogan came from her tent rubbing her eyes. They joined hands and took their place in the procession of weary couples parading toward the official table in the center of the floor to be checked in. The announcer droned off their names as they passed.

"Eddie O'Leary from Los Angeles," he intoned. "Mabel Bogan from New York City. Couple Number 93."

Eddie put his arm about Mabel's waist and they started on the hour of weary dancing. Mabel Bogan looked up and spoke for the first time.

"Whereabouts in Los Angeles you from?" she asked

"Comox," said Eddie shortly. "That's a kind of a suburb."

"Yeh?" she said. "You know a fellow in that town by the name of Pep Manx?"

"Know him!" said Eddie. "He's a pal o' mine."

"Yeh?"

"Sure! Where'd you know him?"

"He used to live near me over in Whitford."

"Whitford? I didn't know you was from California. I thought you was from New York."

"I am now. . . . Did Pep marry anybody yet?"

"No."

"We was engaged once."

"You was engaged to Pep?"

"Yeh. That's why I come East I didn't want to get married."

"What'd you get engaged for?"

"I don't know. You know how them things happen when you get to runnin' around with a fellow. He kept askin' me an' finally I said I would."

"Why didn't you?"

"I didn't want to. Catch me gettin' tied down some place like that! You know Pep, huh?"

"You heard me say I did, didn't you? We was goin' to buy out a hot-dog place an' go into business together, only I come East."

"What'd you come East for?"

"Same reason you did."

"Yeh? Was you engaged?"

"I would o' been if I'd stuck around. Women gimme a pain."

"Oh! Is that so? I spose they just bother you to death, huh?"

"They bother me enough."

Mabel made a grimace. "It takes all kinds to make a world," she philosophized. "What any woman could see in you!"

"Yeh?" said Eddie. "Well, you didn't ever win any beauty prizes, did you?"

"You tend to your dancin' an' never mind about that!" Mabel snapped.

"Who started this talkin'?" Eddie asked angrily. "It wasn't me."

"I might have known you couldn't open your big mouth without insulting a body!" Mabel retorted bitterly.

"Insultin' who?" said Eddie. "You was the one begun it!"

"What did I say?" Mabel asked.

"You said—you said—you didn't see what any woman would want me for somethin' like that."

"Well?" said Mabel

"Aw, shut up!" said Eddie. "If you was a fellow, I'd give you a poke in the eye."

"Yeh? If I was a fellow, you'd keep a civil tongue in your head for fear you'd get a poke in the eye."

"You're just like all women!" Eddie said irritably. "That's why I'm scared to get married. I never see a woman yet could talk five minutes without startin' some kind of a battle."

"If all the women in the world were like me, you wouldn't need to be scared of gettin' married!" Mabel assured him.

"Well, they ain't all like you!" Eddie snapped. "That's one thing to be thankful

Continued on Page 144

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(Continued from Page 142

for." Mabel laughed. "What are you laughin' at?" Eddie asked crossly.

Mabel shrugged and forbore to answer. They danced the rest of the hour in silence. Then they rested fifteen minutes and danced the next hour in silence. Another fifteen minutes of rest and another hour of dancing. In the middle of this period Eddie spoke.

"What were you laughin' at?" he demanded.

There was no answer. The silly contest continued—all that night and all the next day, the next night and the next day. An afternoon paper, short of news and shy of features, started a campaign to have the affair stopped. Thousands of people read that it was a brutal, degrading spectacle of stupid human torture—and flocked to watch it. Day and night, the contestants moved about the floor for an hour at a time, rested fifteen minutes and moved again for another hour. Day and night, the customers came to sit and watch and wait. No one of them knew why they came or why they sat or what they watched and waited for. At midnight of the eighteenth day, Eddie O'Leary, unsteady from fatigue, his eyelids swollen near shut from sleeplessness, spoke for the first time in fifteen days.

"What were you laughin' at?" he demanded hoarsely.

Mabel spoke for the first time in fifteen days. "Don't you wish you knew!" she taunted him.

Eddie took his arm from about her waist and stepped back. He was shaking with anger.

"You tell me what you were laughin' at or I quit right here!" he shouted.

The customers rose from their seats and whooped with anticipation, after the manner of a fight crowd sensing a knock-out.

"You!" Mabel cried angrily. "Just for that I'll quit and you'll see what you'll get for your trouble! Five thousand dollars, huh? You'll get nothin'—that's what you'll get! What do you know about that?"

She turned from him, hurried across the floor to her tent and disappeared within. Attendants and reporters rushed up to Eddie, plying him with questions.

"Couple Number 93 have retired from the contest!" the announcer droned into the mike.

Eddie crossed the floor to his tent and threw himself on his cot. Squint Scallan came in.

"Your gal quit on you?" he asked.

"Yeh," Eddie muttered.

"That's the trouble with this dance racket," Scallan said. "A fellow has to depend on a gal, an' they're all alike. I never see one yet you could bet on."

Eddie sat up suddenly, his eyes wild with rage. "You go to ——," he shouted furiously.

Squint left the tent, shaking his head. "Goofy," he explained to a loitering usher. "Clean out of his head. I don't think he knew me."

Twenty-two hours later Eddie O'Leary awoke. The dancers were still moving about the floor. The orchestra brayed on. The man at the mike droned his announcements. Eddie peered from his tent and looked sourly at Mabel's tent. The flaps were drawn. He lit a cigarette and sat down on the sidelines to wait. She'd have to come out sometime, and when she did he had a few things to tell her. She wasn't going to get away without hearing what he had to say. He sat for an hour, moodily fermenting his hate of her. A nurse came across from the hospital tent and asked him how he felt.

"My feet hurt some," he admitted. "Nothin' else wrong." He pointed at Mabel's tent. "She all right?"

"Oh, sure," said the nurse. "She left hours ago."

The color drained from Eddie's cheeks. His heart skipped a beat or two and then pounded furiously against his ribs.

"She left!" he exclaimed. "Where'd she go?"

"Don't know," said the nurse. "Home, I guess."

"Where's she live?" Eddie cried frantically.

The nurse shrugged and shook her head. Eddie hurried to the official table and made inquiries. No one knew Mabel Bogan's address—just New York—that was all. She had come and danced and packed and gone.

Eddie O'Leary went out and walked aimlessly about the streets. There was a mad panic in his breast. He made no attempt to define it. It was akin to the nightmarish terror of a lost child. Occasionally he saw a girl a block or more distant with a contour or movement that suggested Mabel Bogan, whereupon he would quicken his gait to a half run until he had come near enough to be disappointed. After many hours of wandering about, he returned to the Garden and asked breathlessly if Mabel Bogan had returned. She had not. No one had seen her since she packed and left after a short sleep.

Eddie returned to his tent and lay down. He drew the cover closely about his ears and strove desperately for sleep to ease the congestion of agony in his breast. Sleep he could not. The face of Mabel Bogan haunted him. It was plain to his mind's eye—a sorrowful, scornful face. He lectured it, swore at it, argued with it, defied it, pleaded with it.

Hours passed. The dance went on. The orchestra blared and the announcer droned. The bell sounded the beginning of rest periods and the savage warning horn croaked forth the word of their end.

At last Eddie got up and stepped out on the floor. He looked toward Mabel Bogan's tent. His heart did a routine of mad acrobatics. She was sitting there on a camp chair. He walked toward her. She did not look up.

"Well," he said hoarsely, "where you been?"

She looked up at him. Her eyes were scornful. For a little she shriveled him with her glance. Then she spoke.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

Eddie wet his lips and gulped. "My feet hurt some," he muttered sullenly.

She said no more. Sat there watching the dancers. Eddie stood beside her, his legs trembling, his throat feeling hot and swollen.

"Can I get you a drink o' water?" he asked at last. She shrugged and shook her head. "Listen," said Eddie, "let's take a walk."

She looked at him again—a long look. She arose and followed him out into Forty-ninth Street. It was near dawn. A few taxicabs were parked. Drivers on the curb, gossiping noisily. Newsboys calling the morning papers. A mixed party, gin-mean, quarreling as to their next port of call. Oaths, shouts, squalls of laughter.

Nevada Fall, Yosemite Valley, California

Eddie and Mabel walked toward Broadway. "Where'd you go to?" Eddie asked crossly. She did not answer. "I was lookin' for you," he admitted, his voice breaking "all over." Still no answer. Anger flared in him. "Can't you talk?" he demanded.

He took her roughly by the arms and forced her to face him. The tears were streaming from her eyes. Eddie stared, weirdly shaken.

"Go 'way!" she sobbed, struggling to free herself. "Let me alone!"

He held her tight, drew her into a shadow. He tried to speak and messed up the effort. He held her tight and kissed her. Suddenly the relief of tears came to him. They clung tight to each other, weeping.

"I I didn't know where you'd gone," Eddie wept. "I didn't know—where you'd gone. I—I couldn't find you no place." Her fingers twined in his hair. "Listen," Eddie said huskily, "let—let's go back to California, huh? Shall we? Let's go back."

"We can't," she said.

"Why not?" Eddie asked desperately. "I got some money. It ain't much, but ——"

"I got some too," she said. "I got about a hundred an' twenty dollars saved, but ——"

"Please!" Eddie begged. "Why can't we?"

"We can't," she whispered. "People can't travel like that unless—oh, you know! I mean ——"

"Oh!" said Eddie. "That! We can fix that. Look, we'll go down soon's they open. We can get a license right away an' It don't take but a few minutes. Look, honey. Please, look at me."

Pep Manx was curious. "Did you see the Scandals?" he asked. Eddie O'Leary nodded assent. "How was it?" Pep persisted.

"All right," said Eddie.

"Can't you tell a guy about it?" Pep said irritably.

"What's to tell?" said Eddie. "It's a show. You've seen shows."

Pep mopped up a wet spot on the counter and looked wistfully at the rim of the far hills.

"I'm goin' to take a trip one o' these days," he declared. "Soon's we get this place paid for an' on its feet, me an' Nina's goin' to take the old bus an' go plenty."

"Help yourself," said Eddie. "Mabel an' me'll keep the place goin' any time you two want to get away."

Mrs. Nina Manx and Mrs. Mabel O'Leary drove up in a small roadster. Mrs. O'Leary got out. Pep dried his hands, put on his coat and joined his wife in the roadster.

"We'll be back by six," he called to Eddie.

"All right," said Eddie. "Take your time."

Mabel took her place behind the counter. "How's business?" she asked.

"Not bad," said Eddie.

He went to the gas pump and saw to the wants of a customer.

"Nina's talkin' about takin' a trip," Mabel said when he returned

"Pep was tellin' me," Eddie said. "I told him we'd take care o' the place any time they wanted to go."

"Sure," said Mabel. "They never been any place, either one of 'em."

She giggled. Eddie looked at her and smiled understandingly.

"They'll get over it," he said.

"Sure," said Mabel. "Trip'll do 'em good. They'll be ready to settle down time they get back."

Eddie leaned on the counter and made a face.

"What's the matter?" Mabel asked anxiously.

"My feet," said Eddie. "They hurt some, standin' on 'em so much."

A car stopped. The driver honked his horn.

"Yes, sir," said Eddie. "Hot dogs? Comin' right up. How many?"

It'll never bully you again

End freeze-up worries with the anti-freeze that won't evaporate

GPA

REG. U.S. PAT OFF

This seal protects you against substitution. It appears only on standard glycerine solutions vouched for by the Glycerine Producers' Association.

Give your car this permanent, safe, anti-freeze protection.
No evaporation, no odor, no constant worry. Harmless to car and finish.
Does not boil away.

RADIATOR Glycerine

THE SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

You don't have to worry . . . because glycerine will not evaporate!

Thousands of motorists are bullied by their cars in winter. They fear a freeze-up. They put in anti-freeze, but it evaporates. They keep running for more solution. They worry every time they park their cars in the open or in an unheated garage.

And even then, too often, they end with the very freeze-up they feared—with a fat repair bill to meet, and their cars out of service.

The better way

Thousands of other motorists have learned a better method. They get their cooling systems tightened up, put in one filling of Radiator Glycerine and say good-bye to freezing worries for the entire winter.

They know glycerine can't evaporate. They know it won't boil off.

They know they are safeguarded for the season, not only against freezing, but against the worry and bother that ordinary anti-freeze solutions require.

You know what glycerine is. You know it is bland and harmless. It cannot corrode or attack any part of the cooling system. It will not spoil the car finish. It has no odor of any kind to "perfume" your car when the motor warms up.

A well-known, reliable product

Radiator Glycerine went to the North Pole with Amundsen. It is recommended by motor car manufacturers and also for use with radiator shutter fronts. Its virtues have been pointed out by the U. S. Bureau of Standards. Thousands of motorists use it with perfect success.

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One precaution is necessary. Be sure your cooling system does not leak. Have your garageman check up on it before putting in Radiator Glycerine, for glycerine can only be lost through leakage or carelessness—it cannot evaporate. Complete directions are on the container.

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Get full benefit of your Radiator Glycerine by putting it in your car now. It won't evaporate no matter how warm it gets, so there is no reason to wait. Let us send you the Radiator Glycerine booklet with full details of how it works and how to use it. The coupon will bring it immediately. Fill it in and send it today.

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Address

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HERE is another smart Colt product that all women will appreciate. Constructed from Coltrock on entirely new mechanical principles which eliminate 80 per cent of the familiar cord set troubles. The new Red Pull protects the cord and prevents scorched fingers.

Fits all standard electrical appliances. Easy to plug in and pull out. The KOOL-PULL is approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. It will pay you to replace all old cord sets with the KOOL-PULL. The Kool-Pull Cord Set is $1.25. It can also be supplied with on-and-off switch at $1.75.

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for Beauty Parlors

To the Foursome—newest and smartest of multiple electrical outlets—youthful vivacity of color is added to super-utility.

The Foursome compensates for insufficient electrical outlets by permitting the simultaneous use of up to four electrical appliances, within the limit of your current load.

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Business men, physicians, dentists, beauty specialists and storekeepers are finding the Foursome a practical addition to electrical equipment.

The Foursome is moulded from Coltrock in six sparkling colors —Red, Green, Onyx, Mahogany, Walnut and Black.

Each Foursome is complete with Colt's new sure-grip cap of the same color, on the end of a generous length of heavy silk cord, for table use. The top of the Foursome may be removed and plugged direct into base, wall or floor outlet.

No decorative utility since the age of electricity began has been so gratefully welcomed. In many homes a Foursome graces every room.

Your decorative taste will suggest many practical ways in which to use the Foursome.

The FOURSOME, complete in any color, is $2.50

The FOURSOME and the KOOL-PULL are furnished with Colt's sure-grip caps. Ask for these Coltrock products at Electrical, Hardware, Department Stores and all other progressive dealers'

Booklet "A," describing Colt's FOURSOME and KOOL-PULL, mailed on request

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.

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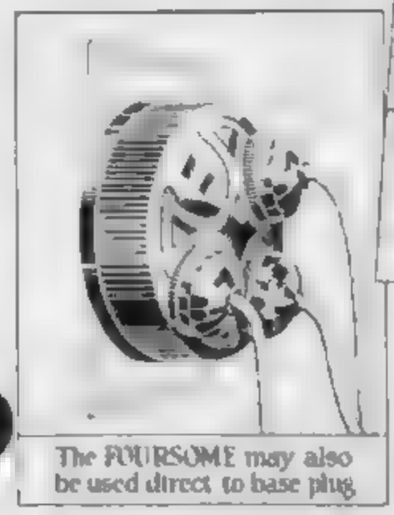
The FOURSOME may also be used direct to base plug

Wild Turkeys Browned and Golden and venison and purple grapes for these *we offer thanks*

FROST came with the nights. The corn stalks withered and the hills were fire and scarlet. Partridge drummed and a fox barked behind the ridge. The stockade gates were shut. Out of New Hampshire rose the Harvest Moon.

"For these we offer thanks." A voice in the wilderness raised in thanksgiving . . . spreads and becomes the voice of a continent. A settlement grows and becomes a nation. Each year the nation offers thanks for the harvest. Each year the harvest is richer . . . in happiness . . . in material prosperity . . . in the joy of living.

• • • •

A great part of the harvest of America today is the harvest of industry. Endless research and experiment, a divine curiosity, the open mind, these have brought new products and a new and better way of living. And part of the march of progress, contributing to a safer, happier life, is Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator . . . now providing priceless health protection in over 500,000 successful installations.

But Frigidaire has not been satisfied with this achievement. And now, after 16 years of constant experiment, twelve years of practical experience in production, comes the New Frigidaire . . . beautiful, powerful, convenient, incredibly quiet . . . an entirely new conception of automatic refrigeration. The New Frigidaire has reserves of power for *every* emergency. Its cabinets are built to harmonize in line and color with the modern kitchen. It is incredibly quiet in operation.

The New Frigidaire safeguards health. It prevents food spoilage. It freezes ice. It saves time and work and money. It provides safe, dependable, care-free refrigeration . . . under all conditions.

• • • •

Wild turkeys browned and golden, and venison and purple grapes. For this material evidence of a successful harvest the Pilgrims offered thanks. The harvest of 1928 is nearly in. And already in thousands of homes the New Frigidaire has begun its work . . . quietly, surely protecting the health of the family . . . contributing to a safer, happier life.

FRIGIDAIRE
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

. . Frigidaire Corporation, Dayton, Ohio . .

MILITARY AIRCRAFT—1928 MODEL

(Continued from Page 7)

fighters are used to attack and shoot down enemy aircraft and to protect their own slower bombing and observation planes from aerial aggression.

Attack planes are of a heavier, slower type. They have a cruising speed of about 115 miles an hour, a high speed of 140, and reach a service altitude of approximately 18,000 feet. Such planes carry two men armed with six machine guns, two on the wings, two firing through the propeller arc and two in the rear. Bombs totaling 250 pounds in weight complete their armament. The duty of the attack plane is to assist ground troops by harassing enemy infantry or artillery, or by destroying supply and other bases. Customarily they fly at low altitudes.

The Army observation plane also is a two-seater. Similar in many ways to the fighter, although less heavily armed, it is designed chiefly for staff and observation purposes, and carries a single machine gun to fight off enemy attacks.

The bomber represents a most important element in Army air strength. It is the largest of the planes designed for aggressive purposes and weighs, with armament and crew, about 12,000 pounds. Driven by two air-cooled motors, this effective type carries 2000 pounds of bombs, a crew of four men, and machine guns fore and aft. In warfare it is used to bombard enemy concentration points, ammunition dumps and the like. Its speed is comparatively low—approximately 110 miles an hour—and its service altitude is 10,000 feet. It avoids aerial combat, machine guns being included in its equipment chiefly for defense.

A modern type of Army plane is the transport. This is used to carry supplies and men to distant points when great speed is necessary or the terrain is difficult. In design it approaches closely the type of passenger plane now used on many air lines both here and abroad, and a number now in use can carry twelve men, including two pilots. The transport's cruising speed is about eighty-five miles an hour. It lands at a speed of approximately fifty-five miles. Both biplane and monoplane types are being developed for this service and have already indicated their great possibilities in active service.

Economy in Lives and Money

From these necessarily curtailed descriptions of military and naval types it may be seen that the principal present function of aircraft in war is to coöperate with land and sea forces, rather than to act as an independent arm. As Rear Admiral Moffett recently pointed out to the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, each distinctive type performs the functions of some weapon of the older services. Thus Army and Navy fighting planes, in combating enemy aircraft, have the same mission as have anti-aircraft batteries; observation planes fulfill a service similar to that of gun spotters reporting on the accuracy of fire; scouting planes act as mobile lookout stations, extending the range of vision of ships at sea or of armies on land, and bombers may be compared to heavy guns carrying larger and more destructive projectiles to distances far beyond the range of modern artillery. At sea the torpedo plane launches the same projectile as is used by torpedo-tube-equipped cruisers and destroyers.

Aircraft, however, perform each of these functions more certainly, more effectively and more economically, in lives and in money, than do the older weapons. The attack on a warship by diving bombers, as pictured in an earlier paragraph, furnishes an excellent example of this. The battleship carries into combat a crew of 1500 men, the bombing squadron thirty-six. If the battleship is destroyed, a tremendous investment and many lives will be lost. If the aerial squadron's attack is unsuccessful, few planes are destroyed and their cost is insignificant. Loss of life is similarly small. Pilots and observers of planes brought down by anti-aircraft fire are almost always offered opportunity to save their lives by using parachutes.

The torpedo plane offers a similarly interesting parallel. Instead of exposing his ships and entire personnel to enemy gunfire when the torpedo is launched, the commander of a destroyer or a cruiser can keep his vessel beyond gun range and send only one or two planes to make the attack and to risk the danger of destruction which accompanies it.

Raising the Morale

Any discussion of modern aerial tactics in warfare at sea must, of necessity, be highly speculative and theoretical. No great navies have engaged in serious hostilities since the close of the World War, and peacetime maneuvers, however ambitious in scope, can at the best only approach the conditions and experiences of actual combat. Aircraft operations with land forces can be more confidently discussed. Within the past two years Marine Corps aviators have been active in two overseas expeditions, one of which approximated the conditions of actual land warfare. In Nicaragua marine aviation units have, during that period, engaged in liaison, photographic and reconnaissance patrols, coöperated with troop movements, transported military supplies and personnel and been active in bombing and machine-gun attacks on armed bandits and hostile bases. Their experiences have demonstrated impressively the value of modern aircraft in military operation.

During much of the Nicaragua campaign the airplane was the only means of communicating with troops in the field. The broken nature of the terrain and the adaptability of the country to enemy ambuscades often made it the only practical method of transport to outposts. When pack animals were used, transportation of supplies from Leon to Ocotal, a distance of about 120 miles, required from three to five weeks during rainy seasons. A transport plane made the trip daily in eighty-five minutes, carrying a ton of stores on each flight. Such service alone greatly expanded the zone of operations and increased the military efficiency. Garrisons in the most remote localities depended in many instances upon the great planes for their supplies. Entire regimental headquarters were transported to the front, minor troop movements were effected, sick and wounded evacuated, mail was delivered and morale improved by the flying transports.

On one occasion a small marine and *guardia* garrison, barricaded in two houses, was besieged by 600 bandits. The situation was discovered by an air patrol. Immediately five planes attacked the enemy with machine guns and fragmentation bombs, lifting the siege in less than forty-five minutes. Later a force of 1000 outlaws, strongly intrenched in the mountains, was discovered by four airplanes, unsupported by any other forces. Unchecked by heavy rifle and machine-gun fire and a barrage of sky-rockets, the aviators attacked with fragmentation bombs, demolition bombs, machine guns and hand grenades so successfully that the bandits were not only completely routed but their morale was shattered to an extent that resulted in hundreds of desertions. So efficient was aerial action that after one or two experiences with planes the outlaws abandoned hostilities whenever one appeared in the vicinity. As a result, all troop movements were undertaken thereafter with the aid of scouting aircraft.

An interesting and significant development was the effect of airplane coöperation on the morale of marines stationed in dangerous outposts. Aviators who have gone to the relief of besieged garrisons report that the spirits of the men rose perceptibly whenever such communication was established. Protected by a continual air escort, columns have moved through hostile and broken country, carrying their wounded, without encountering an enemy attack. In one such movement three ambuscades were discovered by patrolling aircraft and in each case the bandits were routed without loss to our own forces. On several occasions small ground patrols attacked by greatly superior forces were supplied with provisions and water, dropped from the air, and relieved after the position of the enemy had been indicated to pilots by means of ground panel signals. These experiences are unusual in that they involve aerial action against an enemy unequipped with protective or offensive planes of its own. They demonstrate, however, the great advantage assured a force better armed in the air than its adversary and thus able to drive off or destroy opposing aircraft.

In considering military aeronautics it is important to note that control of the air can never depend on aircraft alone. It is equally dependent on bases, either ashore or afloat. An airplane must rise from and descend to the surface. At sea it requires a carrier or other vessel; ashore, a landing field equipped with supply and service facilities. If an enemy's air bases can be destroyed, his airplanes, however numerous, are helpless, and his fleets or armies, robbed of their most effective scouts and observers, are seriously weakened.

First in the Air

For these reasons the aircraft carriers, newest of naval vessels, have assumed a tremendous importance in modern warfare. Of such ships capable of maintaining station with the fleet in action the United States has two; Great Britain, six; Japan, three, and France, two. Based on the area of flying deck, which is the important consideration in effective air effort, the ratio is: Great Britain 9, Japan 5.5, and the United States 5. In the number of aircraft on carriers the United States ranks second with 178, Great Britain first, Japan third, and France fourth.

All students of naval warfare realize the value of fast and modern ships in actual hostilities, not only as auxiliaries and supply vessels but, properly armed, as raiding cruisers. The expanding use of aircraft now increases that value. It is highly probable that in future wars at sea merchantmen and auxiliaries, as well as battleships, cruisers and destroyers, will carry airplanes capable of scouting or combat service. By the addition of a flying-deck roof the Langley, an old collier of fourteen knots' speed, has been converted into a ship with an enormous striking power as compared to that of a battleship unequipped with aircraft. Merchantmen and auxiliaries can be made similarly effective. That this will be done in future warfare seems certain. No nation can afford to risk the destruction of its entire naval air service by concentrating it in one or two aircraft carriers which will immediately become the focus of enemy air attacks. For the same reason army air bases must be scattered in all land campaigns. By their destruction the squadrons which take off and return to them will be made impotent, unless they find another base. If an opposing force should ever land in this country our first and principal mission would be to destroy its air bases, whether carriers along the coasts or landing fields ashore, and by this coup destroy its fleets in the air.

Like merchant ships, commercial airplanes, as I have suggested, are readily convertible to certain war purposes. In this asset the United States ranks high among nations. Computed according to established airways and the number of miles flown annually—which is the true measure of relative values in commercial aviation—this country stands first, Germany second,

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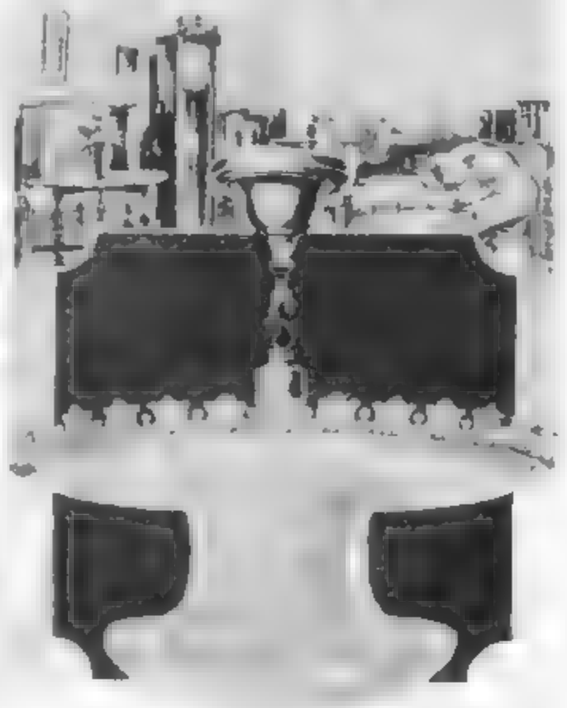

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—The New Howard Furniture Co.
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France third and England fourth. Germany, it should be explained, leads in the number of passengers carried on regular routes, but lags in actual mileage covered.

The significant thing behind such American leadership is the huge airplane-producing industry which makes it possible. Our airplane factories construct not only commercial but military planes. This gives us a great advantage in building up our air forces, by enabling the Government to purchase military machines at a most reasonable cost. It is reported that the military airplanes of Great Britain are more expensive than those of the United States, a statement which has puzzled many persons familiar with the wage differentials between the two countries. Its explanation probably lies in the fact that the British aircraft industry enjoys comparatively little support from private capital. The government, by generous subsidies, assumes most of the burden, which is reflected in the cost of air-force equipment. Thus it becomes apparent that as its aeronautical industry grows any country becomes more secure in a military sense, not only because existing commercial planes and personnel can be diverted, if needed, to military purposes, but because the factories which build them can turn out army and navy aircraft at great speed and at the reduced cost which always attends quantity production.

In airships operated by the government, as in commercial aeronautics, the United States stands among the leaders. It has in service today—for training and development purposes—the 2,470,000 cubic foot Los Angeles, and has authorized appropriations for two others of 6,500,000 cubic foot capacity each, to be used by the Navy. Germany has recently completed the 3,708,000 cubic foot LZ-127, and England is building two airships of still larger capacity, but these are designed for commercial purposes, although their conversion for war service is not impossible. The United States possesses another great advantage in airship development—a virtual monopoly of the noninflammable helium gas, which assures a security far beyond that which can be achieved with hydrogen.

Battleships of the Air

Experience in the World War demonstrated the utility of the large rigid airship in long oversea scouting duty. It demonstrated, further, however, that planes, if available, could shoot down any airship. At that time the airships were filled with highly explosive hydrogen. Now, quantity production of helium has changed that condition. The airship has better protection, can carry larger guns, and has a more steady gun platform than an airplane. By using helium gas, carrying capacity is sacrificed, but a protection analogous to that which armor gives a battleship is gained. An airship is divided into many compartments, so that even if several gas bags are destroyed it can remain afloat. The outer cover and gas bag of airships are now made of fabric, which can be destroyed by chemicals, but in the larger airship of the future they will probably be of metal construction. The airship can also carry and utilize small fighting planes. If opposing forces are sighted, it may get away undetected, or it may be attacked by enemy aircraft. In the latter event, the airship, with its guns and airplanes, can defend itself vigorously and still carry or relay valuable information to the commander in chief of its own forces. When cost of material and personnel is considered, an advance scouting screen of this nature can be maintained more economically by airships than by surface ships.

It has been estimated that an airship scout is about three times more effective than a surface scout. But ships are still indispensable as scouts. Tactical programs in the future will, therefore, probably consider employment of both types, relying on each to aid and supplement the other. Assuming a prescribed scouting area, the number of vessels assigned to such duty could, by this method, be appreciably reduced. Since an efficient surface scout costs approximately $17,000,000 and requires a crew of 400 men, and an airship costs from $3,000,000 to $4,000,000, and carries only forty men, the economy is obvious. Incidentally, by carrying airplanes the surface scouts would increase not only their own scouting range but the range at which they could strike effective blows.

Many persons will remember the pressure brought upon Congress, the President and the Navy Department during the Spanish-American war to distribute warships along the Atlantic Coast as a protection against possible raids. Under simular conditions an air scouting line could be maintained with airships 1000 miles at sea, backed by a surface scouting line, including aircraft carriers, close to our shores, with less effort and expense, and with the tactical advantage assured by keeping the heavily armed forces intact.

War Delivered to Your Doorstep

Aircraft represent a new development in the ancient game of war. They intensify and advance that change from heavy to light forces which began when the torpedo, accepted as a powerful offensive weapon, made the torpedo boat, the destroyer, the light cruiser and the submarine effective fighting units. Such ships now constitute about 50 per cent of our naval equipment. During the World War they did most of the active fighting for control of the sea, while battleships waited behind the protection of submarine nets. Realization of the value of light forces is growing, for the tonnage of capital ships is fixed and only by such additions to the fleet, notably in aircraft, can the battleships be made more effective.

To a marked degree this change is also true of armies. Success in warfare frequently goes to the power which most quickly develops skill in the use of new weapons, and with them accomplishes the most effective of military stratagems—surprise. Aircraft, operating in three dimensions, offer the best possible instruments for this purpose. Both services, therefore, demand adequate air forces, backed by a reserve of commercial planes and aeronautical industries.

It is the present policy of the high command of both Army and Navy to develop aviation to the fullest extent, letting the future decide whether or not it shall be the paramount service. At the conclusion of the present five-year construction program, which contemplates 1000 airplanes for the Navy and 1800 for the Army, the United States should stand high among nations in air power, provided that it increases also the number of its carriers and continues an ambitious program of aerial research work.

Such strengthening of our national defense is justified by the new possibilities of frightfulness which military aeronautics suggests. New inventions always make war more complicated, more expensive, more appalling. The aircraft, delivering its explosive or gas at a range of miles instead of yards, can carry frightfulness to a distance never heretofore attained. This horror may be borne to the noncombatant miles from the scene of action. The next war may utilize aircraft to a degree now unsuspected. It is probable that no noncombatant will be out of range of sudden attack from the skies. Disarmament alone cannot avert this. As Sir Samuel J. G. Hoare, British Secretary of State for Air, has said:

> Disarmament would not end war, and, indeed, in certain respects it might even make war more horrible. War would become completely undisciplined and unregulated, and, to take a single instance, airplanes with no military airplanes to meet them could, with impunity, deal death and destruction on the men, women and children of the great cities.

It may take such a tragedy to convince men of the uselessness of all war—that it is a game in which everyone loses, no one wins. And if military airplanes, by their very efficiency, can point that lesson, they may yet point the way to international peace.

White Trucks serve all divisions of commercial transportation—putting into each the most money-earning miles. Whether you buy one truck or a fleet, whether your job is fast delivery or heavy hauling—getting the most for your transportation dollar, in money, miles, years, is the only way to lower operating costs.

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Or do you get your milk from a modern dairyman who uses Sealright Liftright Caps? They are as easy to remove as the top on your sugar-bowl. Just lift the tab, pull—and the cap's out in a jiffy—without spilling or splashing the rich top cream. No trouble—no risk from using an unsanitary opener your milk is kept pure and your clothes are kept clean!

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If it's a LIFTRIGHT CAP
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SEALRIGHT
Liftright and Pouring Pull
Milk Bottle Caps

HIC JACET JACK'S

(Continued from Page 34)

protect the invaluable contents from burglars. I used to give my services in this work freely myself, faithfully volunteering night after night to see the night through with Pete Hurley for years, or until my children grew to an age when the missus taught my little boy to lead his little sister into the revelry singing, Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now. Despite our watchfulness through all those years, however, burglars entered the place almost nightly. Let it be said in justice to them, nevertheless, that of all the burglars with whom I hobnobbed nightly at Jack's, I never met one who did not always buy when it was his turn to buy and generally behave like a perfect gentleman.

The ecstasy that was to be Jack's throughout its existence began on the first night of that opening January day. As darkness fell, the shod hoofs of the blooded high-steppers of those pre-flivver days began to clatter into Sixth Avenue. Jack's public was following him into the new sea-food and strong-drink shop. Gen. John A. Logan arrived. Before the evening was far spent W. K. Vanderbilt entered, followed later by Jesse Seligman, a Sloane, Frank Gould and, at midnight, the Three Musketeers of Broadway—Marshall P. Wilder, Freddy Gebhard and Stanford White.

I looked yesterday at a menu of those days. Ruddy duck cost a whole dollar. Mallard was two dollars, and so was terrapin, including all the chafing-dish frivolities. Red-head duck was two dollars and a half, canvasback three and a half, or less than the cover charge that some of the supper-club Broadway bandits now tax one for the great boon of being permitted to patronize them.

A Lobster for Hamlet

Turning the old menu was like turning a page of the rippling music of Percy Bysshe Shelley—Bass on draught; pints of Mumm's, Krug and Pol Roger at a dollar and seventy-five cents; old Burton ale, popularly called barley wine, which was the Burgundy of all brews and was undoubtedly the greatest single contribution of the Nordic to modern civilization; a seidel of the bottled laughter of the peasant girls of Milwaukee for a mere ——

But enough! I'm breaking my own heart.

The supreme moment of that opening night came along just about the time that Jack was thinking of starting for home to tell his little ones the bedtime story with which, for years, he awakened them each morning for school. Into the new bar at the first streak of dawn hurried importantly a little quick-stepping, brown-eyed man, swinging a trick bamboo cane. Here was none other than the Hon. Jimmy Wakeley, soon to be internationally famous as the box-fight *entrepreneur* of the greatest man on any earth.

"He's coming!" gasped Jimmy Wakeley, obviously frightened. "For the love of heaven, boys, don't cross him! He's got the very devil in him this ——"

Wham! A terrifying figure exploded into the bar. Down upon the new mahogany crashed a fist like one of Jack's own sides of Irish bacon, leaving a depression on the Sixth Avenue end of the bar that was gazed upon with awe by the younger drinking set of a succeeding generation.

With a second bang of the big fist on the bar, the newcomer bellowed in a voice that well might cause even a Flying Wedge to flinch.

"My name is Jawn L. Sullivan!" roared the earth's mightiest man. "An' I kin lick any blunpf of a blaph in th' blamm world!"

So they threw him out.

I hope I make myself understood clearly. I mean to say that the ever-after immortal Flying Wedge of Jack's—conceived that instant by spontaneous natural selection and destined to function thereafter whenever young intellectuals from Princeton or Yale insisted in Jack's upon putting the theory of the survival of the fittest to laboratory test—the Wedge, I say, gave John L. a preliminary punch on the jaw and then threw him out. John L. thereupon instantly devised the system of strategy which, under similar circumstances at Jack's, was followed disadvantageously ever after by bold, bad young brokers and collegers. John L., in brief, heaved himself up and, just to show the Flying Wedge where it got off, crashed back into Jack's. So they threw him out, this time with finality. And there and then Jack's and its Flying Wedge were established immortally among America's national institutions.

Almost immediately Jack's was coming to be to an older generation of the inmates of Manhattan and its visitors what today the onion-soup restaurants surrounding the Halles of Paris are to the ladies and gentlemen who in the small hours trail down the gray slopes from Montmartre. When sleepier table captains, out in Broadway, began to gaze significantly at one above their post-midnight yawns, one paid the tab and went to Jack's. Any time the Manhattanite pursued his weird custom of paying ten dollars for the privilege of being bored to extinction by the trick food and pallid oratory at a "banquet," the Manhattanite always at midnight went straight from the hotel "grand ballroom" toward the elevator with only one purpose in mind—always he formed himself in parade in the hotel lobby, thence to the taxi stand, to Sixth Avenue, to Jack's and disband. In a word, when all was closed and the Manhattanite had no place to go but home, he went to Jack's.

Jack's had been prospering a bit more than two years when a new customer presented himself one autumn evening and mounted a chair, standing just beneath a mounted property lobster—weight fourteen pounds—that hung from the ceiling.

"My name is Corse Payton," announced the new customer, "and I'm America's best bad actor. I shall now do the second act of Hamlet. I ——"

Mr. Matt Morgan, tallest of Jack's regular customers, climbed upon a chair just back of Artist Payton and cut the cord which held the fourteen-pound property lobster just above the great actor's head. This sort of thing could not, of course, go on. Thus it was that Jack, at the end of his second year as a restaurateur, took over a store adjoining, next door to the north, and added to his establishment the Green Room unofficially known as Corse Payton's Pen. Across the doorsill leading into this new room a dead line was painted. Nightly, Corse Payton was permitted to declaim blank verse from any table in the Corse Payton Pen, but if he stepped south of the dead line and tried to do his stuff they beaned him.

Trouble Comes to Town

Then three more blissful years bubbled by in Jack's and along came a newspaper announcement to the effect that the New York, New Haven and Hartford road was about to make an important addition to its train service. The road was about to put on a train, said the announcement, in effect, that would leave New Haven early enough in the evening to enable the Yale lads to take their home work down to New York each night and be back on the campus in time for morning chapel. Jack immediately annexed the store on the south side, called it the White Room and fitted it up with student lamps for the collegers.

Thereafter, at least for more than a decade, the Flying Wedge had only these three rooms to let loose in. Then I came to town.

The excitement was intense. Upper Sixth Avenue in a night was all to and fro. The Hippodrome tank was widened and deepened. Simultaneously Jack bought up a wide and lengthy building running the

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INSISTENCE protects you against disappointment. No one knows it better than the *Energine* user who experiments with other preparations.

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THE PERFECT CLEANING FLUID

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length of and abutting upon the rear of his three Sixth Avenue rooms, thus giving the Flying Wedge a depth of about forty additional feet over which to work up greater momentum. Far back against the wall of the new room a table was placed exclusively for me. A wide doorway was cut into the rear wall of Jack's original restaurant for passageway into the new addition. A straight line drawn eastward from my table would lead directly out through the passageway, across Sixth Avenue and, eventually and certainly, into the Hippodrome tank.

By this time the Flying Wedge, through long years of constant combat, had reached a state of perfection in their art not excelled by any other American army. Stationed now opposite my table, and only a few feet along the line aimed at the Hippodrome tank, was Big Mike Hurley, brother to Pete. Pete was the biggest man in the world and Mike was twice as big. It was Big Mike's job always to be ready to jump into the air and pick a flying broker, colleger, myself, anyone passing on high, out of the tobacco smoke and then pass the customer along to Eddie Mannix, to Tibbits, to Jackson, to Matt Whalan, to Bull Kelly, to Pete Hurley, to the street-car tracks and the tank.

From Soup to Celery

On the first night I entered Jack's latest and final addition, the hour was late and Big Mike Hurley had had a whole evening of practice in which to warm up. It had taken me from the dinner hour until after midnight to work my way from the old Astor House, far downtown, to Jack's. Boss Clarke, night city editor of the old morning Sun, at dark had sent me to interview a politician who usually was to be found at the cocktail hour at the old rotund bar of the now defunct Astor House. For almost an hour I had waited for my man at the Astor House bar. Then, working my way slowly but persistently up Broadway, I had waited patiently at the Broadway Central Hotel bar for the politician, then at the St. Denis bar, the Hoffman House bar, the Waldorf, Haan's Fifth Avenue, Delmonico's and Sherry's bars, thence to the Algonquin Hotel bar, and so, round midnight, to Jack's, entering by way of the bar, where I telephoned Boss Clarke that the politician had gone to a funeral in Scranton. As we reporters always used to say, if we worked half as hard for ourselves as we always did for our paper, we'd be rich.

It was a terrible night. I was all in. All the time that I had been patiently working my way to Jack's, the most vicious blizzard of the midwinter was raging, the wind blowing so hard that the snow couldn't hit the ground. Therefore I went back to the table reserved for me and sank down. I fain would sleep, but Big Mike Hurley roughly awakened me, thus arousing my baser feelings. I decided to start something.

"As an oor-doov," began Big Mike, "the stuffed celery tonight is very tasty. Have some celery."

In those days, from constant dining in Broadway restaurants and hotels, I had learned unerringly to detect when a restaurant was overstocked with a given edible. From the very fervency of Big Mike's voice I sensed at once that Jack's was long on celery and that the word had gone out that the hired hands must make a forced sale of celery.

"Cease, Mike," I cried coarsely. "Mike, I detest celery. No, on a blizzardy, bitter January night like this I love my corn on the cob. Bring me two large sizzling hot ears of Golden Bantam corn on the cob and —"

"Cease yourself, bucko!" cried Big Mike menacingly; for the waiters at Jack's were always democratic and feared not to address the patron as man to man. "You'll get fat, young fellow, kidding me with your corn on the cob in January. Now if I was the way you are, lad, I'd pull myself together with some nice tasty cream-of-celery soup, with maybe some nice iced olives and celery on the ——"

"Hush, Mike! You annoy me."

Ah, here was Jack's as we night-working shut-ins knew and loved it! Here was a chance to start something that the Flying Wedge would finish. Already all about me might be observed those various little studied yet unostentatious preparations which meant to the expert observer that the Flying Wedge was making ready to rip into action. Quietly, almost without perceptible movement, Big Mike's brother soldier-waiters of the Wedge were sidling into the general neighborhood of my table. But always they fixed their eyes dreamily off in another direction, gazing into space as if not hearing, not thinking, not living. That was their way—that and their practice of stealthily wrapping napkins tightly round their right hands to protect invaluable knuckles.

"And after the corn on the cob, Mike," I was saying, "just bring me some strictly fresh dandelion salad, with perhaps some strawberry shortcake for ——"

"Shut up! Is it June you think this is?" cried Mike, his voice now trembling. "Listen, and for the last time, my bucko, I ask you. Can I bring you some lamb with celery sauce, or a tasty celery salad with ——"

"Quiet, my man! And on second thought, Mike, change that dessert order from strawberries to a slice of watermelon."

It was at this point that Mike made a remark no customer in Jack's would stand for. Furthermore, he made it in a tone that caused Jimmie Moran, commander in chief of the Flying Wedge, to hurry in from the Battling Nelson Grill, where Moran undoubtedly was personally directing the all-night forced sale of celery.

"Captain," I cried to Moran, now intensely angry, "I demand that you discharge this waiter! He refuses to bring me my order."

"What is it you want?" asked Captain Moran, immediately all concern. "I'll bring it myself, sir. What is it?"

"Celery!" I shouted. "Mike here refuses to bring me my celery soup, with plain celery on the side, and cel——"

The Attentive Cabby

I could still hear the last wild echoes of Big Mike's initial scream as the waters of the Hippodrome tank closed over me. That was the night, too, when I splashed into the water so forcibly that my head banged against the bottom at the deepest point in the tank.

Let me, before concluding, express my hope that these random reminiscences will not leave the reader with the false impression that all our nights at Jack's were devoted merely to good clean fun. We had our serious moments there too. Almost every night in Jack's, for instance, some young newspaper man or other conceived and related in detail to brother diners and the waiters the plot of a new great novel or play, all of which will be written, no doubt, just as soon as the authors can grab a free moment from the drudgery of their regular jobs.

And Jack's, too, was a mine of character study for us young creative artists. There was, for example, the hansom cabby named Jerry the Lug, to mention but one of the quite human stimuli always to be found at Jack's. Jerry the Lug and his sagging hansom cab always used to come up for air in front of Jack's about midnight. From his perch on the hansom-cab seat Jerry would patiently scan the sidewalks of Sixth Avenue until he saw an oncoming customer whose feet were uncertainly zigzagging into the bar of Jack's. Down from his high perch then Jerry the Lug would quickly slide. Into the bar he would trail the uncertain gentleman and take his rigid stand beside the customer expectantly.

"An' th' same for-r me, thank ye kindly, sor-r," Jerry the Lug would say, "only never mind th' wather."

(Continued on Page 157)

Does your car start with a — *shudder*?

YOU know that feeling—she doesn't take hold quickly enough—you step too heavily on the accelerator and she just *shudders*—no other word for it!

Ten to one it isn't clutch, carburetor or anything else but just leaky valves. Lost compression, no quick response; hence you try to force things, but it's no use.

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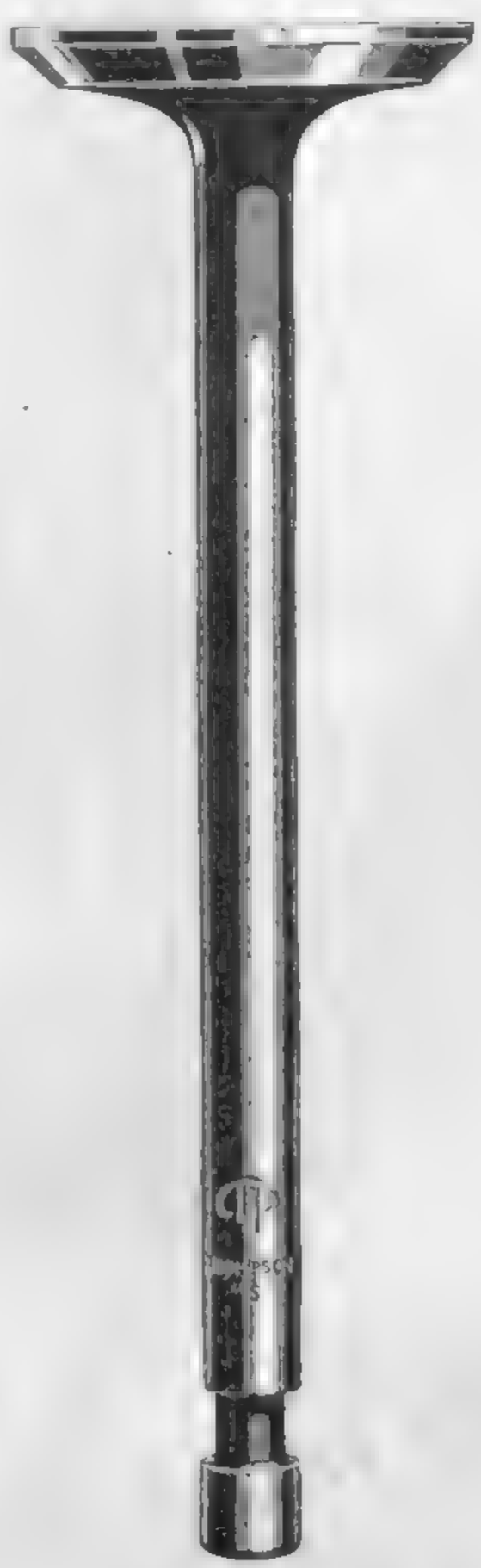
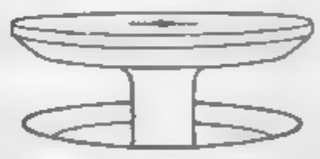


Engine power depends on perfect sealing of this VALVE



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It's L/O glass that makes the window

LIBBEY-OWENS

FLAT DRAWN CLEAR SHEET GLASS

(Continued from Page 154)

And then Jerry the Lug, always kindliness itself to the distressed, would help the stranger from the bar back to the nearest table and there again stand waiting respectfully a moment.

"An' am I t' keep on dhrivin' ye anny place else, sor-r?" Jerry the Lug would ask at last. "Or d'ye wish for t' pay me now for dhrivin' ye here an' dishmish me?"

"No, thazh all, m' man," would come almost invariably the answer. "You're dizhmizh. How muzh?"

"Four dollars an' twinty-five cints," was Jerry the Lug's stereotyped answer. "An' fifty cints exthra for th' waitin'."

Then Jerry the Lug would climb back on his cab and wait for a new one. Throughout sixteen years of a praiseworthy, industrious life, Jerry's horse never saw any of New York except the short stretch between Jack's and a side-street stable.

Then there was the night when one of Jerry the Lug's clients insisted upon sitting at a table sacred to the solitary occupancy of Mr. Wilson Mizner. The newcomer insisted upon leaning over the table and crying his little heart out on the Mizner shirt front. Mr. Mizner arose and prepared to depart in splendid dignity.

"And let me tell you another thing, pardner," concluded Mr. Mizner, who is from the Far West and speaks right out in meeting: "You have a breath on you that would start the windmill on an old Dutch painting."

Jack, having found a new key, sailed on a long ocean voyage, taking two or three faithful and battle-scarred old waiters along as his guests. They aimed to sail northward, it is said, and keep on going until they reached an objective long the ambition of Jack—some place where the night is six months long.

Some of us steadiest patrons of Jack's met in one of our rooms in a Mills Hotel, New York, to discuss the general idea of raising a fund to send a basket of fruit to Jack's stateroom on the steamer. The best we could do, however, was still two dollars shy of the three-fifty necessary to purchase the basket of fruit we had in mind, and nothing definite came of the movement. But Jack, I am glad to say, sailed away, so far as I know, financially unembarrassed. He departed with malice toward none.

THE BULLS OF THE ART MARKET

(Continued from Page 31)

for fresh materials to be exhibited can be directed with more intelligence.

"We are constantly searching out opportunities for ourselves, and have some means of doing so. We have sent representatives abroad. So do the other museums, but there are rich fields within the United States. The fascination that inspires collectors leads them into fresh channels of activities, and when collecting begins prices mount. Our activity in any field always tends to work against our desire to acquire more things in that field.

"When it was discovered that the museum was buying Early American furniture prices began to mount at once. The Metropolitan was the first institution to display such collections, beginning with the H. Eugene Bolles collection, which was presented by Mrs. Russell Sage in 1909, right after the Hudson Fulton Exhibition had aroused interest in Early American art. Before that time it was not a general form of collecting. Few persons were then able to see anything worth while in American industrial arts, but when a leading American museum saw fit to display them the whole world became interested. Collectors who follow the present generation may decide that we were singularly blind not to have seen treasures of which they will have become conscious.

"I welcome the rapid development on the human side of museum work, of the part that it is taking in the life of the people. It began slowly enough, but now that it has started, no one may even guess how far we shall be carried by this tide."

Broadcasting Good Taste

Among men who perform that service for industry which in the shoe trade is usually called "styling the line," there is at present a feeling that is only to be compared with the quivers of anticipation that afflict a rural community in which some speculative soul drills for oil and finds it. These people—the designers—have suddenly discovered that what they are able to do professionally is a matter of deep concern to shoals of manufacturers who, in turn, have discovered that there has been a considerable rise in the quality of the public's taste.

In one department of the museum is an official whose job it is to aid in every possible way designers and manufacturers. A single designer who finds in the museum inspiration for his work is enabled, by the wizardry of mass production and mass distribution, to broadcast the æsthetic influence of the museum in a way that could not be done by catering to tens of thousands of casual visitors. In connection with this service there is an imposing card index of manufacturers, jewelers, automobile makers, textile manufacturers and advertising men who have made use of the museum. There is, as well, an index of designers. So this manufacturer was given a list of several of these, from which he made a selection. Today that designer is directing, in intelligent and sympathetic collaboration with the manufacturer's staff, sweeping changes in the appearance of his products.

It Was Not Always Thus

For an accurate appraisal of the museum's part in that transaction it would be necessary to show the very great influence that constant association with the splendid things in the institution has had on the development of the designer. In the course of his career, like thousands of his fellows, this artisan has distilled out of the collections there an essence that is his own. It is as much a part of his stock in trade as his creative ability; in fact, there is excuse for wondering if even that quality did not burgeon because of the museum's influence. A lad who used to play about among the objects in the art museum of Lahore, capital of the Panjab, developed an extraordinary creative ability. His father was the director and curator of the museum. The boy's name was Kipling.

It was not always possible, though, for designers to get a special consideration in American art museums. In a section of the Metropolitan Museum devoted to the display of Persian ceramics one of the country's best-known fabric designers, an elderly man, was engaged recently in sketching rapidly on a pad that he had drawn from his overcoat pocket.

"I can remember when I was not allowed to do this," he said. "There used to be some kind of notion that what I am now doing was reprehensible. As a young man, I would have been escorted out of here by a uniformed guard if I had dared to copy the least detail of an object within these galleries.

"Now, if I make the request, almost any object in the museum that interests me will be removed from its case and carried into a room where I not only can draw it but, if I choose, finger it."

It has only been within the past few years that there has been anything like a general understanding, on the part of the custodians and benefactors of our museums, that these institutions were unused tools of our civilization. Now, however, there has spread across the country a quickening perception of the need of establishing art

Bernt Balchen
(Airpilot of Commander Byrd's South Pole Expedition)

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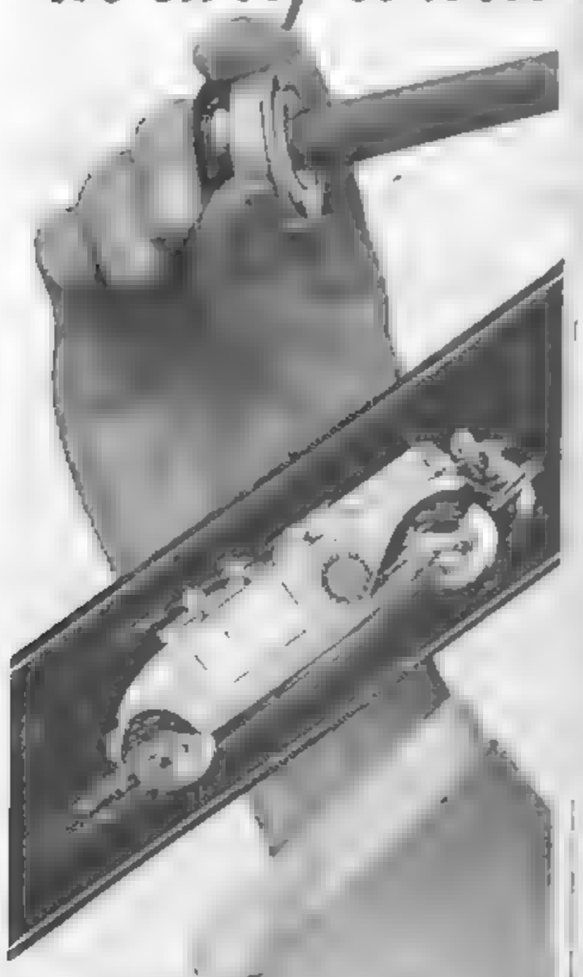

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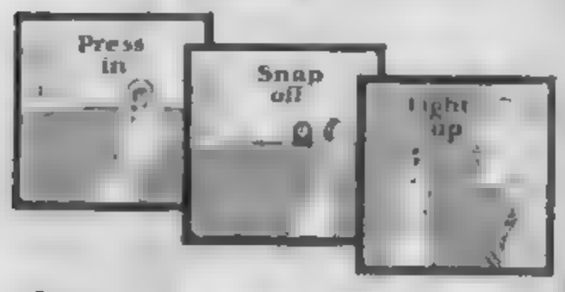
Wherever auto accessories are sold (In Canada $3.00)

A Christmas Gift that's Different



NORTH EAST

Rochester New York

STARTERS · GENERATORS · IGNITION · HORNS · SPEEDOMETERS · CIGAR LIGHTERS ·

Service stations all over the world

museums wherever there are people. Moreover, there is a lively sense, on the part of manufacturers, storekeepers and important merchants of every variety, that these museums are just what Europe always has known them to be—adjuncts of industry and not merely dank and drafty galleries where queer people etch lines on the atmosphere with thumbs held at arm's length while they talk some meaningless jargon about art.

Nowadays the art museums have become shelters for everything that men have made that is useful and beautiful, and there is much less of jargon and a great deal more of understanding. However, there is an increasing need for the exercise of discretion on the part of those intrusted with the care of these institutions, lest they lose proportion and become swollen with unworthy materials.

Eight Feet of Dance

In a laboratory of the Rockefeller Foundation, for some years past, an interesting experiment has been conducted with some living cells that were originally a part of the heart of a chicken. Kept in a nourishing solution, that tissue has grown fabulously, and those in charge of the experiment sometimes terrify themselves by contemplating the proportions the senseless mass would have achieved had it not been kept within the bounds of a glass vessel by frequent amputations. Museums tend to imitate that foolish growth, and unless there are firmness and intelligence at the head of such an institution, its many friends are likely to nourish it to a fatal obesity.

If you will explore the basement of almost any museum you will discover dusty, cumbersome objects that may be classed as art if you are generously disposed, but which might more accurately be tagged as junk. The bigger the museum, the more care that it must exercise to hold such gifts to a minimum. "Mr. Blank presents us with a colossal dancing girl by Schweigenheimer, the celebrated German sculptor of Munich," reported the president of the Metropolitan to his fellow trustees back in the 70's. But in a private letter to a friend of the museum he wrote:

It may be very fine, but eight feet of dance is a trial to the feelings. Hereafter we must curb the exuberance of donors except in the article of money, of which they may give as much as they please.

An influence that tends to make for an almost dropsical growth in any museum is the natural partnership that inevitably is formed everywhere between art and archæology. The boy behind a plow who finds in the freshly turned earth at his feet a flint arrowhead becomes in that instant infected with the virus that makes both collectors and archæologists; but his interest will include skulls and other gruesome relics that lead into the field of ethnology and away from objects having merely an æsthetic appeal. How far shall the art museum proceed into that other field when it undertakes to house a collection of antiquities?

In one of the chambers on the first floor of the Metropolitan Museum of Art there stands a glass case that is about waist-high for most spectators. Those who approach it find themselves gazing into a shallow grave pit, on the floor of which crouches a bare-toothed skeleton in rags that 5000 years ago were clean, white fabrics.

The least sophisticated individual who sees the brown remains of that ancient person knows that it is not art, but after leaving its grinning presence the boundary line between ethnology and art becomes harder to fix, requires more and more of an understanding that may not be had entirely from guidebooks. The Egyptologist sees that grave and its occupant as the first object in a line of antiquities that includes the splendid tomb of Perneb and all the sky-blue and gold ornaments of the Carnavon collection that seem to hold some of the warmth of brown flesh they touched 3000 years ago. The Egyptologist's imagination and his lore help him to see in those graceless primitive bones the ancestor, perhaps, of the lovely creature called Queen Nefertiti. Her entrancing mouth and nose are preserved in a fragment of a head sculptured out of yellow jasper and kept in another case, where it is always under the protection of a couple of guards who see to it that no enraptured Pygmalion carries away and tries to complete this fragment of a Galatea.

The older art museums have been peculiarly happy in a partnership with archæologists engaged in hunting souvenirs of the civilizations of ancient Greece, Egypt, Mesopotamia and Rome. In recent years, using the funds of art museums, expeditions have gone into China to pursue their hunt for antiquities, and probably soon will go into India. Although it has remained a convention that the thing that calls itself an art museum does not go into ancient America, this is largely due to the fact that museums of ethnology have collected in Mexico and Peru. This does not, however, bar the newer museums of art from these obvious sources of material.

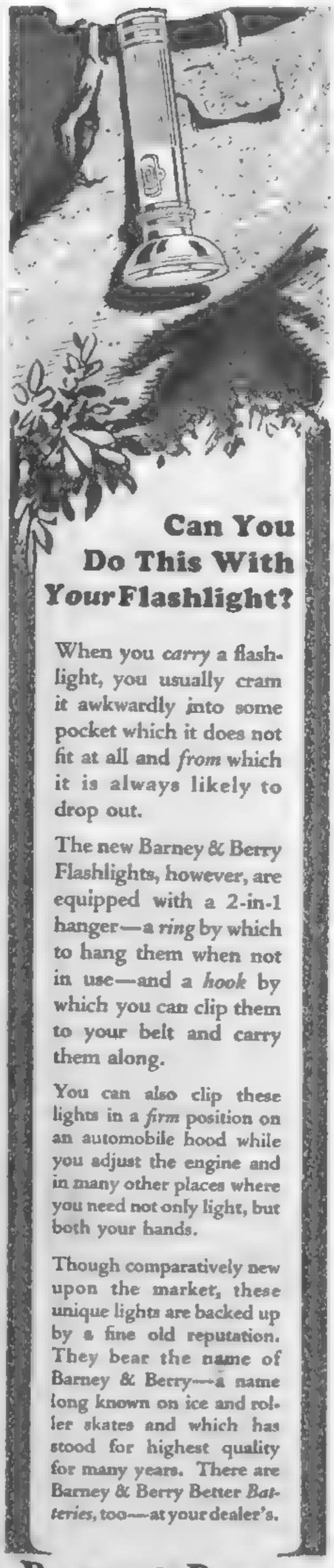
In New York the Metropolitan has an informal understanding with other museums that it will not cover the field of the American Indian. Similarly it has a tacit agreement with still another museum that it will not collect coins, even though coins represent one of the most durable forms by which ancient art is preserved. Some kinds of frontiers must be fixed not only to prevent unnecessary duplication of effort but as a means of controlling prices for objects, and of growth. It is these influences that shape a museum, causing one to be rich in Chinese porcelains and fabrics, and another to be a treasure house of Egyptian things. The Metropolitan, for example, began its Egyptian collection by means of funds raised through the sale of duplicates in its collection of objects from Cyprus.

Displaying His Wares

The buried treasure that is uncovered by archæologists represents but one of many streams that flow into the big reservoirs of art. The multitude of discriminating collectors bring more to the museums than archæologists. In fact, the objects which archæologists discover most often reach the museum through the generosity of some private collector. It is the collectors who inspire armies of dealers to comb the world for the finest creations of men who have vanished.

Recently the traveling partner of a Milwaukee firm of art dealers that is a large importer of prints came East and established himself in a hotel suite that included a sample room. It was a chamber larger than an ordinary hotel bedroom, containing sheeted tables that rested on trestles. In other weeks frocks, shoes, toys, china and other contemporary merchandise had been shown there, but this week, spread about in black cases a few inches thick and a yard square, there were living things out of the Middle Ages.

There were prints in those cases made by the hands of Albrecht Durer, who once walked from Germany into Holland that he might see and draw a whale that had been washed ashore, to become a monstrous stench; there were others made by Marcantonio Raimonda, who learned some of his craft working for Raphael; there were prints of Pollajuolo, of Ribera, of Martin Schongauer, of J. de' Barbari, and, most highly prized, actual specimens of the work of Mantegna, master of them all. Besides those works, there were Rembrandts, and then the small masters, Altdorfer and others. Spread about on the sample tables were pictures worth in excess of $250,000. Then the dealer set about making contacts with his customers—a Wall Street banker who has been collecting for thirty years; two elderly bachelor brothers, twin Midases; a successful doctor and possibly half a dozen others. With a few exceptions, all his dealings were with rich men. The exceptions were the curators of some Eastern museums of art. *(Continued on Page 161)*



Can You Do This With Your Flashlight?

When you *carry* a flashlight, you usually cram it awkwardly into some pocket which it does not fit at all and *from* which it is always likely to drop out.

The new Barney & Berry Flashlights, however, are equipped with a 2-in-1 hanger—a *ring* by which to hang them when not in use—and a *hook* by which you can clip them to your belt and carry them along.

You can also clip these lights in a *firm* position on an automobile hood while you adjust the engine and in many other places where you need not only light, but both your hands.

Though comparatively new upon the market, these unique lights are backed up by a fine old reputation. They bear the name of Barney & Berry—a name long known on ice and roller skates and which has stood for highest quality for many years. There are Barney & Berry Better *Batteries*, too—at your dealer's.

BARNEY & BERRY INC.

New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

ICE and ROLLER SKATES · FLASHLIGHTS and BATTERIES · FISHING TACKLE · TOOLS WALDEN CUTLERY

Ask the Men who Build Motors

If all buyers of electric motors knew what every motor builder knows, America's factories would save thousands of dollars every day. No group of experts is more fully aware of the savings made by the careful choice of Motor Control . . . Good electric motors guarded by correct control equipment are unfailingly dependable through years and years of service. Protected from overloads, such motors do not waste the time of men and machines while burned-out windings are being repaired. Protected against mishandling, their normal long life is not shortened by excessive wear. Because of their convenient—and often automatic—control, such motors conserve the time of workmen and make substantial savings in power.

All of the thoroughness in design and all of the quality built into good motors today is utilized only when you select Motor Control and motors with *equal* discrimination. Ask the men who build *your* motors what control equipment should be used. Because the performance of their product hinges so decidedly on correct Motor Control, most motor builders will give you one answer, "Standardize on Cutler-Hammer."

The CUTLER-HAMMER Mfg. Co.
Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus
1259 St. Paul Avenue Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Thirteen Times The Manpower of Industry Hidden Away in Electric Motors

Electric motors in America's industries today provide working capacity equal to 250 million workmen—more than 13 times the actual number of men employed. How well this army of "unseen" workers is used is determined by the care with which Motor Control is selected.

CUTLER HAMMER

The Control Equipment Good Electric Motors Deserve

JUST SET IT *for the* KIND *of* TOAST *You Want*

This amazing Toaster will make it for you exactly that way—*Automatically!*

No Watching, No Turning, No More Burnt Toast! Works *Automatically*—That is Why

It's a fascinating thing to see it work. All you do is drop in a slice of bread, set a little indicator at the EXACT kind of toast you want—and forget it.

In a few seconds, out comes the toast, *automatically*—just the kind you ordered! Medium brown, deep brown; any kind you ask for

It's the world's ONLY toaster that you needn't watch. It can't burn or spoil toast. More than a mere "toaster." An efficient toast making machine that works *automatically*.

The first time you see it, you'll do what everybody else is doing. Put your present toaster on the shelf, and buy one.

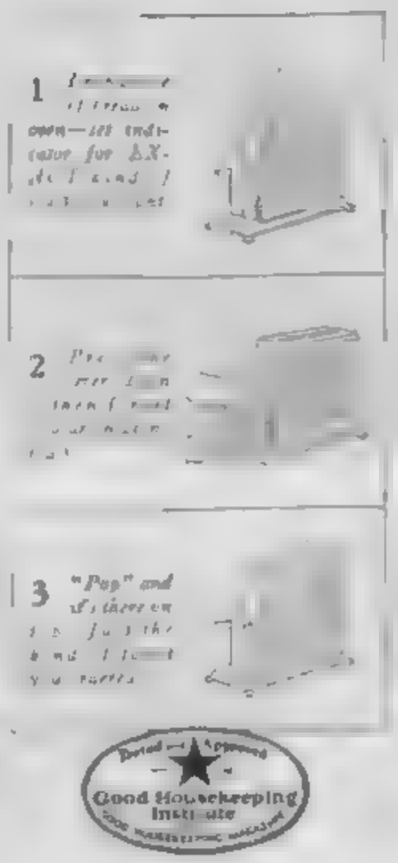
For it has supplanted old-time toasters in over 225,000 homes already. People are flocking to it.

U. S. Patented

It's called the Toastmaster. And makes the purchase of an old-type toaster a mistake.

Protected under rigid U. S. Patents, there is no other like it. No other manufacturer can make an imitation.

It toasts both sides at once. And thus provides the utmost in fine toast. *It absolutely runs itself, even to turning off the electric current.*



Good Housekeeping Institute

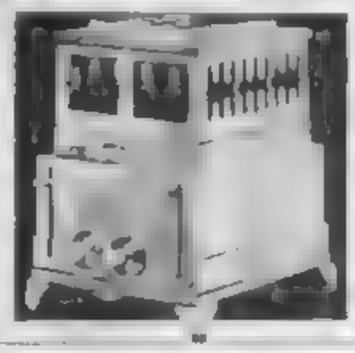
No watching; no turning; no burning. No more breakfast grief making toast. It's really a wonderful invention.

Please See It

Displayed by Electric Light Companies, Department Stores and Electric Shops everywhere in the United States, Canada and most foreign countries. See one operate. You will want one just as everybody else does. Waters-Genter Company, 231 North Second Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The Commercial Toastmaster

Proved to be a big profit maker for Hotels, Restaurants, Hospitals, Cafeterias, Coffee and Sandwich Shops. Over 25,000 now in daily use. Made in three sizes—3-slice, 4-slice and 8-slice. A post card will bring full details without obligation.



TOASTMASTER

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TOASTER

Relieve it with

Adjusto-Ray
A FARBENWARE PRODUCT
BAKES OUT PAIN

Adjusto-Ray is the improved therapeutic lamp. Wonderful for relieving rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, lumbago, headaches, nervousness and many other ailments. Its sun-like rays quickly soothe the affected parts, penetrate to the seat of the trouble, ease pain and help to *remove the cause*. Recommended by physicians everywhere.

Adjustable to any position

$9

Clamps—stands—hangs

Adjusto-Ray is simple, convenient and safe. No assistance needed—just clamp Adjusto-Ray on your bed or chair—the clamp is leather-gloved and will not scratch. Or stand it on a table—or hang it up—and attach to any electric light socket.

Adjusto-Ray is built on scientific principles. It throws a parallel ray and has no focal point. Complete with 260-watt bulb. Comes in three styles—hand model: $6.50; clamp model (as illustrated): $9.00; floor model: $13.50. Sold by all leading dealers.

Manufactured by
S. W. Farber, Inc., 141-151 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 158)

The rich men bought—bought extravagantly you might think, if you saw one of them write a $5000 check for a stained and brittle piece of paper. But the museum men did not buy.

"Why not?" one of them was asked. "Why doesn't your museum acquire some of these prints?"

"We don't buy," he explained, "because we expect to inherit."

In anticipation of such inheritances the museum experts over the country are well disposed toward the private collector who comes to them for advice and guidance.

In this one field—prints—there are in the United States about 200 wealthy collectors and several thousand who are not wealthy and who, therefore, are forced to regard their few prints as much a part of their estate as their life insurance. But the rich collectors probably without exception are inclined to bequeath their precious hoardings to some well-administered museum, and the museums, you may be sure, know who those collectors are.

Collecting in Vain

In 1916 a famous collection belonging to William M. Ladd in Portland, Oregon, was reported to be on the market. Then, in a flash, it was off the market. An unidentified purchaser had bought and presented it to the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. For twelve years there was no hint as to the identity of the benefactor. Then, a few months ago, he was revealed as Herschel V. Jones, the Minneapolis publisher. A museum estimate of the value of the gift was $700,000, Mr. Jones having added to his original purchase until the collection contained 5852 prints, including the work of 674 artists from Mantegna to Whistler. That was probably the greatest single gift ever made in its field to any American museum, but elsewhere in the country there are collections which might dare to challenge it, and sooner or later they will all be housed in museums. There is a great collection in Cincinnati, there is another in Kansas City, and in both places there are museum curators who might be forgiven for betraying signs of interest. The print curators buy some things with museum funds, of course, but the bulk of their tremendous influence on the collections that are steadily growing in size and value is of the same sort that is applied to all important collections of objects of art through the museum workers' association with the collectors.

When that association is lacking, a collector's efforts are sometimes meaningless. A wealthy man who retired from active business at the start of the Coolidge administration, in order to see what a really game speculator could do with $1,000,000, began to buy works of art with a furious intensity after he had swollen his original stake into a fortune of $5,000,000.

He bought abroad a sculptured figure because some art dealer assured him that a royal personage was quite anxious to get it; he bought some small paintings, some armor and a van load of bric-a-brac in the course of a journey through the Oriental countries and became one of those most astonishing accumulators of junk—an aimless collector. Finally, he paid a large sum for a tapestry that once had covered the damp stones of a castle wall, because he was told a certain museum would accept it as a gift.

This man was a bachelor, with all of the hunger for an enduring monument that only childless people know. When his will was read it was a model of generosity. Millions had been left to nourish the poor and heal the sick, but his gift to the able among his fellow townsmen was his collection of objects of art. That part of his estate had been willed to the local art museum. But the trustees would have almost none of it.

Today the tapestry is folded up as if it were a secondhand carpet and is stowed away in a storage warehouse pending a favorable opportunity for its sale; some of the other stuff was parceled out among friends and relatives.

"We have plenty of tapestries—all that we can afford to display," explained one of the museum officials in a conference with the executor of the estate. "We can display a score of good pictures on the wall that would be covered by that fabric, which is by no means as fine as some in our collection. The other objects simply lack meaning."

The late Senator William Clark's collection, which filled his massive Fifth Avenue home at his death, recently was turned over to the Corcoran Galleries in Washington after it had been declined by the Metropolitan. Senator Clark's possessions were rich with beauty, for he had spent lavishly during many years to acquire objects of art that pleased him. It happened that the works of three moderns, Corot, Cazin and Monticelli, were especially felicitous in his sight. He owned sixty-five of them at his death. These and all the rest of his houseful of things he bequeathed to the Metropolitan with the strict proviso that his collections should be kept as a separate exhibition, but he did not provide money for the support of such an exhibition, neither for expert care nor for uniformed guards. So the gift was declined, even though it contained many objects that would, properly distributed, have added tremendous values to other collections in the museum.

There is a flavor of tragedy in such occurrences, but they need not happen. This year a Westerner came East in the company of the director of the art museum of his home town. Together they shopped in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia, until the Westerner had spent $400,000, and the things he bought were things he admired, but—more important—which the director of the museum approved. The museum may not receive that collection for many years, but when it does inherit, it will be able to receive it thankfully as a vital member of its intricate organization.

Both here and abroad art dealers are alive to the merchandising importance of being able to assure rich clients that an object for which they are negotiating is something that is desired by the director or a curator of their home-town museum.

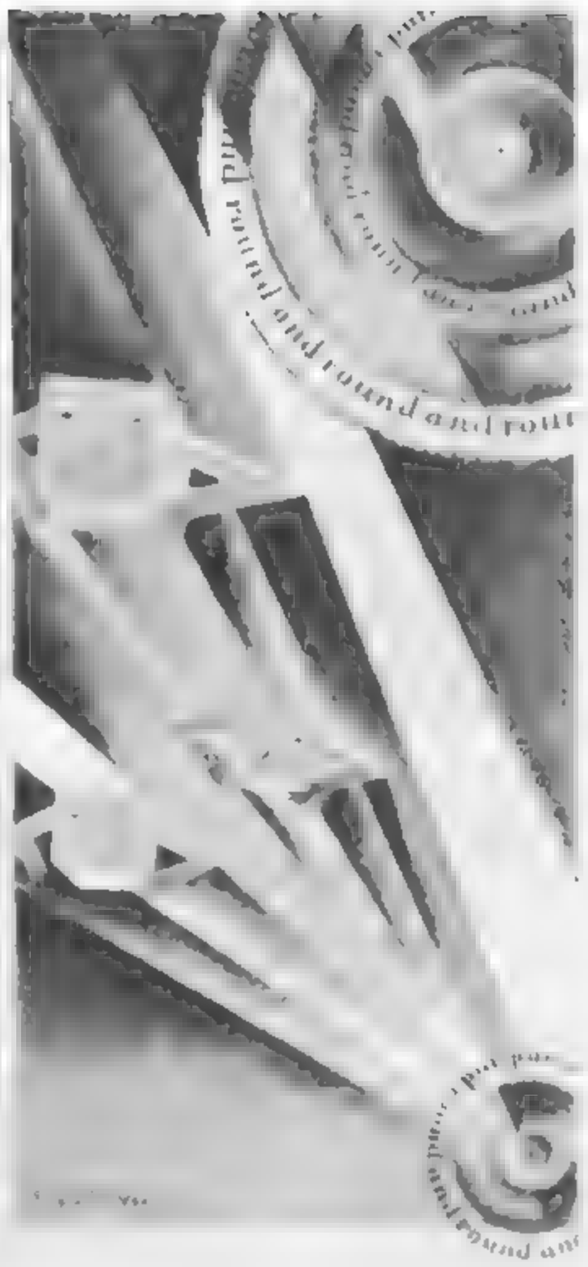
Welcome Coöperation

"I'll take that picture," announced a Chicago man in the Grand Central Galleries in New York recently, "if Mr. Harshe will accept it in my collection." Robert B. Harshe is the director of the Art Institute in Chicago. Mr. Harshe approved and the sale was made.

At the big sales the dealers in charge are always comforted to discover that Paul Sachs of the Fogg Museum of Harvard is present, or that Fiske Kimball, director of the Pennsylvania Museum at Philadelphia, is represented, or Mr. Gest, of Cincinnati

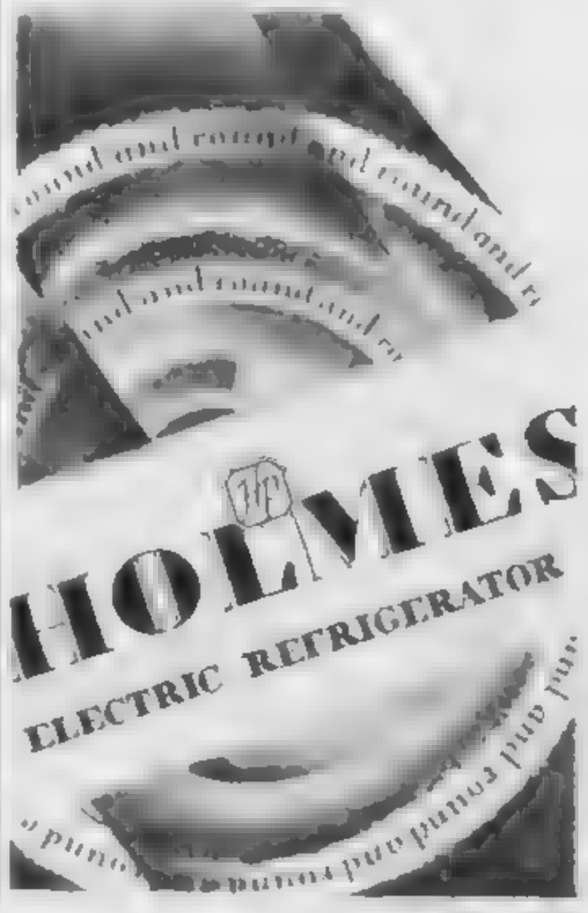
"Even if they are not buying, we know," said one of the dealers, "that they are helping to bull the market. They will be advising some friendly collector."

Economists have not yet begun to concern themselves with the behavior of prices in the world's art markets, but even a rudimentary knowledge of the workings of supply and demand is sufficient to persuade observers that the greatly increased number of American art museums, each with its coterie of collectors, is one of the chief factors in the movement, up and up and up, of antique art. Even the direct expenditures of the museums are becoming an influence that is tending to stiffen prices. In 1926 the Metropolitan crossed a frontier which it had been approaching gradually for more than thirty years. In that year it spent more than $1,000,000 for objects of art. Last year it spent nearly as much and this year's total may be even greater. Other museums with growing endowments and similar guiding intelligences are, in spite of themselves, competing with one another and forcing up the prices which they and their collectors have to pay. Naturally they watch one another, and a shift in the styles of art is reflected in prices as quickly as in any other commodity. There are said to be less than two score of



The new Holmes Electric Refrigerator, operating on the latest, most efficient engineering principle in existence, refined and amazingly simplified by outstanding electric refrigerator specialists, will soon be announced. Watch and wait.

Holmes Products, Inc.
2 West 46th Street
New York City



The Evolution Of This New Breed Of Corn

An achievement that gives you a table delicacy you never had before

DEL MAIZ
The New Sweet Corn

THE evolution of this new corn through 12 years of expert and intense seed breeding, is an agricultural achievement that thrills the imagination.

Think of it—a distinctly new and different variety of corn—a breed of sweet corn unlike any you ever before tasted—so delectable in the freshness of its flavor, its rich, creamy consistency and its tender, big-bodied kernels that, whether you are a lover of corn or not, you will enjoy DEL MAIZ as you never did any corn before.

DEL MAIZ must not be confused with any of the excellent brands of the older varieties of corn. Many are very tasty. But almost everyone who has tried DEL MAIZ has immediately remarked the difference.

If you could see how it is grown and cultivated, all from this distinctly different seed, under the supervision of our own experts, see how each ear is carefully inspected, how thoroughly it is washed—100 gallons of water being used for each case of 24 tins—prepared by our own improved process and packed in sanitary enamel-lined tins, you would quickly realize why DEL MAIZ cannot be classed with any other table corn

Try serving DEL MAIZ right out of the can or in this recipe.

DEL MAIZ Omelet

1 cup Del Maiz	3 eggs
½ cup milk	½ tsp. salt
Pepper	1 tbsp. butter

Beat the yolks of the eggs till thick. Mix with milk, salt and pepper, then add corn and fold in the whites of eggs which have been beaten dry. Melt the butter and add. Then cook as you would for any other omelet.

MINNESOTA VALLEY CANNING CO.
Le Sueur, Minnesota

Should your grocer not yet have DEL MAIZ, send us 25c to defray shipping charges, and we'll send you prepaid two 12-oz. cans and a dozen delicious DEL MAIZ recipes.

CUT COUPON HERE

Minnesota Valley Canning Co.
Le Sueur, Minnesota

Please find 25c for which send me prepaid two 12-oz. cans Del Maiz and a dozen delicious Del Maiz recipes.

Grocer's name

Grocer's address

Name

My address

paintings by Jan Vermeer in all the world. Philadelphia and New York shelter four of these and the bulk of his work is in Old World museums. Such a market behaves at all times as if some speculative pool had cornered it.

Just now every museum in the country is responding to a comparatively new appreciation of the period method of exposition. This has resulted in sending the curators scurrying about on a hunt for rooms. They want eighteenth-century rooms, seventeenth-century rooms, Gothic rooms, and when they have them they employ choice objects from their collections to present historic pictures.

In the splendid new Pennsylvania Museum you may walk through a series of eighteenth-century rooms from Sutton Scarsdale in England. If you bring an active imagination you may people those rooms with the vanished aristocrats who once employed its smooth panels as sounding boards for their denunciations of Washington. You may see in one of those rooms a wing chair close by the fireplace and understand as never before that one of those wings was intended to shield its occupant from scorching while the other warded off drafts. If your imagination should begin to flag, there on the wall are portraits of men, women and children, not in the profusion of an art gallery but displayed as they might be where love and not vanity impelled their hanging. Underfoot are rugs of the period; in the fireplace, andirons; elsewhere, appropriate furniture. A visit to such a room—a perfect thing—serving as the fountainhead of a reservoir of materials related to it, tells better than anything else how far art museums have progressed beyond the stage when they were mere galleries where rich men gained a certain amount of contemporary prestige or post-mortem advertising.

Bidding Against Themselves

In the section of the Philadelphia building recently opened to the public, ten American and English rooms with their feeder galleries have been arranged. Light and air have been handled with such scientific skill as to leave little excuse for visitors ever to complain of museum fatigue.

There are two kinds of collectors upon which museums must depend for their existence. Some of these collect objects of art and some collect money. The most enthusiastic engage in both pursuits with a result that is often curiously uneconomic.

When one of the big Eastern museums of art was beginning its collection of American silver, it discovered that its agents were buying in competition with a wealthy private collector. Repeatedly the museum's anxiety to acquire some silver caused it to bid against this collector's agents. The climax of this contest came when the museum heard that a Paul Revere tea set was coming on the market. This was a prize that the director and other officials felt they had to get; but they withdrew from the market abruptly when they discovered that the private collector who wanted it was planning to bequeath his collection to the museum. From that time on, when the curator charged with responsibility for the museum's silver learned of a chance to get a valuable piece, he began by first sending a palpitant word to the private collector.

When the late J. P. Morgan became president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, one of the first policies he fixed was that the museum funds should be conserved for the purchase of objects of importance to the museum but which would not be likely to interest private collectors. The wisdom of that policy has been demonstrated repeatedly during the years of the museum's existence, but nowhere more positively than with regard to Rembrandts. The museum never has bought a Rembrandt, but it now owns twenty, each one a gift or a bequest from some private collector. There were thirteen in the Altman collection, and while they were being accumulated the trustees of the museum were able to contemplate each purchase with as much satisfaction as if the pictures had been bought by one of its own agents. They knew those Rembrandts were going to belong to the museum some day.

What is true of paintings is true of rugs, glass, lace, sculpture and every other kind of object made by man that exercises fascination over collectors. The growth of any museum of art is due entirely to its collectors. The collector of money is, of course, embraced by the term. "Embraced," in fact, is an especially happy word here.

A Healthy Infant

"Think of it, ye millionaires of many markets, what glory may yet be yours if you only listen to our advice to convert pork into porcelain, grain and produce into priceless pottery, the rude ores of commerce into sculptured marble, and railroad shares and mining stocks into the glorified canvases of the world's masters that shall adorn these walls for centuries." That was the way Joseph H. Choate used to collect for the Metropolitan back in the 70's. If he encountered a reluctant victim, his pleading became as much entitled to be called art as the thing for which he pleaded.

"The rage of Wall Street," he would tell the millionaires of those days, "is to hunt the Philosopher's Stone, to convert all baser things into gold, which is but dross: but ours is the higher ambition to convert your useless gold into things of living beauty that shall be a joy to a whole people for a thousand years."

There are numerous young museums in the United States today that need the collector of money far more than they need the collector of art. More likely than not the self-enslaved money collector of a museum was first of all a collector of art objects, but only a slender percentage of those who collect art objects are willing to contribute money that cannot be earmarked with a brass plate. The new institution, however poor, can live on temporary exhibitions of loaned material provided it has some money, but if money is lacking the whole enterprise is threatened.

In Newark, New Jersey, the museum is headed by John Cotton Dana, one of the first rebels against the old conventions that tended to make art museums into a species of cold-storage warehouse.

"A healthy infant museum is possible," Mr. Dana will tell you, "with as little as $750 or even $500. But there must be a guiding intelligence. Enough money to rent a room and purchase some casts, photographs and reproductions is sufficient for a start. It is easy for a museum to get objects; it is hard for a museum to get brains. The objects are seen, talked about, wondered at, and bring praise to those who give them and prestige to those who choose them for purchase. The brains are not seen, are chiefly in the heads of hirelings, produce results slowly, and the results produced are seen only by those with a gift for education or with training and experience in it. Objects do not make a museum; they merely form a collection."

Mr. Dana was speaking of scientific and historical museums as well as art museums, but whatever the kind, their successful administration requires a leadership of a sort that did not exist in this country twenty years ago.

White teeth depend upon *the* Answer.

Perhaps your teeth are easy to whiten. Then IODENT No. 1 is *your* tooth paste.

More than likely they're hard to whiten. IODENT No. 2 is specially compounded to do the job.

If you smoke, there is no doubt which you need. Iodent No. 2 is the ideal smokers' dentifrice, as it keeps yellow smoke stain from tarnishing the enamel.

Iodent is the only tooth paste made in two textures for the two recognized classes of teeth.

And its value is not limited to effective teeth-cleaning. Firm, pink gums are the natural result of its iodine content (potassium and calcium iodides in easily soluble form), which stimulates healthy circulation.

Your dentist will confirm these facts because all dentists know Iodent. In fact, Iodent was created by Dr. A. J. Lautmann, a registered practicing dentist who now heads this company. It is sold everywhere.

IODENT CHEMICAL COMPANY
IODENT Building, Lafayette Blvd., Detroit

TOOTH PASTES *and* TOOTH BRUSHES

This is about the lightest fabric-top galosh with slide fastener you ever saw. Fabric tops are of jersey—tan, black and brown. The rubber is finished in moire.

A light galosh in gray, black, brown and tan, and in checks. Fabrics include cotton jersey, wool jersey and "Rayton", a cotton and rayon mixture.

They do not lose their youthful, shapely lines

MALE eyes this season are viewing with delight the colorful costumes that silk stockings and trim footwear make so alluring on the well-dressed woman.

And feminine observers are noting that rubber footwear in new, distinctive styles and two-tone harmony is an important accessory of the smart ensemble for bad-weather wear.

But how often is the smartness of some rubber footwear all too fleeting! Much too soon do many rubbers and galoshes lose their shape and lustre and begin to sag and wrinkle.

To get permanent shapeliness

This short-lived beauty in rubber footwear can, however, be easily avoided. Just ask the dealer for Ball-Band and look for the Red Ball trade-mark to be sure that you are getting it.

For in Ball-Band rubbers and galoshes, chic, modish lines are but the outward expression of inward quality. Their shapes are permanent, because *built-in.*

The rubber used in these Ball-Band products is prepared for but one purpose—to make lasting and good-looking footwear. It is live . . . firm . . . tough.

The knit fabrics are stout and durable, yet amazingly elastic, having a "give" that makes them especially adapted to footwear use. They are made exclusively for Ball-Band footwear in our own mills at Mishawaka and their special qualities are the result of sixty years' textile experience.

These excellent materials—rubber and fabrics—are tailored into galoshes and rubbers by men who make nothing but footwear and who have more than thirty years of specialization to guide them in design and fabrication.

There is a Ball-Band dealer near you who can give you a trim fit in an interesting variety of smart styles, or you may write us for the address of a dealer who can supply you.

And wherever you buy, be sure to look for the Red Ball trade-mark to *know* that you are getting Ball-Band.

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. COMPANY
467 Water Street, Mishawaka, Indiana

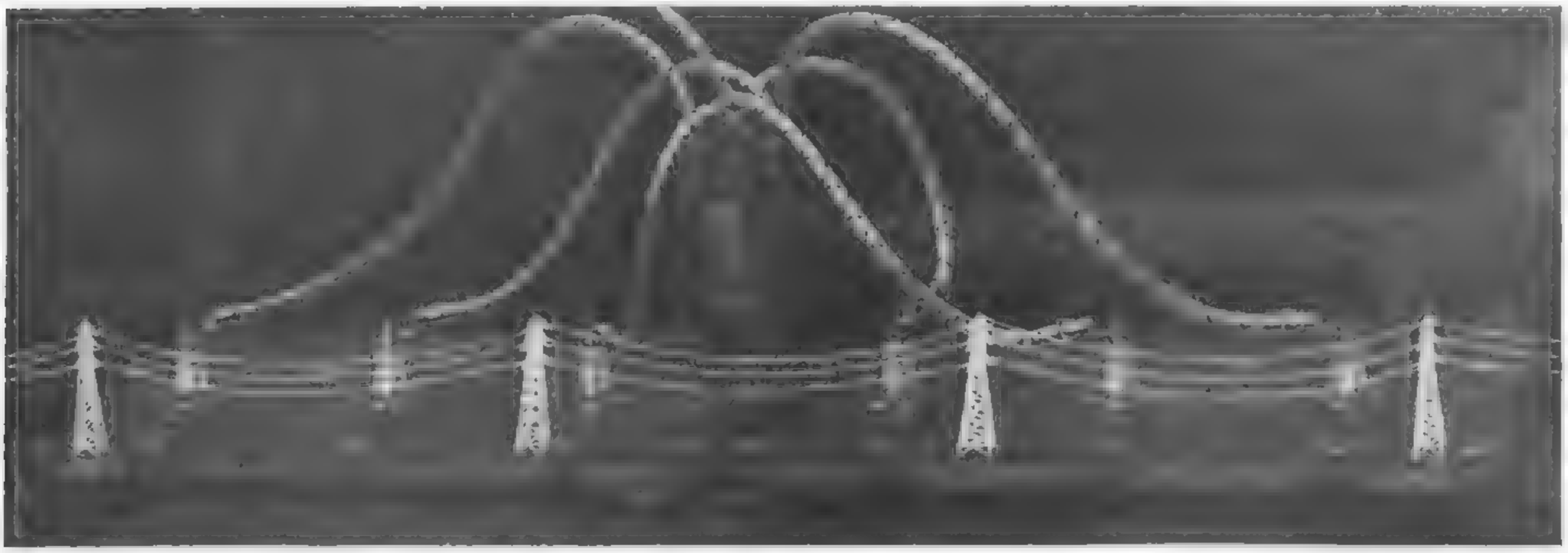
Women who like rubbers that retain their trim shape and glossy finish, and mothers who appreciate children's arctics that are wide and roomy and can be put on easily, will be pleased with Ball-Band.

Try Ball-Band canvas sport shoes if you want real foot comfort and unbelievably long wear. There are styles and sizes for every member of the family.

Look for the Red Ball

BALL-BAND

BOOTS · LIGHT RUBBERS · HEAVY RUBBERS
ARCTICS · GALOSHES · SPORT AND WORK
SHOES · WOOL BOOTS AND SOCKS



Modern, peppy, high compression motors are hogs for voltage. From 12,000 to 18,000 volts flash along a miniature high tension system from coil to plugs. Most cars begin to lag a bit around 10,000 miles. Part of the trouble is exhausted cable insulation. Oil, moisture, grease, heat, abrasion, temperature changes, and corona-made ozone★ unite to tear down the cable's rubber insulation and rob the spark plug of its kick. Packard Lac-kard Cable seals its rubber insulation under a strong braiding and many coats of a special pyroxylin lacquer. Neither oil, water, grease, nor ozone can penetrate . . . The plugs get full voltage. The high compression motor purrs or roars with its old time pep. It's a good rule to install new Packard Lac-kard Cable every 10,000 miles. Twenty leading manufacturers have recently adopted Packard Lac-kard Cable for their new models.

★*What is Corona?*

Corona is a condition resulting from the high voltages required to fire the spark plug gap in modern high compression motors. By suction, the air is broken down chemically and free ozone is liberated. Ozone attacks ordinary rubber insulation and causes it to crack and deteriorate rapidly—thus permitting voltage leakage and causing weak and delayed sparks in the cylinder.

The answer came from our laboratories. Packard Lac-kard Cable is ozone proof. The rubber is hermetically sealed and the ozone cannot attack the rubber because it can't reach it. It is also highly resistant to the other enemies of rubber insulation such as heat, oil, moisture, abrasion, and temperature changes.

Packard Cable Sets are sold in this purple and gold carton

For All Cars: $2.00 to $4.75

Where Can I Get Packard Lac-kard Cable?

7000 wholesalers and many thousands of dealers distribute Packard Ignition Cable Sets. If your dealer does not have them in stock, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

This is the package (printed in purple and gold) containing the complete Packard Ignition Cable Set—cables cut to length, all necessary fittings for attachment and complete instructions for anybody to install in a few minutes. One of the ten sets in the counter display shown will fit your car ask your garage man to install, or ask your dealer for a Packard Ignition Cable Set to fit your motor.

The Packard Electric Company, *Warren, Ohio.*

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RADIO TABLES
to complete the Decorative Ensemble of your Radio Corner.

MODERN, colorful — these tables as wrought in metal by Markel, with integral speaker and benches to match — give a setting of beauty that completes the decorative ensemble of your radio corner. Your choice of RCA, Peerless, or Utah speaker assembly, or, if you like, without speaker equipment. Beauty that is far greater than their modest prices would indicate; good taste that makes them worthy to grace the radio corner in any home. See them at your dealer's, or write direct.

Markel Electric Products, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

A MARKEL Product

Illustrated above, Conventional Model A; below, Heraldic Model B. Benches to match both models. Sizes to fit most popular radio sets. Prices without Speaker $17.50; with RCA Speaker $47.50, Peerless Speaker $45.00; Utah Speaker $42.50. Benches to match in red or green velour $9.50.

DESERT TRAILS

(Continued from Page 11)

Every push on the jack presses the rock a little farther into the mud, but eventually it will hold. In this particular instance it seemed as though we would shove the stones straight through to New York. We can guarantee that at least one small part of Mongolia is firmly ballasted, for three of us collected rock for four hours, and all of them went straight down. But inch by inch Mac built a bridge up to ground level and laid a neat causeway in front. Then, with the other car towing and all hands pushing, out it came.

A week of exploration served to show that the only possible trail to the westward was the one which Sven Hedin had followed. Chinese with a caravan who had been gone two years told us that there was little water or feed; also that no motor car could possibly travel through the enormous sand dunes on the trail. But we have learned that native ideas of what one can or cannot do usually are valueless, and were not unduly depressed. For once they were right, however, as later events proved.

We returned to camp and sent the camels westward, keeping food for three weeks with us. The paleontologists had not quite exhausted the fossils in their stream-bed deposit, but we decided to shift camp to a spot thirty miles away, where there would be some protection from the wind. For two weeks the men had endured the continual gales without complaint. They ate sand, drank sand, breathed sand, slept in sand. It had become well-nigh unbearable. The never-ceasing wind had strained everyone's nerves to the breaking point. It was high time to move.

On May fifth we started happily for our new hunting grounds. As usual, Shackelford and I drove considerably in advance of the main fleet. Just after crossing the Shara Murun I wounded an antelope and left the car to finish it with my .38-caliber revolver. There was a safety catch in the holster to keep the gun from dropping out. In releasing it my finger slipped off the catch, pressed the trigger, and the double-action revolver exploded against my left leg.

The heavy bullet struck me such a terrific blow that I went down as though felled with a sledge. While Shackelford ran back in the car for the surgeon I discovered that the bullet had entered midway of the thigh on the left side, ranged downward and emerged below the knee, just nicking the distal end of the femur. After ascertaining that I could move my knee I felt almost happy. Visions of a stiff leg and no more exploring, polo or hunting for the rest of my life had been distinctly depressing.

In the Accident Ward

It was just such an event that we had always been expecting. During three years, with from thirty-five to forty men in the field, we had had no serious accidents. Something really was coming to us. Fortunately, we had a first-class surgeon. Through the courtesy of the Secretary of the Navy and Brigadier General Smedley Butler, commanding the Third Brigade of U. S. Marines at Tientsin, Dr. J. A. Perez, U. S. Navy, had been detailed to the expedition. When he arrived he probed the long bullet course and put on a first-aid dressing; then I was carted to camp. The only view I had was the sky, but Granger said that we were in a shallow depression where the tents were somewhat protected from the wind.

In the afternoon Doctor Perez performed a very skillful operation with the assistance of MacKenzie Young. Shu, our mess boy, stood by to hand things, but tears streamed down his face so that he could hardly see. The doctor had given me such a shot of morphine that the world looked bright and rosy; in fact, I was rather pleased with myself. But the next day, when the morphine jag had worn off and a sandstorm raged, black clouds seemed to have obscured my particular sun.

The following two weeks are of interest only to myself. The chief discomfort centered about the sandstorms. Not a day's respite and hardly an hour that a yellow haze did not fill the tent. Weakened nerves and a high fever are not the best equipment with which to endure blasts of gravel and the never-ceasing flap of cloth. No greater compliment can be paid to Doctor Perez than that, in spite of such conditions, he kept the long bullet track absolutely free from infection. It began to heal perfectly and in ten days I was able to sit up during intervals of comparative calm.

Meanwhile work went on whenever the flying sand allowed our men to get out into the fossil fields. The deposits were comparatively rich, but the fauna was so like another veritable gold mine that I will tell of the strange beasts later.

A Tree in the Desert

As soon as I had strength enough to endure rough traveling we started after the camels on the delayed western trip. It proved to be bitterly disappointing. I have been trying to pick out some details of it which might be interesting. I seem unable to find any. Probably an observer to whom the expedition's success or failure did not mean so much could discover many. As it is, I can give you only my mental picture of bald granite mountains, yellow sand, stunted sagebrush, heat and thirst. Of all utterly God-forsaken, desolate regions that I have ever seen, the country westward to Turkestan is the very worst. Deserts do not depress one. On the contrary, I love the Central and Northern Gobi. There is something about the silence, the emptiness, the great sweeps of dun gravel merging into purple green on the far horizon that thrills me mightily. But to be shut in, oppressed, by naked granite ridges without the majesty of size; to plow through drifting yellow sand in valleys neither wide nor narrow; to look upon the bleaching bones of camels, dead from thirst or hunger—that is worth enduring only when it is producing valuable results.

The thrill of bringing first knowledge to the world had been taken from it by Sven Hedin's just-completed traverse of the same route. True, we knew he had gone that way before we started. But he was not interested in paleontology and we hoped to find new fossil deposits which would make the trip worth while. They did not materialize. Day after day we fought the sand, pressing only deeper among the hard-rock ridges. Our geologist, Erskine Spock, alone was happy. Granite or graywacke, porphyry or schist, was all grist to his mill, because it gave him the continental structure of the region. Sediments, where bones might have been preserved, were either entirely lacking or utterly barren.

I said that there were no high spots in the trip. I was wrong. One day we discovered a tree. Not a very tall tree, to be sure, but a tree nevertheless. It was an elm—fat and wrinkled and very, very old—standing in a dry stream bed. I saw it first, although Shackelford always tries to take the credit from me. It was about noon, and with a whoop of joy we turned off the trail. An acre of sand, a canyon and a mass of jagged rocks separated us from it, but have tiffin under that tree we would, even if all the cars were wrecked in the process. It was the only tree we had seen for weeks. The leaves looked pretty moth-eaten and they did not give much shade; still the wind made sweet music in the poor old branches. It was a blessed relief for us—like a plunge into cool water on a hot day—to hear the rustle of the leaves. For weeks afterward we talked about The Tree.

Then, at the end of the second week, came another interesting break in the monotony of pushing through sand. Just

When the nurse says, "You win — it's a boy!"

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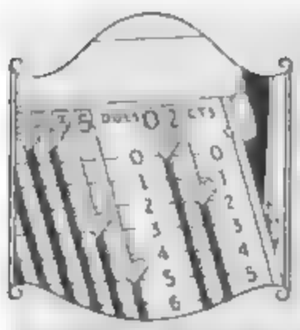

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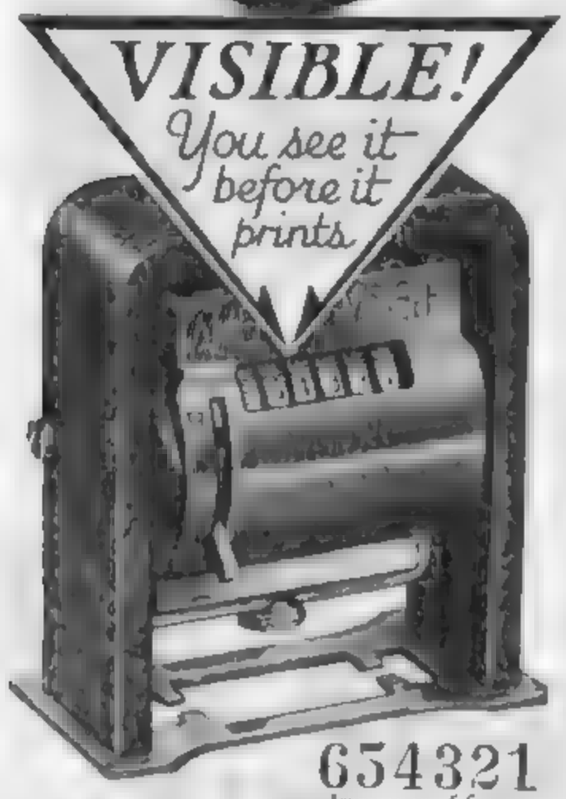

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at dark one evening we heard joyful shouts in Mongol and Chinese. Over the hill, out of the sunset glow, came a small caravan. The men were running ahead wildly embracing our Mongols. Soon we saw that it was a detachment of Hedin's expedition returning from Turkestan. There were twenty Mongols and three Chinese. Most of the former had been with us at some time and were old friends. Sitting in a circle there in the softly glowing twilight, with the aid of rude maps traced in the sand, we heard their story. Hedin had had a good deal of political trouble at the Turkestan frontier, but finally had been allowed to proceed. These men were returning with the collections to their homes north of Kalgan, after two years' absence.

All of them were gaunt, with hollow cheeks and hungry eyes. For weeks their only food was camel meat and a few split peas. Money they had in plenty, but there had been no Mongols who could sell them sheep. Little water, no food and few inhabitants; sand dunes of vast extent through which they had wandered for days seeking a passage for their dying camels. A country of utter desolation. It was not a cheerful picture.

Nevertheless, I decided to push on as far as possible, for there might be fossil deposits which would be worth the effort. I use the word "push" advisedly, for it best describes our progress. A few miles of hard terrain, then a sand-swept valley. Everybody off, rope-lined canvas strips spread in front of each wheel; push, shove, strain. Yard by yard the car was worked forward till it could labor on under its own power. Then back to begin again with each of the other seven motors. An hour of such work in blistering heat will exhaust the strongest man; by evening one simply wants to die. Forty or fifty miles a day was good progress; we seldom did as much as that.

Unexpectedly one day we came upon a great lamasery deep in a valley. Lamaseries have a habit of being unexpected in Mongolia. We were riding along with nothing but desert and sky about us and apparently not a human being for miles. Topping a rise a miniature city appeared as though produced by magic. It was an Arabian Nights' sort of place. White-walled temples bordered with red in Tibetan style, squat, flat-roofed, fortresslike; ornate buildings of Chinese architecture and others which showed a combination of the two. About them were hundreds of tiny pill boxes—the dwellings of the priests. In the distance rose huge piles of *argul*—camel dung—the only fuel of the desert—given as votive offerings to the monastery by passing caravans.

The End of the Trail

Captain Hill took a sight on the main temple for the map and set the plane table upon a knoll. Suddenly he and the doctor were deluged with a turbid flood of red and yellow lamas. The priests enveloped them like a swarm of locusts. Kicking and struggling, they pressed to reach the front rank and look through the alidade telescope. Since half of them had infected eyes and sores on their faces, Hill was not enthusiastic about their cooperation. Gently but firmly he and the doctor indicated that they could not see through a solid wall of bodies. The lamas only pressed the closer. Finally the topographers lost all patience. Hill was a college football halfback; Doc, a Navy wrestler. They hit the line of unsuspecting lamas like two high-explosive shells. From the cars below we looked up to see a confused mass of red and yellow skirts, waving boots and startled faces cascading down the slope. The priests did not return. They seemed to have lost all interest in topography.

At last we reached a great basin where the red sediments were cut into beautiful exposures. If there were fossils in the country they should be there.

It had become increasingly evident that motor cars could not be used in this region. Conditions were utterly different from those of Outer Mongolia, where we had worked in previous years. There the desert has a gravel floor, with sand only in infrequent dunes, long and narrow. Here we were on the northern edge of the Ordos and Alashan deserts, from which the drifting sand sweeps up to meet the true Gobi. Camels are the only possible transport for this region, and even they have difficulty because there is so little feed. Caravans that cross it must carry bags of split peas as feed, in addition to the scanty sagebrush.

Before finally abandoning our attempt to reach Chinese Turkestan, five of us went forward on a reconnaissance. Two days of strenuous work took us fifty miles westward. It also decided very definitely the question of farther advance. The cars had negotiated with difficulty a great basin deep in sand and covered with a growth of stunted tamarisk bushes. From the farther rim we descended into a similar depression and heavier sand. At last that was crossed. A third and worse basin shimmered with waves of heat. In its center the sand defeated us. Utterly exhausted, we left the cars where they were and dragged ourselves forward half a mile to the western rim. A depression so wide that its limits could not be seen lay there like a yellow blanket, specked with olive green. It seemed to stretch on to the edge of the world, a lifeless sea of burning sand. To enter it with motors was absurd; only camels could carry on to the other side. It marked the end of the trail for us.

Hunting for Big Game

Back at camp the paleontologists reported the red exposures to be almost barren of fossils. They had found only two vertebræ of a great sauropod dinosaur, probably related to Diplodocus, a reptile seventy feet in length. It was important as being the first record in Asia of these gigantic dinosaurs, but the few bones were so badly preserved as to be useful only to identify the species.

Had I needed anything further to dissuade me from continuing westward, this lack of fossils in the only good exposures we had found would have been sufficient. I knew that it was time to quit. It meant revising the entire plan of the expedition, but it must be done if we were not to return with empty hands. A great strip of Eastern Mongolia still remained virtually unknown. There we would go as fast as we could extricate ourselves from the devouring sand. It is not pleasant to turn back, but the only certain thing in exploration is that everything will be uncertain. All of it is a colossal gamble. That is one of its great fascinations.

On the return trip one of our camps was at the base of a low but rough ridge, only a hundred miles north of the Chinese frontier. Beside an *obo*—a religious monument or pile of stones—lay a magnificent argali head, one of the great wild sheep of Asia. The horns measured nineteen and a half inches in circumference at the base and forty-one inches in length. It was *Ovis comosa*—the species that ranges through the mountains of the Sino-Mongolian frontier. I have killed many of these superb beasts, but Doctor Perez had never seen one. He was wildly excited at my suggestion of a hunt. We could find no ponies or Mongols to guide him, but at daylight he and Horwath, one of the motor experts, went out alone. It was a blistering hot day and at noon Horwath returned completely exhausted. They had found sheep in the first hour, missed a big ram, and he had killed a small one. The doctor continued alone.

About five o'clock we saw a weird figure slowly approaching camp. It looked like a man, but had strange projections in the region of the ears. As it came nearer we made it out to be our surgeon. He was dragging painfully, just able to walk. A huge pair of horns rested on his head, while the neck skin flapped disconsolately about his face. Soon he shifted it to his shoulders.

(Continued on Page 168)

after-taste

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Professional tasters—connoisseurs of real flavor—judge good taste in coatings and flavorings by the after taste. That lingering delightful flavor of Gilbert Chocolates is possible only because we are masters of the art of flavoring. We use the best materials, regardless of cost. Every material is genuine—nothing is synthetic. Pure cream, real butter, select nuts and fruits—we even age our own vanilla to assure just the proper flavor. Chocolate connoisseurs are demanding Gilbert's. So much so that from a small beginning we now supply our chocolates from coast to coast. Gilbert plants are models of cleanliness and our standards of quality are unsurpassed anywhere in the world. We confect a complete line of sixteen delicious assortments. Our dealers and ourselves guarantee each package to be fresh. John O. Gilbert Chocolate Company, Jackson, Michigan, and Los Angeles, California.

Caballero package, $2 the pound. Panama and Connoisseur, $1.50...Other Gilbert's, $1, $1.25 and $1.50

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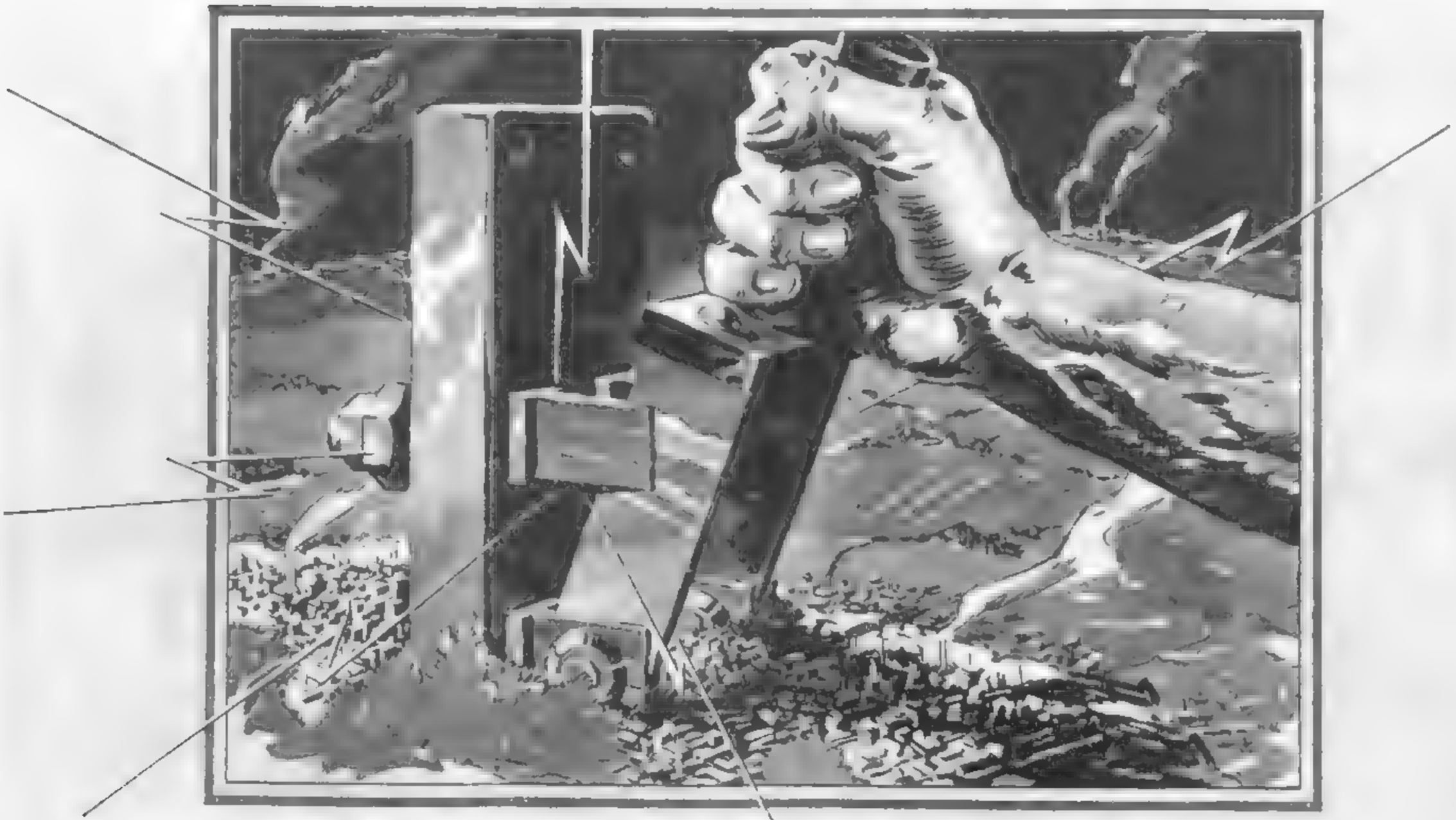

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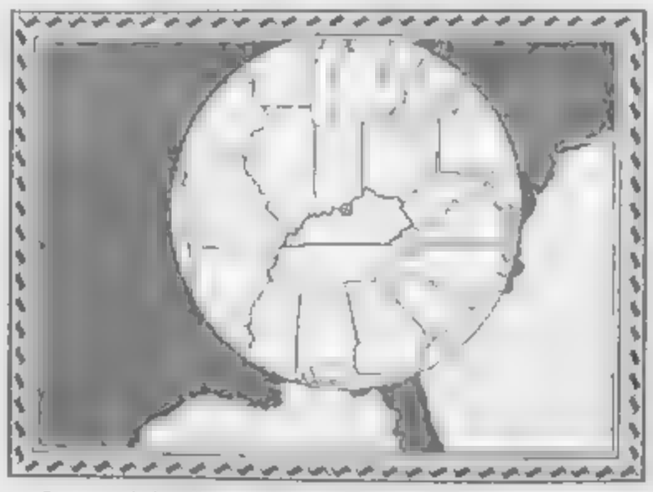

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Virtually the center of population, Louisville is the logical point of distribution to *all* important markets. Within a radius of 500 miles, 47% of the population, 48% of the native-white families and 41.5% of the taxable incomes east of the Rockies.

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They Learn FASTER

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PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A GIANT stride in education—a great step forward—right across the age-old barrier the child has always faced—that's what the Portable Typewriter means to youthful students of today.

No longer is there need for young, alert, impulsive minds to wait upon little hands for the expression of thought. The Portable Typewriter takes the slow, tiresome work out of writing and makes it fast, simple and pleasant.

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Give your child a Portable Typewriter and you supply a modern aid to education which will pay returns throughout the student's whole life—all for a cost so moderate that parents and ever increasing numbers of educators say it is offset by the first month of improvement.

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Teamwork on the WINDSHIELD

for perfect vision in the worst of storms

Your E. A. Tandem Windshield Cleaner cleans. No sleigh riding *over* the sleet or snow. It *clears away* these hazards to driving vision, whether you idle through traffic or up the steepest grades. Engine speeds have no effect on its steady, regular sweep.

And the E. A. Tandem doubles the breadth of your vision, each of its blades cleaning in a twenty-four-inch arc. A sturdy motor, using no more current than a headlight bulb, delivers the invariable power. Nothing to get out of order. Motor and gears are completely enclosed and weatherproof. And noiseless.

Have one of these worthy cleaners put on your windshield. You'll drive with twice the mental comfort when once you see it in action during a sleet storm.

Put on in just a little while by the E. A. dealer who sells it, the E. A. Cleaner performs its tasks unfalteringly for the life of the car that wears it.

$8.50

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(Electric Motor Driven)

WINDSHIELD CLEANER

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E. A. LABORATORIES, INC.

Brooklyn New York

Pioneer Maker of American Electric Horns

(Continued from Page 166)

Then he tried both hips. When he saw that we had discovered him he threw his burden on the ground, kicked it disgustedly and collapsed upon a rock. Young drove out with a car to collect the remains.

The doctor had had a hard day. He killed his sheep about ten o'clock, many miles from camp. Then he discovered that he had forgotten to take a rope. A sixty-five-pound sheep's head is about the most awkward thing to carry that I know of, if one cannot make a sling to get it on his back. There was not a vine or a green branch on those bare hills and the sun beat down with one hundred and thirty degrees of heat. Doc had his field glasses, canteen, knife, rifle and ammunition, in addition to the head. By the time he had walked five miles and climbed up and down four ridges, he had come to hate the thing. He was sore all over and rubbed raw by the horn ridges. But it was a magnificent specimen and his first argali. Any sportsman can understand why he stuck by it. He said that he knew he never would return there if he left it and went back to camp. The day was too hot, the way too long and the mountains too rough. He swore that his sheep hunting had ended forever, but the next morning I noticed that he threw out tentative suggestions about another day's delay.

The doctor had seen two other fine rams in his few hours' hunt, and we examined a dozen pairs of enormous horns along the base of the ridge. The Mongols assured us that the low mountains were full of sheep. Probably no other white men have ever hunted there and the natives have no rifles. Leslie Simpson, the African sportsman, now holds the record for this species of sheep, beating one of mine by an inch or two in length. When I think of the great time and expense required to reach the western Altai Mountains, where most of the argali have been killed, I begin to think I will quit exploration and run a tourist bureau for sportsmen. One could go straight north from the end of the railroad.

I could make a very attractive advertisement, given a little time:

"Sheep and antelope guaranteed within five days of Peking. Automobile service to the base of the mountains. Sleep in main camp every night. Partridges, sand grouse and hares for diversion. Expenses extremely low."

The only flies in the ointment are the bandits and war. But some day, perhaps, the Chinese will tire of asserting their sovereign rights and allow their country to become normal again.

Tracing the Flint Industry

Back-tracking to the region of Hospital Camp, Alonzo Pond, our archæologist, immediately made a great discovery. At almost every stop of the expedition he had found some evidence of primitive human occupation. Usually these consisted of bits of flint showing chipped edges, scattered on the surface of the desert. Many of them were only flakes that had been retouched. Others were of definite form, such as rude knives and roughly circular disks, probably used for scraping skins, bone or pieces of wood.

It requires a good bit of experience to identify such artifacts. An untrained man might well believe that the archæologist was talking bunk if he said that they showed human workmanship. But after some instruction he would begin to realize that natural forces in the rocks, as in all other things, work along definite lines. There are certain types of flaking and chipping and shaping that Nature cannot do. Only human hands and a directing mind could be responsible for it.

Each higher stage and refinement of the flint industry during the Stone Age came as a result of primitive man's developing intelligence. Every one, therefore, shows distinctive types of tools or weapons and very definite methods of manufacture. These stages are designated as cultures by the archæologist. In 1925 N. C. Nelson, our former archæologist, had found a new culture in the Western Gobi. The primitive people who were responsible for it he named the Dune Dwellers. A good name, too, because they lived among the sand dunes on the shores of lakes and rivers.

Pond's discovery represented the same people, but it was a great residence site which gave us a much more complete story of the Dune Dweller's life than we had had before. He found it in an interesting way. One day a picturesque Mongol rode into camp carrying an antiquated flintlock gun. Pond noticed that its striking flint was a perfect Dune Dweller scraper. The old hunter said that he got it twenty miles away, where there were many of them. Next morning Pond collected the Mongol at his yurt. It required considerable patience to entice him into the car, and once there, to prevent him from leaping out when the motor started. But his fright soon changed to exhilaration. He took Pond on a wild cross-country ride, for he argued that "the shortest distance between two points is a straight line." Only an aeroplane could have followed the route he indicated. Pond said that the car did everything but fly.

The Dune Dwellers

Their destination proved to be a most unimpressive-looking spot—merely a shallow basin among dead sand dunes. But the artifacts were there in thousands and Pond returned to camp tremendously elated. For his work the Mongol received a silver dollar, three gas tins, a bottle, a package of cigarettes and a jam tin. He promised to guide Pond to two other localities, but his sudden wealth excited the jealousy of a wandering lama who happened to be in camp. The wretched lama told our Mongol that it was "bad joss" to show such places to foreigners, and forbade him to go again. That is only one of the many black marks we have against these human parasites. If I wrote what I really think about lamas I'd have to use asbestos paper!

We turned the entire expedition loose upon Pond's site for one day. They did the rough collecting and gathered five or six thousand artifacts and flakes. Pond camped there alone to study the problem.

Nelson had concluded that the Dune Dweller culture most closely resembles that of the Azil-Tardenoisean of France, which comes at the end of the paleolithic, or Old Stone Age, and the beginning of the neolithic, or New Stone Age. Still, it differs from it in many ways, particularly in the absence of bone, horn and wood implements. Pond had already found a somewhat similar culture in Africa.

Of course the most interesting problem is the relationship of these widely separated primitive peoples. Did this culture have its origin in Central Asia and spread to Africa and Europe as the tribes migrated? Or did it come from Europe to Asia? We can only guess at present. But this summer Pond has the story for Mongolia right in his notebooks and specimen boxes. Since I am writing this article in the field I can give only a general picture of Dune Dweller life; the details will have to come after Pond has completed his laboratory study.

Twenty thousand years is about the age of the earliest Dune Dweller culture in Mongolia, according to geological evidence. That is something like twelve thousand years older than the first recorded civilization. Tutenkhamun held sway only four thousand years ago.

What the Dune Dwellers looked like, we do not know. Not a scrap of human bone can we find at any of their camp sites. Many people must have died there; hundreds of thousands of animals must have been eaten. Evidently conditions were not proper for the preservation of bones. Could we find only a skull, it would tell us almost everything, and particularly of their relationship to the Azilians of France.

That they were hunters there can be no doubt. Certainly they dressed in skins, for Mongolia was cold in winter even then.

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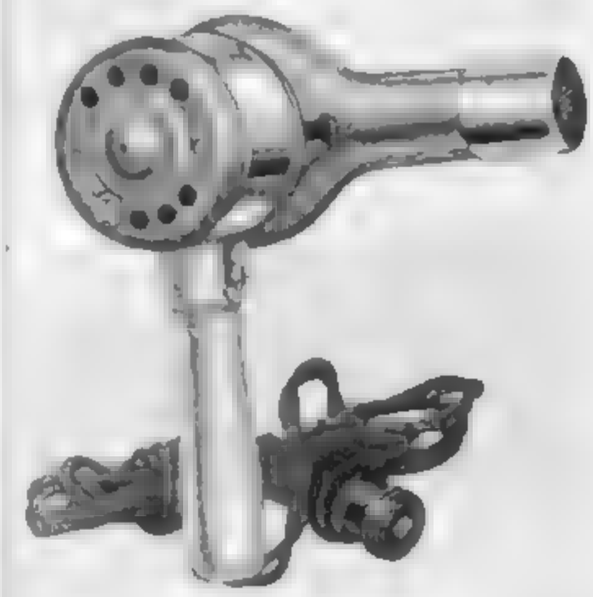

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But it was very much less arid and the Gobi was by no means such an inhospitable desert as it is today.

The Dune Dwellers could not have lived in caves, for caves are virtually nonexistent in Mongolia. They must have built shelters out of skins on the sunny sides of banks or dunes. A stunted desert tree called the tamarisk is found in certain parts of the Gobi. Their roots and other stiff vegetation offer obstructions to the wind-blown sand, and about them dunes are formed. Almost every Gobi lake has dunes on at least one side. Thus, our people chose such spots as permanent camps, for they had the essentials of life—fuel, water and comparative shelter. In the very earliest stage of their culture we found no arrow or spear points. Presumably they made them of bone, which was not preserved. Later, small beautifully worked arrow points begin to appear.

We have already found many great residence sites of these people in Mongolia. Of course there must be hundreds yet undiscovered. At first we thought that they were few in numbers and had a limited distribution. Now we know that the opposite is true. Twenty thousand years ago Mongolia was much more densely populated by these Stone Age people than it is today or probably has been during historic times. Even when Jenghiz Khan conquered all of Asia and much of Europe, it is doubtful if he had half as great a population from which to recruit his armies as existed in Mongolia when the Dune Dwellers lived. We have explored most of Central and Southern Mongolia, and everywhere this culture appears. Probably they were grouped in communities where living conditions were most favorable and made excursions of short duration into the more arid parts of the desert. Certainly they were a hardy people of considerable strength and endurance.

No weaklings could have lived in such open country under the semi-desert conditions and severe climate. Hunting was as difficult then as it is today. Great skill in stalking was required, even though game was abundant. Gazelle and wild ass probably formed their principal food, reenforced with smaller animals, such as wolves, foxes, hares, badgers, kangaroo rats and other rodents. In the mountains they could get ibex and wild sheep. As some of the country undoubtedly was sparsely forested, wapiti, roe deer, bear and perhaps moose were to be had. Birds they could catch in nets and snares. We know, too, that they ate frogs, for in one site we found their bones. But to obtain such food they must have exercised a good deal of intelligence and skill

That in the later stages—the true neolithic—they had a vegetable diet of sorts, we were surprised to learn by finding grinding stones and rollers. They may have used these to break up roots and seeds, but it is possible that certain kinds of wild grain then grew in Mongolia under the less desert conditions.

Skillful and Ingenious

We have discovered no traces of any art. That is hardly to be expected from a plains-living people. Art was only developed during the period of cave life when there was opportunity for contemplation. Yet the skill which the Dune Dwellers exhibited in making their artifacts is quite remarkable. Except in a few places, the materials were not good. They utilized whatever stone was at hand, and we find implements made of quartzite, churt, chalcedony, jasper and half a dozen volcanic rocks. They could produce the most exquisite flakes, which were used as knives and drills. Pond is not certain whether they obtained these by steady pushing against a core or by a sharp blow with a hammer stone. As a whole their culture is microlithic—that is, the scrapers, knives, drills and arrow points are very small and delicate. That they were fond of decoration is evidenced by small bits of egg shell drilled for beads. Some were the eggs of Struthiolithus, a giant ostrich, which lived during the Ice Age; others were pieces of dinosaur egg shells. Therefore, they must be credited as the original discoverers of the dinosaur eggs. A small fresh-water clam shell also furnished ornaments, and a necklace made from the canine teeth of foxes is one of our greatest finds.

I believe it is improbable that the Dune Dwellers were directly ancestral to the tribesmen who inhabited Mongolia before the earliest Mongols appeared. It is more likely that they left the country as the increasing aridity converted more and more of Mongolia into an inhospitable desert. Lakes and rivers began to dry up and the scanty forests to disappear; game was less abundant. In short, the plateau became an impossible residence for any primitive people.

They were forced to migrate, and migrate they did, carrying their culture to new lands. Thus it might easily have reached Europe. I have remarked that geological evidence appears to place the Dune Dwellers as considerably older than the Azilians, their nearest cultural representatives in France and Scandinavia. Almost certainly it spread to Siberia and China; possibly it may be traced in the stone culture of the American Indians. Thus a fascinating new angle for archaeological research in America has been opened by this discovery in Mongolia. But this is only my personal view. The facts yet remain to be demonstrated.

The Gobi Pays its Debt

While Pond and the paleontologists were engaged upon their individual problems, I went with Young, Hill, Spock and the doctor for an eastern reconnaissance. This was to give us a glance at the new country which we intended to explore. It lies to the east of the Kalgan-Urga trail. Even the inaccurate maps of Mongolia leave it vacant. Its topography was unknown; not a ray of light penetrated the darkness of its geology and paleontology except just north of the Chinese frontier. There the two Jesuits, Abbé Teilhard de Chardain and Père Licent, had spent a few weeks. Our party started with two cars. We returned in one after eight days. The other was left in the desert with a broken bevel gear. During the thousands of miles of our four years of exploration in Mongolia this is the first time the cars have suffered an accident that was really serious. We had an extra gear in camp, but it was several hundred miles away. Seven of us, in the remaining car, with camp gear, food and gasoline, made a very heavy load. It was much too heavy for the rough terrain. We had traveled eastward by compass, mostly across country, zigzagging whenever we saw something new to investigate.

Some of our route lay over an enormous plain, waterless, uninhabited, desolate. If the remaining overloaded car developed an incurable illness we would be in a serious situation. But it did not. All went well and our navigating officer, Captain Hill, set a steering course which brought us straight into the main camp. After a day's rest, Young and Horwath returned to repair the damaged car.

Although the eastern reconnaissance had been so abruptly terminated, we had learned that the country was well worth a careful exploration. But we did not go at once. During our absence Granger had shifted camp to a veritable paleontological paradise.

It was one of our richest Mongolian localities. Bones of some of the most extraordinary creatures it has ever been my lot to see came out of those gorgeous bad lands. One of them is a new beast of enormous size. It is as large or larger than the famous Baluchitherium, supposed to be the most colossal mammal that ever roamed the earth. In a future article I will tell of the new discoveries. Our hard luck was ended and the Gobi had begun to pay its debt.

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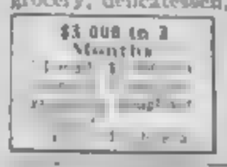

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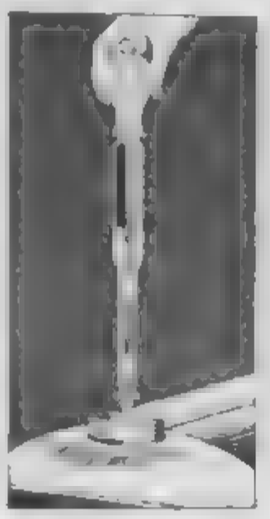

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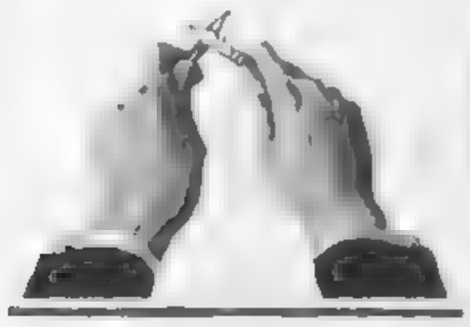

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WHY BOYS LEAVE HOME

(Continued from Page 5)

A good many years ago, when New Bedford was a flourishing port for sailing ships, one of the most important men in the place was Captain Adam Hardie, a rough old salt, master of a fleet of schooners which traded along the coast. He lived in one of the biggest of those fine old houses you can still see there, and he was noted, on all the seven seas, for his hot temper, his sharp tongue and his heavy hand.

Working for him, on one of his ships, was a common sailor, just a lad named Jacob Barkley, and it was the general opinion in Bedford that young Jake Barkley didn't amount to much, and never would. He came of a stock which had pretty well gone to seed, a down-at-the-heel, out-at-the-elbow family. His father was by necessity a clam digger and by choice a hard-cider drinker; and he was a third-rate clam digger, at that, which is fairly low in the scale of human activities. Mort Barkley dug just enough clams to keep himself in cider, and he had two residences—a shabby shack and the town lock-up. Of his son, young Jake, neighbors held the view that Jake would outdo even his father in shiftlessness when he had more experience. An empty stomach made Jake get a job on one of Captain Hardie's boats, and he worked at it, after a fashion, till he was twenty-four. Then he fell in love with a hired girl who had no reputation at all for good sense, and they wanted to get married. Fortified, I imagine, by hard cider, young Jake Barkley went one day to the office of Captain Hardie to ask for a better job and more money. The captain did his business in a room up over one of his wharves.

I can see the scene—the burly captain in his nautical rig, looking across his broad desk with cold gray eyes at Jake, as he stood there, scraggly and scared, blurting out that he wanted more pay. I can hear the captain's voice, hoarse from shouting orders in the foggy air, roaring out:

"Sink me, but you've got a crust, you wooden-fingered, dunderheaded, lazy swab! You're not worth your salt! Promote you? I'll fire you ——"

"But, listen, captain," Jake protests.

"Get out!" bellows the captain. "You're no good! You never were. You never will be. Get out, before I kick you downstairs!"

"But, captain ——" falters Jake.

The captain was a hasty man. He surged up from his desk, grabbed young Jake by the collar, hustled him to the door and gave him a lusty kick in the pants which sent Jake flying down a flight of nine steps. Jake lay all in a heap for a while. The captain's stout boot had hurt him a little, but something inside him hurt him a lot worse than the place where the captain's foot had landed. Finally Jake picked himself up and went away.

As he plodded down the street he was muttering: "No good. Never was. Never will be."

New Bedford people were surprised, next day, to see Jake Barkley up early in the morning, hammering away at some odds and ends of wood and wire he'd salvaged along the beach. By the end of the day he had knocked together half a dozen jerry-built lobster traps. Next day they were surprised again when they saw him tinkering at a rotten old dory which had been abandoned by its owner because it was of no use to him or any man. Two days later Jake put out for the lobster beds in his crazy craft. The only explanation those who knew him could think of was that this unheard-of spurt of energy was brought on by a wish to rake together a dollar or two and go on a grand bender. But he didn't go on a bender. He hawked the lobsters around the town, and in those days and in that section, lobsters fetched a dime, or three for a quarter, so Jake's profits were not exactly colossal. He stuck at it one month, two months, and people began to nudge one another and say:

"What ails Jake?"

"Oh, he's saving up for a real spree. It will be a beaut."

Jake never went on that spree. Instead, he got married and fixed up another decrepit dory and hired a kid brother to take it out after lobster. A lot of time and a lot of lobsters went over the dam. Captain Hardie got older and crustier, and two of his biggest ships went on the rocks, and he was headed that way himself, and it came about that he had to sell out, and the only man in town with enough cash to take over his business was Jacob Barkley, the lobster king. From then on, the Barkley fortune went up like the tide in the Bay of Fundy.

Now you're wondering, perhaps, what this has to do with me. Well, it has everything. You'll see.

When Jacob Barkley died he left a son, Jacob Barkley the Second, who'd been put through school and inherited his father's money and some brains. The second Jacob liked machinery better than salt water and lobsters, and he was shrewd enough to see that the day of the sailing ship was drawing to its close, so he sold out and went into a business more to his fancy. He started an iron foundry up in Appleseed, Vermont, because there was plenty of cheap water power and labor up that way. He had plenty of capital and his business prospered. Appleseed got to be a feudal town. The Barkleys owned everything. That Jacob built himself the grandest house for miles around, on a hill just outside the town, and they called it Beausite, perhaps to show they'd been to France.

Jacob the Second gave way to Jacob the Third, who turned the plant into an axle factory, for automobiles were just beginning to get out of the joke class. The Barkleys kept getting richer. The third Jacob had gone to an exclusive preparatory school, where they have forms and tea and fags and accents almost exactly as they do in the English public schools, and he'd gone to a big university and made a good club, and had topped it off with a couple of years in London. Then he married a New York society girl who'd never heard of old Mort and thought lobsters were born red, a large, white-faced lady who reminded you of one of those prize cakes you see in bakers' exhibitions, all icing and not to be touched, and she had about as much expression as one of those cakes too. The third Jacob spent part of the year in the big house in Appleseed, keeping an eye on his works, and the rest of the time he was in New York or Paris or Palm Beach. He astonished the natives around Appleseed by riding to hounds in a pink coat and by being very severe with them when they shot a fox which had been eating their chickens. He was a frosty, arrogant man, and nobody up there liked him much, which didn't make the least bit of difference to him.

He had one son, J. Bromley Barkley. Not much. He looked like a six-foot salmon and seemed to be listening with his teeth. Once somebody said that "he kept open mouth." He used to tear around Appleseed in one of those tiny foreign cars which cost so much. One thing he could do. He could play tennis.

There was another family in Appleseed, but it, in the local phrase, didn't amount to a hill of beans. That was my family—the Reaths. We'd been around there a long time, trying to pick a living out of the rocky soil. I was born on a farm—about the most forlorn and hopeless farm any man ever saw. Like the land, we'd petered out. You know that character in the comic papers—"The timid soul." Well, that was dad.

He was the most persistent apologizer I ever knew. He'd apologize for sitting down or standing up. He gave you the idea that he felt he was to blame for the weather and the price of cotton. Poor dad, his life was one long apology for being alive. If it were literally true that the meek shall inherit the earth, he would have owned

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Texas. As it happened, he owned nothing. His only assets were mother and a strong belief that some day his ship would come in. He hadn't any ship. His liabilities included four daughters and me. I mean it. I took after dad. I slept a lot when I was a lad because I could dream better things than ever could happen, I thought, when I was awake. It's easy to drift when nobody cares whether you drift or not.

People made fun of dad. Kids get to know a thing like that and it doesn't help them much. I guess they couldn't be blamed for laughing at him. He was so full of apologies and high hopes, and was always projecting some outlandish scheme which was going to make our fortune overnight. He couldn't make a go of farming. I doubt if anybody could, with that farm. So he took to selling lightning rods, and of course that was the year people began to give them up. Not that dad could have sold anything in a bull market, for he spent most of his time telling a prospect how sorry he was to bother him. Another year he went into insurance, about which he knew nothing. Once he worked for months on an invention—a washing machine—and he was sure it was going to make him a million. On extra-sunny days he'd raise the figure to two million. The machine was finally finished, and to the astonishment of everybody, it worked. Dad was jubilant. Then one day—I'll never forget it—he came home with a letter from a patent attorney which said that there were already at least four washing machines on the market simpler, better and cheaper than his.

"But never mind," said dad. "I saw an ad that says there's big money in raising foxes for their skins, and I'm going to catch a couple, and we'll be on Easy Street in no time."

How we managed to get along, I don't know. Mother kept us going. She put up preserves for the neighbors, baked fancy cakes for parties, and did some laundry work. I don't think she ever believed dad's dreams of sudden riches, but I don't think she ever let him know it.

I wasn't much help, I'm ashamed to say. I was a moody kid, with no sort of drive, and the odd jobs I tackled, I usually bungled. If I had to mow a lawn, I either did it wrong or fell asleep with the work half done. Dad was too easy-going to prod me, and mother was too busy.

One of the jobs I had, one summer while I was still in school, was caddying at the country club which the Barkleys had sponsored. After a month they fired me, and that was a mistake. They should have fired me much sooner. The caddie master said I was the worst caddie he had ever seen in twenty years, and I had to agree with him.

While I was at the country club I used to watch the people playing tennis on the courts there, and once I served as ball boy during a tournament. The game got a hold on me. Of course I wasn't allowed to play. I wanted to. I wanted to learn to bang the ball over the net, dressed in fresh white flannels, and afterward sit on the veranda and have tea with well-dressed, happy-looking people. But that dream seemed as far away as most of my other dreams, so I let it lie fallow. We didn't have any public courts in Appleseed. Indeed, in my part of the town, tennis was considered a sissy game.

One day I was moping around the countryside in my usual aimless way, when I came across a house which had burned down and had not been rebuilt. Its owners had started to make a tennis court, but never finished it. The surface was there, and that was all. And what a surface! It was full of weeds, pebbles and soft spots and when the ball didn't skid, it took crazy hops. I talked a cross-eyed kid, named Scrubby Dikes, into playing with me. It was a weird game. We had no net—only a rope stretched between two saplings—and we had only one ball at a time—a used one which Scrubby's brother, a caddie, pinched for us at the club. As there were no backstops, we spent most of the time hunting for our ball in the deep grass. My racket was a wreck I had strung myself, and it was warped and spavined and looked like a butterfly net. Still we played nearly every day and had some fun. I had a hazy recollection of how the players at the club hit the ball, and I tried to imitate them. Tennis became my chief interest; in fact, my only one.

When I was fifteen I left school and got my working papers, and did what most of the boys in my neighborhood did, which was to get a job in the Barkley works. Helper in the tool room. Five dollars a week. Worth, at a liberal estimate, three-fifty. Some day, in the distant future, I'd get to be a full-fledged machinist, maybe, and make as much as twenty. Beyond that my ambition did not reach—my financial ambition, I mean. My real ambition—if you can call a wish you don't work at very hard an ambition—was to play tennis on a regular court, with new balls and a good racket.

It was early summer and I was seventeen, and I'd poked along in the tool room in a haphazard way. I neither liked nor disliked my work. I had fallen into the philosophy which keeps so many men from getting anywhere, which was that my work was just a job and you went through certain motions so many hours a day in order to get a pay envelope on Saturday. They closed my part of the plant for a week to install some new machinery, so I had a chance to loaf around. I was good at loafing.

Scrubby didn't show up to play tennis with me one morning, so I started back home along a country lane, swinging my absurd tennis racket as I practiced what I believed was a forehand drive. So absorbed was I, that I almost stumbled over a small car before I saw it. It was the little roadster of J. Bromley Barkley, parked by the side of the lane. He was sitting in it, staring at me. I felt foolish

"I say," he drawled, "I can't get this beastly bug to start. Know anything about cars?"

"Not much," I said.

"I think the self-starter has the pip," he said. "I step on it, and nothing happens."

"Tried cranking it?" I asked.

"That's an idea," he said. "Have a go at it, will you?"

He said it as if it were the most natural thing in the world that I should start his car for him. And I did crank it as if it were the most natural thing in the world for me to do. He felt in his pockets for a tip, but apparently found no coin. He was eying my funny-looking racket.

"Play tennis?" he asked.

"Some."

"What's your name?"

I told him.

"Look here," he said, "I'd like to get in a few sets this afternoon, but all the fellows I know have gone to see the polo. Come round and play with me."

It was as much a command as an invitation. I was flustered.

"I'd like to," I said.

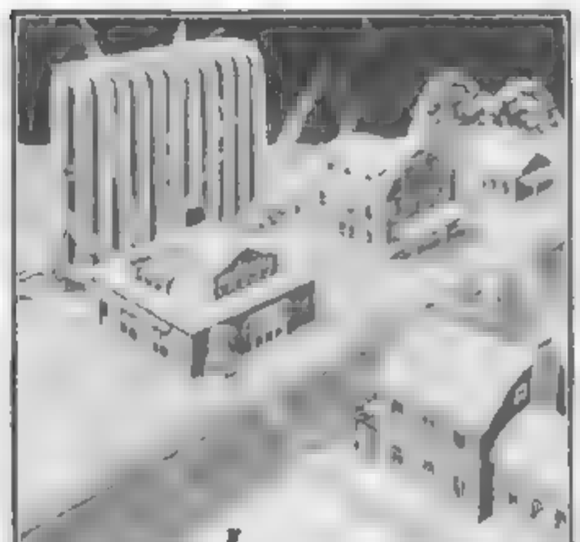
"Right," he said. "See you at Beausite at four."

His car hummed away.

I ran all the way home. I was going to play tennis on a real court and with a Barkley. I told mother. She was excited too. So was dad.

"It's a fine chance for you," he said. "You be nice and polite and maybe those blue bloods will take a liking to you and do something for you."

I could eat no lunch. I went out into our tiny back yard and swung my racket at imaginary balls. An unhappy thought hit me. I had no white trousers, and to play at Beausite in anything but the approved tennis costume was unthinkable. Mother came to my rescue. She rummaged around and finally got together two dollars, in dimes mostly, and I ran down the street to a store while she was ironing my best white shirt. At a fire sale I bought the only pair of white trousers that would fit me, and they didn't fit me very well, being dangerously tight. The man assured me they were



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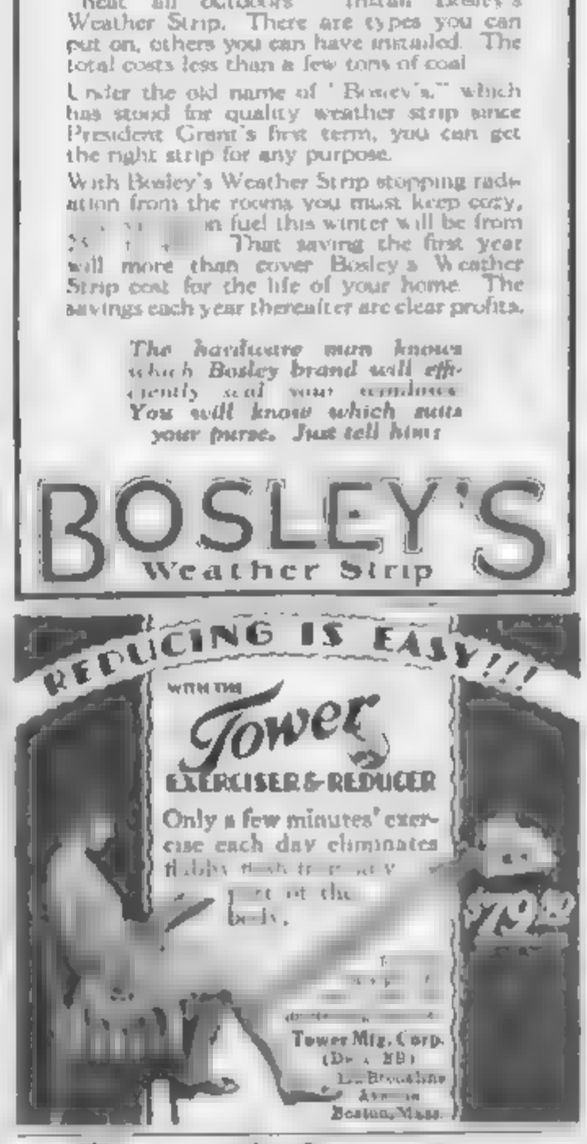

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made of a good quality of flannel, but he was a liar. They were paper thin. Luckily I didn't discover till later that when I stood with the sun behind me, it was all too apparent that I had skinny legs, knobby knees and wore a union suit.

I was perspiring freely as I hurried up the hill to Beausite. I was overawed by the garden and the house, but I was happy as I stepped out on the perfect tennis court. And we had six brand-new balls to play with too. I was so nervous that the first ball I tried to serve I hit about a quarter of a mile. I played miserably and young Barkley seemed amused as he ran me around the court and then shot fast balls past me, while I pawed at them futilely. We were starting a second set, and I was beginning to come out of my daze and to get my eye on the ball, when a sharp voice from the house called out: "Bromley! Come here!"

"Can't you wait till we finish this set?" said young Barkley peevishly. I looked toward the porch and saw his father standing there, frowning.

"No, I want to speak to you at once," said Barkley senior. The son went to the porch and his father spoke to him in a low voice. He seemed angry. I heard only one word of their conversation. It was "riffraff." Then the father turned and went into the house and young Barkley came back to the court.

"Got to quit," he said. "Father says I can't play with you"

He picked up his sweater and strolled into the house.

I stood there a minute, stunned. On the way down the hill I began to cry.

A miracle happened the next week. Dad made a commission in a real-estate deal. I borrowed thirty dollars from him and came to New York.

When you're mad enough you can do things you wouldn't have the nerve to do otherwise. I marched into a machine shop in the Bronx, told them I was a good worker, and wanted twelve dollars a week. They gave me a trial. I meant business—now. It was fairly rough going, but I had only to say "Barkley" to myself to make me stick.

Near my boarding house was a public tennis court, and I spent all my spare time on it. I got to play what I thought was a fair game. While I was busy with nuts and bolts for four years, young Barkley had gone through college and developed into a first-class tennis player. I read in the paper that the experts said that he stood a good chance to win the national singles championship that year. I had no business entering the tournament, and they shouldn't have let me in, but I did enter it. I wasn't bad—so I thought— but I didn't belong in fast company. But I'd made a promise to myself, and it was that some day I'd play against young Barkley with nobody to stop us. I knew somehow that until I'd made good that promise to myself I'd be under a psychological handicap all my days. Sounds childish, maybe, but I can tell you that at twenty-two it seemed mighty important to me. I'd made up my mind to keep trying to redeem my pledge if I had to keep playing tennis till I had long white whiskers.

In the first round my opponent was a stocky Japanese, a good man who played a machine-like, never-say-die game—the kind that isn't severe, but which wears a man down. He chased me back and forth, and I guess I ran at least three marathons, but I gritted my teeth and kept slamming them back at him. You see, I wasn't playing him; I was playing for a chance to meet young Barkley. We played all day, nearly, and I got my second wind long after I thought all the wind in the world was gone, and I managed to put just enough sting in my shots to beat him. The scores were 16-18, 11-9, 8-6, 2-6, 7-5. You know what kept me going? It was the fact that if I got through the first round I'd meet Barkley in the second, if he won his match. He massacred his man.

We were scheduled to start playing at three on one of the courts outside the stadium—Barkley and I. I was on the court ten minutes early. I was trembling. Of course I knew I could not beat him, but it would be enough for me to play him. He did not appear at three. Minutes went by. I began to get sore. I'd seen him lounging about the clubhouse and knew he was in shape to play; but it was ingrained in him, I suppose, that he should think that I, a nobody, should wait for him, a Barkley. When twenty minutes passed, the umpire began to fidget, and he'd have defaulted Barkley, but he didn't dare. Finally Barkley sauntered on the court, twenty-nine minutes late. He didn't apologize. He hardly looked at me. If he recognized me, he gave no sign of it. By then I was shaking with rage.

He served first. He was lanky and strong, with a whizz-bang serve, and I was so mad I could hardly see the ball, and he smashed over four clean aces. I heard him laugh as he had laughed that day on the court up in Appleseed.

Honestly those balls looked bright red to me. Usually I played a rather soft-paced, defensive game. That day I smacked every ball right on the nose with everything I had, including several tons of bitterness. A lot of them went out, but a lot stayed in. I played six times as well as I could play. Barkley got irritated. That's different from being real mad. He began to scowl and slam his racket down when I walloped back his shots at him. He played some good tennis, but this was my day, and I beat him, 6-4, 3-6, 7-5, 6-4.

The handshake he gave me when we met at the net was ten degrees less heartfelt than a good punch in the nose. Next day—not that it's important—I played Brookes, and I didn't take a game.

After my match with Barkley I was lying on the turf, all in, hardly able to gasp, and yet feeling stronger and better than I'd ever felt in my life. I looked up and saw a man bending over me. I'd been aware that he'd been watching the match from the sidelines. He was a jovial-looking old duffer, rather like a pelican with his bulging white vest. He was beaming down at me.

"I want to shake your hand, young man," he said. "It was a thrilling exhibition. I used to play a pretty stiff game myself, years ago, and I go to all the big matches, but I never saw a more remarkable exhibition than you gave today."

I thanked him.

"Yes, sir," he said, "it was uncanny. Young man, you are, without exception, the worst tennis player I ever saw in a good tournament."

I laughed.

"Well," I said, "I managed to take the match."

"So you did—so you did," he said. "And you had no right to. Barkley is three times the player you'll ever be. Your forehand is all wrong and your backhand is like an old woman churning butter. Your smash violates all the laws of decency and you volley

(Continued on Page 178)

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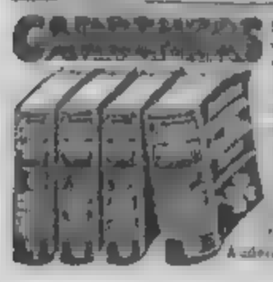

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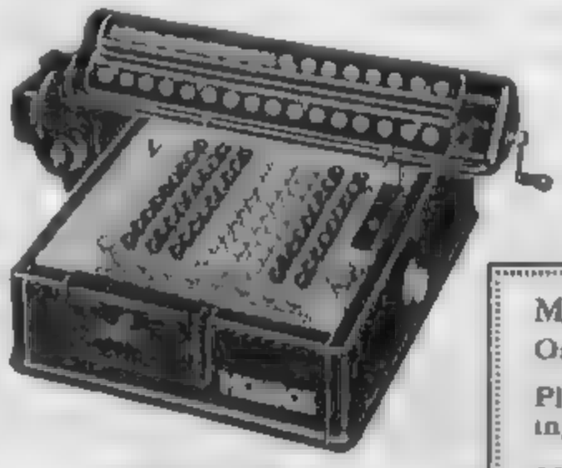

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(Continued from Page 174)

like a man battling a swarm of bees—and yet you won. I want to know why."

"I had to," I said.

"Ah, yes," he said. "I thought that was it. You had to. But why? Tell me."

His eyes were so friendly and sympathetic that I told him my story. All through it he kept nodding and chuckling. When I had finished he said:

"See here, young man; my name is Hobart C. Donaldson. When I was your age I came from Cynthiana, Kentucky, and got a job as secretary to a manufacturer—a contrary cuss and a hard master. He worked me like a mule in a treadmill and he bullied me, and one day when I talked back to him he fired me out bodily. That riled me so, I made up my mind to be a manufacturer, too, and show him. I've done pretty well—pretty well. Now I've just bought the patent of a new automobile axle and I'm starting a small plant over in Jersey to make it. I'm too busy with my other interests to give much time to this baby, so I need some young men to help me. It's not a strong child and it's going to take a lot of dusty plugging to put it over. If you want to help with the job, come to my office tomorrow morning."

The rest of the story—said William Reath—I guess you know. Our little axle outfit battled the Barkleys till they hollered for help. I got to be head of the works, and it wasn't such a trick to go from axles to whole cars.

Now you see why I am what I am—if that's anything. A kick in the pants did it. That's my theory, anyhow. Some cave man kicked another who wasn't in a position to kick back, so the second cave man went out, and to show he had something, he discovered fire. That kick has been passed down through the ages. I often wonder who kicked Alexander the Great—and Napoleon. A sour judge kicked Shakspere out of his native village and into everlasting fame. Somebody kicked Captain Hardie and he kicked young Jake Barkley and the Barkleys kicked me. So it goes. Take your friend Sylvester. He was a bookkeeper in the axle plant, but he was going nowhere. I jumped all over him one day and told him to buck up or get out. Today he's my right-hand man. Well, that's the history—and that's the theory."

I thanked Mr. Reath. He was absent-mindedly staring at the electric sign.

"There's a young chap in my company," he said, "who has good stuff, but is doing nothing with it. Tomorrow morning, bright and early, I'm going to call him in on the carpet and give him a royal and robust kick in the pants."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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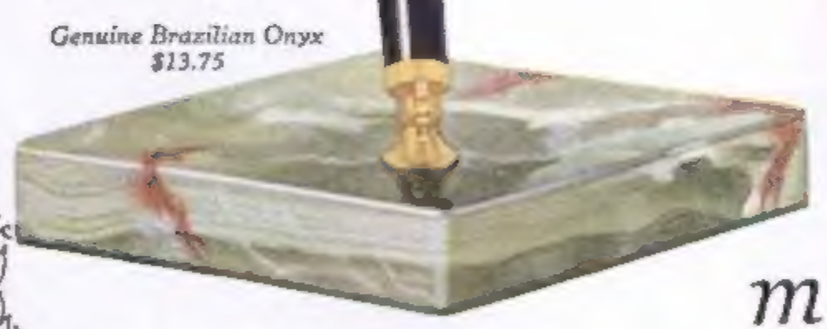

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